THE LITTLE-KNOWN WORLD OF

OUR NEGRO ARISTOCRACY

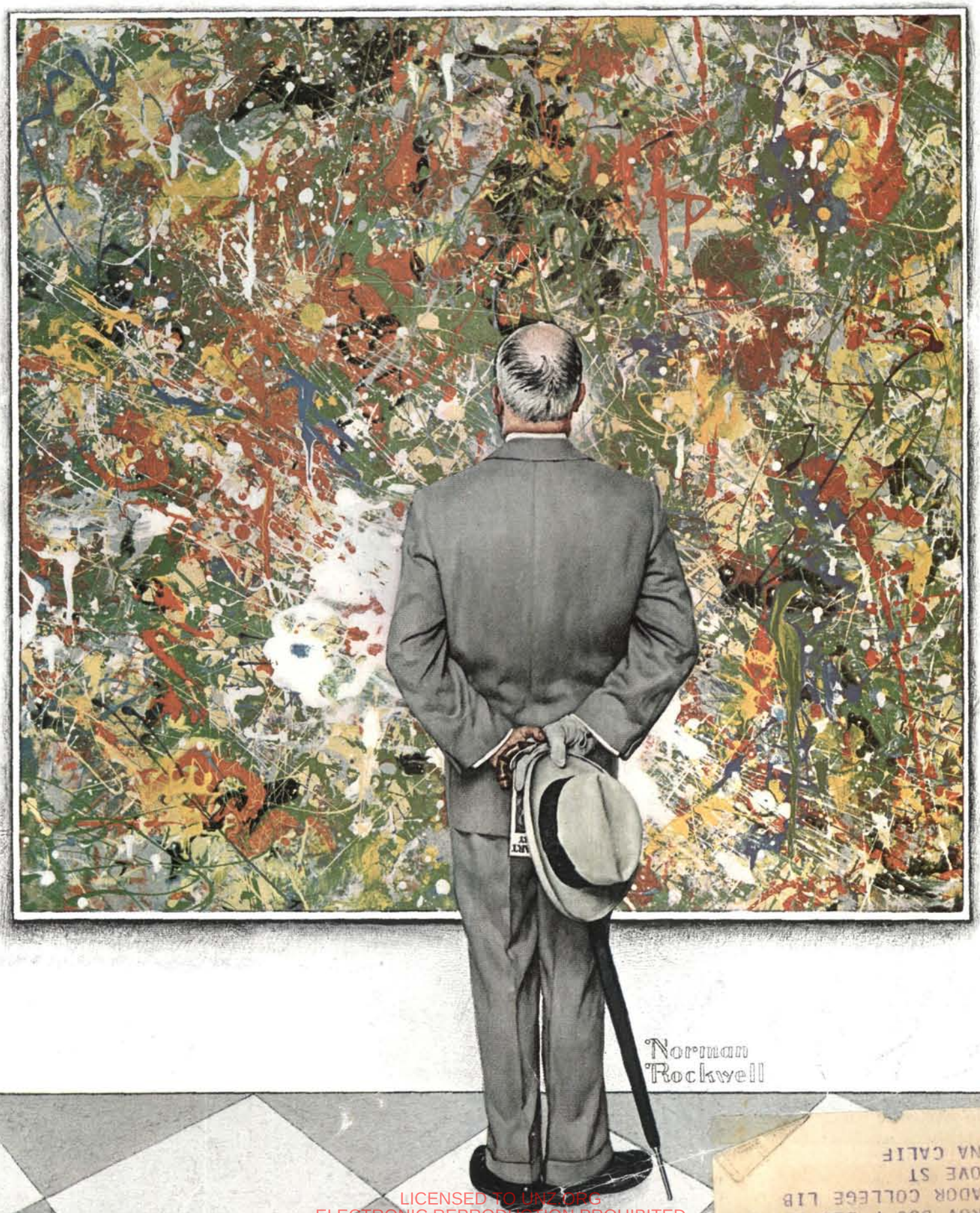
BACKSTAGE WITH ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

Shirley Jones

The Saturday Evening POST

Jan. 13, 1962

20¢



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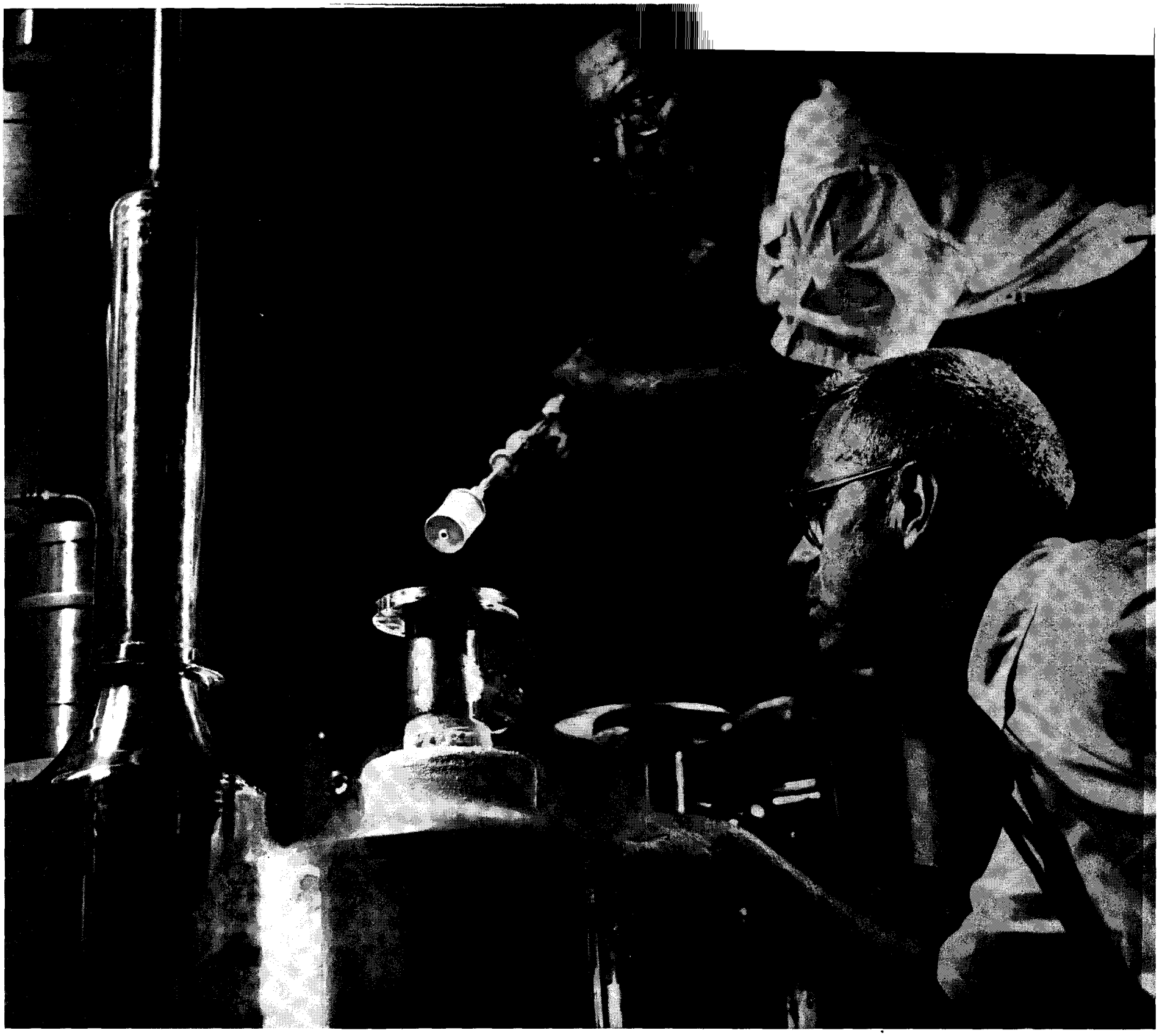

The Making of a Magnet. Bell scientists test new superconducting magnet. It's the small cylindrical object being removed from helium bath at 450° F below zero.

DISCOVERY!

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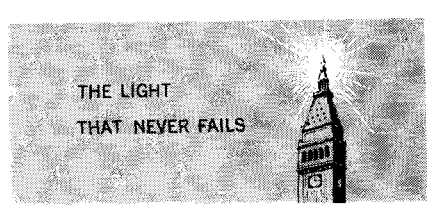

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Three Authors in this issue are *Post* editors. Pete Martin is so celebrated an interviewer of screen and stage celebrities that Bing Crosby interviewed *him* for our readers not long ago (I CALL ON PETE MARTIN, August 5 and August 12, 1961). On page 42 he tells about calling on Shirley Jones (pictured in color by the famous photographer Peter Stackpole). Double-featured in the paragraphs below are a couple of *Post* editors named Bill.

The Davidsons: Bill, his daughter Carol, and his wife Muriel.

Bill Davidson's by-line became familiar to readers of *Yank* during World War II. He later spent ten years on the staff of *Collier's* and four years with *Look*. He has won most of the top awards for magazine writing. A *New York Times* reviewer wrote of Bill's recent book *The Real and the Unreal:* "It proves that it is possible to write about Hollywood without cheating the reader of either joy or information." Bill joined the *Post* staff as contributing editor early last fall. He says that researching OUR NEGRO ARISTOCRACY (page 9) was one of the toughest but most interesting jobs he has undertaken in his many years of magazine writing. The people he deals with here, unlike the political and show personalities he has often written about, are naturally reticent. Overcoming the reluctance of distinguished Negroes to talk about themselves was not easy, but eventually Bill gained their confidence. Several of them have since visited him in his home in New York City, where he lives with his wife and daughter.

Bill Breisky is making his fourth appearance as a *Post* author, but has never been introduced to our readers. Why? As keeper of our former KEEPING POSTED page for nearly two years, Bill was himself our chief introducer. "Having edited KEEPING POSTED," he says, "I know that writers are expected to live in quaint houses." And he does. He and his wife Barbara found their house through a real-estate agent named Benjamin Franklin Jr. Built as a wheelwright's shop about 1732, it has also served as a chapel, a canoe club (it's on a creek) and a grain-storage shed. The Breiskys have a schnauzer named Badger's Doktor Pfeffer who is inordinately fond of popcorn. Having satisfied ourselves that Bill lives quaintly enough to qualify as a writer, we turned to the subject of his article on the Big Brothers of America (". . . TO HELP A BOY," page 28). Besides being a Big Brother himself, Bill (who took degrees in sociology and journalism at Syracuse University) and Barbara recently helped organize a Junior Luther League for kids of junior-high age at their church. We also asked if Bill comes from a writing family. An uncle, an aunt, and his mother all have published books. His father was an insurance man. "You may tell our readers that Father was a writer too—an underwriter."

Bill and Barbara Breisky. Not pictured: a popcorn-munching pooch.

The Cover. Is that prosperous-looking art collector about to reach for his checkbook to buy a prize-winning work titled "The Insubstance of Infinity"? Or is he simply imagining his teen-age daughter calling it "Strictly from Blobsville"? Cover artist Norman Rockwell won't say. "If I were young now I might paint that way myself," he explains. "Recently I attended some classes in modern-art techniques. I learned a lot and loved it." He had fun, too, "painting" this abstraction. When he got tired of waving a dripping brush, he invited a man painting the windows of his studio to help. From the top of his ladder the fellow obligingly dumped a can of white paint onto the canvas spread out on the floor. "I wish," Rockwell says. "I'd had those lessons before I did this cover."

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LETTERS

SPORTS FANS RISE

Dear Sirs:

I have never read a more pointless article than SPEAKING OUT: BASEBALL ISN'T OUR NATIONAL SPORT [by George Preston Marshall, Dec. 9].

I am not disputing his opinion on which sport is more popular at the present time, but was it necessary to degrade our other fine forms of recreation in order to promote his own favorite?

GEORGE VILLANI
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Marshall's sour and gratuitous remarks about other sports tend to

diminish the value of his views on the two major games of baseball and football.

W. R. EVANS
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

A lot of people must be surprised to learn that George Preston Marshall owns a professional football team—the Washington Redskins. We thought they were the "red shirts" with whom the regular teams practice, sometimes on television.

J. W. MOORE
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

Football is even stronger and more vital than Mr. Marshall realizes. It has made all these gains he writes about despite his presence in the field.

M. G. SANDIFER JR., M.D.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Marshall makes some good points. Pro football has made amazing strides since World War II, but it still is a sport with a short season, and one doesn't write of it all the year round. . . . I will admit the minors are pretty sick, and the back lots of the big cities are gone, but the big leagues, the showcase of baseball, are more prosperous than ever. . . . TV has brought big-league baseball into millions of living rooms. Fans of all ages and both sexes are acquainted with and talk of big-league players as never before. . . . When I was a kid baseball writer, the sports editor of the paper I then worked for, Jim Price of the New York *Press*, led off his sports page 365 days a year with a column on baseball. We've passed such an era. But baseball has advanced well in the last half century, despite the important growth of football, golf, basketball, hockey and bowling and the great strides made in boating and all water sports—Marshall doesn't mention the latter—and still maintains its No. 1 position in the sports parade, for space on the sports page, TV and radio coverage, and the part it plays in the nation's conversation.

FREDERICK G. LIEB
St. Petersburg, Fla.

● *Reader Lieb is one of the oldest living members of the Baseball Writers Association of America.—ED.*

RETORT TO LARDNER

Dear Sirs:

Ring Lardner Jr. [MY LIFE ON THE BLACKLIST, Oct. 14] represented himself as a former Communist Party member who ceased his so-called "political activity" in 1950. Actually, Lardner has avowed his concern for the success of both the local and Soviet Communist movements many years after his alleged termination of Party membership in 1950, and he has continued to play a starring role in the Party's front organizations up to the very date of this communication.

In March, 1956, Lardner plunged into an internal debate then raging within the Communist Party, U.S.A., as a result of Nikita Khrushchev's confirmation of the crimes of his predecessor, Joseph Stalin. In a letter to the editor of the official Communist newspaper, *The Worker*, Lardner frankly referred to himself as an "American Marxist" and advanced his own views on past party mistakes and a correct procedure for the party in the future.

Lardner's sole concern, as expressed to the Communist publication, was the degree to which Stalin's purges may have interfered with the "victory" of Communism. Lardner suggested that some of Stalin's actions may have been "necessary" in a revolutionary regime working for "the general progress." In his letter Lardner also eulogized the post-Stalin Soviet leadership and the head of the party organization in the United States.

Lardner's professed termination of "political activity" by 1950 is further contradicted by the following activities between 1951 and 1961 in support of organizations or publications determined—by one or more of these: the Subversive Activities Control Board, the United States Attorney General, the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee—to be Communist-controlled fronts for the party:

He signed and admitted financial contribution to a paid newspaper advertisement which appeared in October 1951 in behalf of officials of the bail fund of the Civil Rights Congress, New York Chapter; and he solicited public attendance at an affair sponsored by the New York Civil Rights Congress in December 1952.

He endorsed a book printed in 1952 by the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, which publicized his action in its publishers' announcement.

He appeared on the program of a banquet held in October 1954 under the auspices of the Communist-front publication, *New World Review*, in order "to pay homage" to the Soviet apologist Paul Robeson and his wife.

He was a featured speaker at a propaganda rally staged in Newark, New Jersey, in December 1955 by Newark associates of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

He wrote a book review for the December 1956 issue of the front publication, *Mainstream*.

He appeared, again as a featured speaker, at a rally held December 6, 1961, in New York City, under the joint auspices of the New York Council to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee and the Youth to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee.

I regret space does not permit me to present a complete refutation of what I believe are serious distortions not only of the record of Communist activity in Hollywood, but of the functioning of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

REP. FRANCIS E. WALTER
Chairman, House Committee on Un-American Activities
Washington, D.C.

LARDNER REPLIES

Dear Sirs:

The one assertion of mine Mr. Walter appears to be challenging is that I have not been a Communist in more than a decade, which was a simple statement of fact. I did not say that I had ceased all political activity or that I had taken the path of contrition prescribed by the committee Harry Truman described in 1959 as "the most un-American thing in the country today." . . .

Mr. Walter fails to say which of his authorities "determined" the Council to Abolish the Un-American Activities Committee and the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee "to be Communist-controlled fronts for the party," but I suspect it was his own committee, whose methods of determination are whimsical at best. In any case, applying such a characterization to those two groups (and I am deliberately confining my comment to organizations of which I have close personal knowledge) is utter and easily disprovable nonsense.

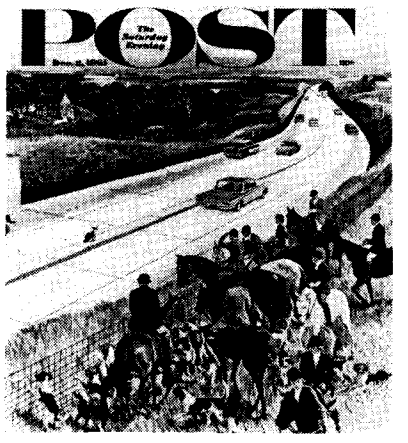
RING LARDNER JR.
New York, N.Y.

POPULAR COVER

Dear Sirs:

Artist John Falter has made a real contribution on your Dec. 2 cover [below]. I look at it often and chuckle.

MARK W. DUNHAM
Portland, Oreg.



Dear Sirs:

I sincerely enjoyed the cover on the Dec. 2 issue of *The Post*, but fail to see how the fox was able to get to the median strip while the dogs were not.

M. D. LEVIN
Louisville, Ky.

● *A fox-hunting member of our staff says the fox could have skinned under the fence, but the hounds were too big to follow.—ED.*

SHOW BLOOPERS

Dear Sirs:

We, the ironworkers who are putting up the Space Needle for the Seattle World's Fair, are concerned about Frank J. Taylor's THE SHOW OF TOMORROW [Nov. 25] in which he credits some joker by the name of Harvey Farwell who "had been lying awake nights dreaming up a solution to the riddle" of how to plant a crane inside the Needle's core and hoist it by its bootstraps. The aforementioned Farwell also was credited with solving the puzzle of how to let the crane down when the Needle is completed. . . .

For your information—and to set the record straight—all ironwork on the Space Needle is the work of Pacific Car and Foundry Company and has no connection whatsoever with any man named Farwell. Actually the construction boss is a veteran ironworker named

Paul Collop, *and* Collop is the man who thought up the idea for the telescoping and self-hoisting derrick. Likewise the idea of taking it apart. . . . Farwell is a carpenter. Up to now, *all* of the work has been *ironwork*, and ironworkers are entitled to the credit—not carpenters.

(signed) 32 MEMBERS OF LOCAL 86
Ironworker Crew of the Space Needle
Seattle, Wash.

● *Our apologies to Mr. Collop and his ironworkers for a Space Needle-sized blooper.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest your vivid account of our World's Fair. . . . It was not I, but Dr. William M. Milliken, director emeritus of the Cleveland Museum of Art and dean of American museum directors, who was responsible for the selection of our "Masterpieces of Art" exhibit. . . . My own responsibility, assisted by an advisory committee of West Coast museum directors, has been the direction of overall policy and the detail management and responsibility for the entire [fine arts] show.

NORMAN DAVIS, *Director*
Fine Arts Department
Seattle World's Fair
Seattle, Wash.

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Reading across pages, then down:
3–Frank Ross; Jacob Lofman. • 9–Orlando (Globe). • 10, 11–Phil Bath. • 12, 13–Jacques Lowe. • 14, 15–Fred Lyon. • 16–Orlando (Globe). • 17–Slim Aarons. • 18, 19–Joe de Mers. • 20–Robert Phillips. • 21–Elliott Erwitt. • 22–Jack Fields. • 23–Fred Lyon. 24, 25–Gene Federico. • 26–Peter Brenig. • 28, 29–Joe Clark. • 31–Ollie Atkins. 34, 35–Sid Avery. • 42, 43, 44, 45, 46–Peter Stackpole. • 48, 49–Irv Bahrt. • 60, 61–Al Kaufmann. • 64, 65–Bill Bridges. • 66–Bill Bridges; U.S. Air Force. • 67–Bill Bridges. 68–Leo Rosenthal (Pix).

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Photo by Philippe Halsman

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

DANGER ON THE RIGHT

BY SENATOR STEPHEN M. YOUNG

Recently at a Washington dinner party a well-known ultraconservative congressman became the center of attention with a blazing denunciation of "homegrown Communists who chew away at the foundations of our republic." A veteran diplomat from a European embassy, sensing my impatience, leaned toward me and said, "One thing has always puzzled me about you Americans. You have nightmares about Communist demons burrowing from within. Yet," the diplomat continued, "for years American fascists have grown increasingly dangerous and nobody seems disturbed—least of all your congressmen."

The diplomat's criticism was all too true. I have been in politics for half a century and have fought the radicals of the right in Ohio and in Congress. I have never known them to be as strong, as well-financed or as successful as they have been the last few years.

On the floor of the United States Senate last April I said that, in my judgment, "the fascist John Birch Society and others like it are as serious a threat to our security and way of life as internal Communism." I will go even further. I believe the radical right today is an even deadlier threat to our democratic traditions and institutions than are the American adherents to communism.

The American Communists try to infiltrate our political parties, our schools, our mass media, our entertainment and our labor unions—all institutions of the free society—in order to further the cause of the international Communist conspiracy. Their ability to achieve their purpose has diminished steadily over the last fifteen years through harassment by Government agencies and congressional committees and by exposure in the public press. It is estimated that today there are fewer than 10,000 Communist Party members in the nation.

Although the danger from internal Communism has been lessening, the radicals of the right—in Europe they would be called fascists—are trying to destroy the civil liberties and institutions which are the foundations of freedom. They accuse everyone who disagrees with their brand of "Americanism" of being a Communist. They try to wreck the integrity of our Supreme Court. They stir resentment against our participation in the United Nations. They want the income tax repealed. They try to block all foreign-aid programs. They vilify foreign-born and minority-group American citizens. They spread seeds of suspicion in communities throughout the nation.

The great danger today rises from the fact that millions of well-meaning Americans embrace their programs as valid solutions to the deeply complex problems which confront our nation in an age of swift change and social upheaval.

Curiously America has always been fertile soil for right-wing radicalism. Side by side with our democratic traditions has run a persistent mistrust of democratic practice. More than 100 years ago the American Party, better known as the Know-Nothing Party, pricked the vulnerable nerve of anti-foreign sentiment. On an anti-Catholic, anti-immigrant platform, the Know-Nothings elected senators and congressmen and controlled state governments for several years. Their presidential candidate in 1856, former President Millard Fillmore, captured one fifth of the popular vote.

The influence of early American rightist hatemongers has remained in robust good health for a century. Their heirs of the past few decades have been legion. They wore hoods and lynched Negroes as Ku-Klux Klan members in the 1920's. They goose-stepped among the fascistic Silver Shirt and Fritz Kuhn's German-American Bund and joined Father Coughlin's Christian Front in the 1930's. Today they read as gospel Gerald L. K. Smith's Jew-baiting hate sheet, *The Cross and the Flag*, or have been swept into the John Birch Society, in my opinion the most dangerous organization in the United States today.

There are nearly 1000 radical right-wing organizations in the nation, some like Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party, numbering a few hundred, but others, like the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, claiming 4,000,000 members—a claim considered by experts to be only slightly inflated. Many of these organizations regularly distribute massive quantities of wildly irresponsible literature, some of which comes to me in the mail, attached to letters from constituents. A typical leaflet sent to me recently was from the American Council of Christian Laymen.

The illustration on the cover showed a Communist hammer and sickle superimposed over the Cross of Jesus, and the headline asked ominously, How Red Is the National Council of Churches? The tract claimed that the National Council of Churches is saturated with left-wingers, citing as "proof" that "the National Council receives large sums from Jewish and other non-Christian or anti-Christian groups. . . ."

Who are the people who accept this or other types of propaganda disseminated by the right-wing lunatic fringe? They are the frightened and the frustrated; the bitter and the vindictive; the twisted zealots and well-meaning cranks; the malicious cynics and confused innocents; the people who have nightmarish fears of a radical bogey, who suspect eggheads, who hated and still hate the New Deal or who hate anyone who is "different."

Who are the leaders of the radical right-wing groups? Many are sincere believers in their causes of hate. But others are cold opportunists who have carved lucrative careers by playing on the prejudices of their adherents. Some leaders burn out in a matter of months. But some—like Gerald L. K. Smith, Verne Kaub, Merwin K. Hart, Joseph Kamp, Conde McGinley and Allen Zoll—have been around since the 1930's.

Their stock in trade is a primitive anti-communism which separates Americans into good and evil and divides issues into black and white. Those who agree with them are the good guys—loyal Americans. Those who disagree are the bad guys—Communists, Pinkos, Reds. Under the guise of jousting with alleged Communists, these groups undermine our basic institutions and try to reshape America into a totalitarian-fascist state.

Their tactics are the big lie and the wanton smear. The disorders they create arise when they try to inject into community life their oversimplified approach to bewildering national problems. Unable to impeach Chief Justice Warren, they are willing to settle, temporarily, for the head of a schoolteacher in Maine or a clergyman in Texas. The demagogues of the right sell their followers the diagnosis that internal Communism is the disease which causes all ills, and then prescribe local vigilante action as the cure.

Unfortunately vigilantism is based on contempt for law and justice and is unjust itself. It strikes fear in a community and intimidates not just those singled out for punishment but their neighbors as well. In such a fearful situation democracy is broken down.

Recently in Anaheim, California, right-wingers smeared a district-school-board member. Joel Dvorman's "crime" was that, as an active member of the American Civil Liberties Union, he held a chapter meeting at his home which was addressed by a man who has tried to build sentiment for abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

A community vigilante committee launched a campaign for Dvorman's recall from the Magnolia District School Board. Three of the eight-man committee were members of the John Birch Society.

Dvorman, thirty-six, father of three children and a veteran of World War II on 40 per cent pension for disability incurred in combat, then became the target of a vilification campaign which split the community into two camps.

The recall committee publicly attacked the A.C.L.U. as "flagrantly subversive" and charged that Dvorman was "taking part in Communist activities." Their literature blanketed Anaheim, and they conducted a highly organized letter campaign to the area press.

Whispering campaigns accused Dvorman of atheism and of using the mails to distribute lewd literature. Even the bright red door of Dvorman's home became ammunition for the hatemongers. Citizens were put on notice that, as a member of the school board, the politically suspect Dvorman helped determine what textbooks their children would read. In the end hysteria and fear won, and Joel Dvorman lost his position on the school board.

The strategy of the right-wingers was essentially the same in Anaheim, California, in 1960 as in Englewood, New Jersey, in 1951, or in Houston, Texas, in 1954, or in scores of other communities throughout America. Spurred by national organizations, local superpatriots have conducted textbook investigations for "subversive" materials or have probed faculties for "subversive" educators.

One of the architects of the crusade to control what is taught in public schools is Allen Zoll, whose vituperative pamphlets appear in every community where schools are under fire. Zoll trained at Father Coughlin's knee in the Christian Front and hawked hate material for professional anti-Semites Merwin K. Hart and Joseph Kamp. In 1948 Zoll launched the National Council for American Education and named as his chief lieutenant Verne Kaub. Together they unleashed hundreds of community watchdog groups to stand vigil on the schools. They keep dossiers on thousands of American educators and have smeared hundreds of them.

Though they operate in various parts of the country and seem to be working independently, the ringleaders of the right are a closely knit fraternity. A series of meetings caused some of them to converge on Washington during one week last April. The Constitution Party met Wednesday, April twelfth. The Soldiers of the Cross, another right-wing organization, held its meeting Wednesday night. The Congress of Freedom, a federation of rightist groups, occupied the program for Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Reports I received showed that all three conclaves were marked by similar emotional speeches. Those who attended the meetings heard, and in some cases applauded, statements such as these:

"Foreigners are running the country."

"The clergy is riddled with Communists. Pull them from their pulpits if necessary."

"The best way to get rid of our problems would be to kill all the damn niggers and Jews." (Shouted from the audience.)

Stephen M. Young is the junior senator from Ohio. Campaigning as a Fair Deal Democrat, he was elected in 1958 after having served four nonconsecutive terms in the House as Ohio's United States representative-at-large. He is a lawyer and a veteran of both World Wars.

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'Eisenhower and Warren conspired
h the Communists."
'Water fluoridation is a Communist
t. Fluoride weakens the mind and
luces docility. The first areas to be fed
oride are near our universities. This
ied in with the professors who want to
olish the House Un-American-Activ-
s Committee."
"Dossiers are being compiled on 6000
erican educators who have Commu-
t affiliations."
The fact that no more than 100 persons
ended any of the meetings of the three
ganizations makes it appear they were
king only to themselves. But what they
in their meetings diffuses throughout
erica in leaflets and newsletters and
ds receptive listeners in countless
mes. Such propaganda is the ammu-
ion which explodes in communities
over the nation during controversies
ich often start as healthy local dif-
ences of opinion. When I express my
nviction that the John Birch Society is
most dangerous organization in Amer-
, I perhaps give it an importance it
es not merit. But I do not think so.
The Birch Society has introduced a
w intelligence to the lunatic fringe by
veloping a formal structure more so-
isticated than any other right-wing
oup. It has evolved secretive community-
el cells, just as the Communists do.
leader, Robert Welch, maintains rigid
ntrol of programs and activities. Be-
use of its secret nature, the society has
wn into its ranks and into its leader-
p ultrarespectable business and indus-
al leaders who shun participation in
more clamorous right-wing groups.
ey have money and influence and are
ling to use both for the organization.
e monetary support of these business
ders, plus that of the ordinary Birch
mber, brings the society an estimated
ome of more than $1,500,000 a year.
d since its founding in 1958 the society
believed to have attracted more than
,000 members.
At a recent press conference Attorney
neral Robert Kennedy said of the
ch Society, "I think that they are
iculous, and I don't think that any-
dy should pay too much attention to
m. I think that they make no contri-
tion . . . to the fight against Commu-
m here in the United States . . . in
t, I think, if anything, they are a
ndrance. . . . It seems to me it is an
ganization that is in the area of being
morous. . . ."
In my opinion, the attorney general
derestimates the John Birch Society.
Its relative respectability makes it the
e organization around which the entire
dical right may coalesce to achieve
scistic goals. The John Birch Society
in position to accelerate the steady
ipping away of traditional civil liberties
d to deepen the mistrust of our demo-
atic institutions.
Fortunately the John Birch Society
cks two conditions which are vital to
e achievement of its goals. It has neither
charismatic leader nor a positive pro-
am. I saw and heard its leader, Welch,
a recent television news-panel show.
e strikes me as a singularly colorless
an, lacking personal or intellectual
rce. The organization's program is
naracterized by the negativism that has
long marked the radical right. The John Birchers are basically "againsters." But if the Birch Society could weld a program of positive socioeconomic action to the ancient list of negatives on which the radical right has relied, it might expand enormously in influence and numbers.

So far the major deterrent to the spread of the John Birch Society is the light of exposure from one of America's greatest institutions, the free press. Already the press has alerted the nation to the presence of the Birch group, to its policies and its goals. Americans were repelled by Welch's charge that former President Eisenhower and Chief Justice Warren are "willing tools" of Communism. And Americans are learning to mistrust other Birch assertions. America has enough headaches in finding a course of action to meet the encroachments and challenges of international Communism and Soviet and Red Chinese imperialism. We don't need the radical right to complicate matters. Every picture of a race riot, North or South, fomented by right-wing extremists, every American smeared by fellow Americans for his political beliefs, every reckless charge against responsible Government officials by the demagogues of the right do more to serve the aims of international Communism than 5000 American Communists could do.

Speaking of the radical right, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, warned that "Attributing every adversity to Communism is not only irrational but contributes to hysteria and fosters groundless fears. . . . The way to fight it is to study it, understand it and discover what can be done about it. . . . This is neither the time for inaction nor vigilante action. . . ."

There is plenty of room in the United States for responsible conservatism. What a dull country it would be if we were all liberals! But the groups I have described, and the vicious methods they employ, are irresponsible and destructive.

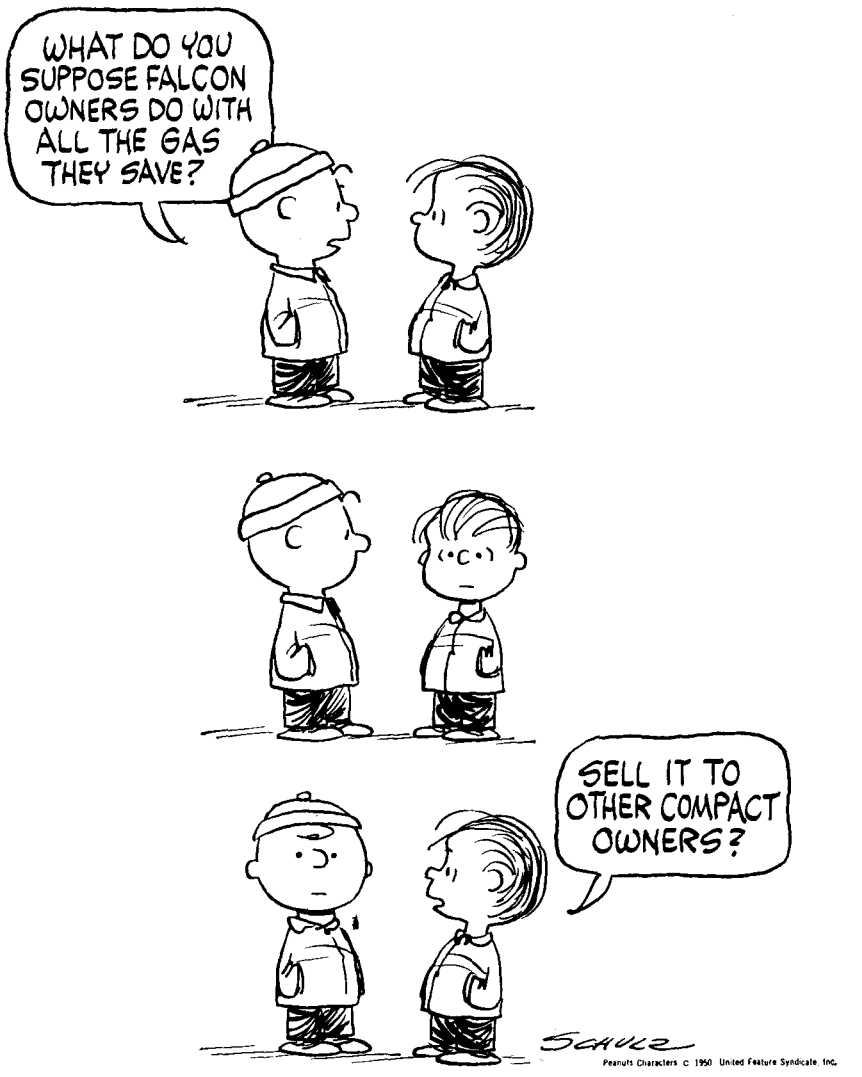
There are, after all, basic criteria any organization in a free society should meet. It should define with accuracy and without demagogy the areas of its concern; it should at least respect the right of opposing views to be expressed; it should present its alternatives responsibly and within the democratic framework; it should attempt to educate and persuade, not obfuscate and incite.

The radicals of the right fulfill none of these criteria. They are at odds with the purposes which are our strength and our hope—freedom and democracy.

I do not propose that committees of Congress caravan about the country conducting investigations into the activities of the radical right. I believe we have had enough investigations into the political beliefs of free American citizens.

I do propose, however, that all Americans who cherish liberty and democracy become alert to the danger from the right and defend in their communities the right of their neighbors to speak their views, however unpopular they may be. Free discussion is the lamp that lights democracy. Its glow must not be dimmed under a shroud of fear. THE END

Next week Republican Senator Barry M. Goldwater has the floor of Speaking Out to explore the Danger on the Left.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SELL IT TO OTHER COMPACT OWNERS?
SCHULZ
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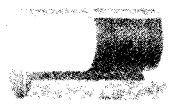

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

OUR NEGRO ARISTOCRACY

Abby Ekwonna of Nigeria was one of the 48 debutantes—including girls from Asia and Latin America—who bowed at the 1961 International Cotillion in New York.

A Post editor's report on a little-known world of wealth, culture and glamour. • By Bill Davidson

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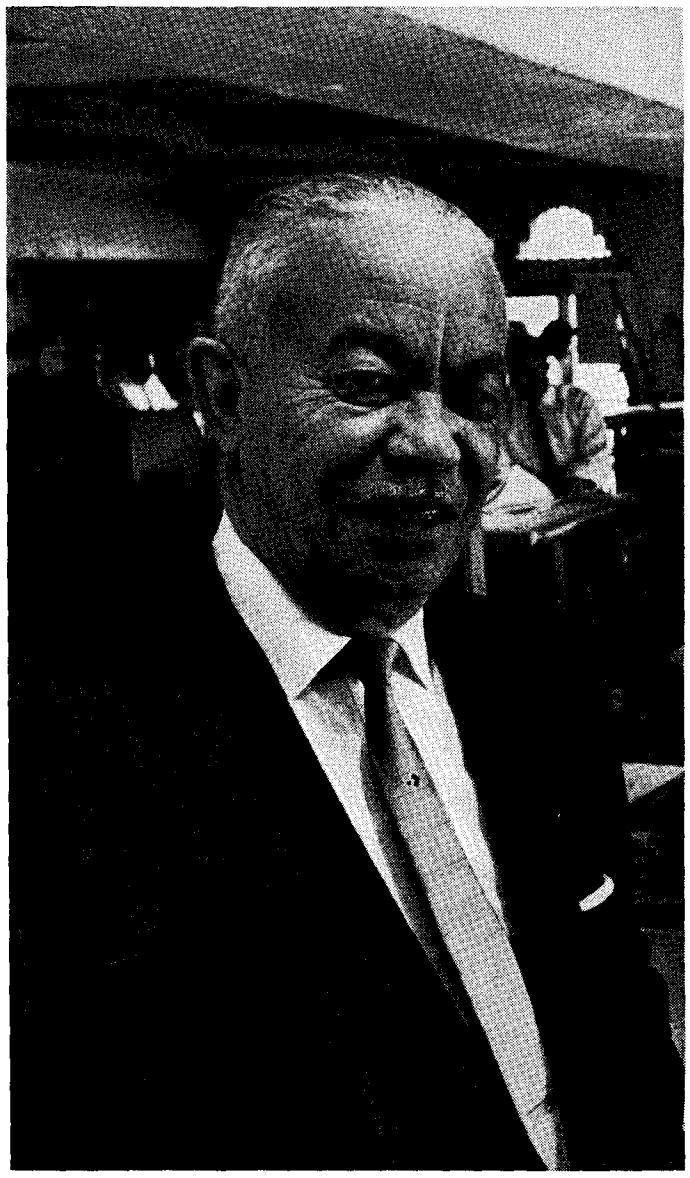
"Negro society has developed into a potent, vital force in American life."



Paul Williams of Los Angeles has achieved an illustrious reputation as an architect, designer and author. Now president of the Los Angeles Art Commission, he has served as a Government adviser on public housing redevelopment.

Recently a young Australian student at U.C.L.A. was invited to the home of a judge in Los Angeles as part of a program to acquaint foreigners with how socially prominent Americans live. The judge's home was in Bel Air, one of the wealthiest and most exclusive sections of Los Angeles. The student looked about at the swimming pool, the magnificent terraced gardens, the sleek and opulently furnished interior of the modern twelve-room house. His beautiful hostess, the judge's wife, was tastefully but expensively gowned and coifed; the judge himself was clad in costly Ivy League garb. The student regarded all this with perplexity. "I can't believe it," he exclaimed. "Back home we think that all of you people live in hovels and dress in hand-me-downs." The judge was David Williams, who presides over the Municipal Court in West Los Angeles. He and his wife are American Negroes.

The Australian youth's perplexity almost certainly would be shared by most foreigners and by millions of Americans. Few persons realize, in this day of sit-ins, school-desegregation riots and other racial strife, that there is a rapidly growing class of Negroes in the United States who are wealthy, well-educated, possessed of distinguished ancestry dating back in some cases to before the Revolutionary War and who belong to what can only be described as High Society. This is the other side of the coin to what you read on Page One of your newspapers about our slum-dwelling, downtrodden, struggling Negro minority. The best estimates are that there are about twenty-five Negroes who are millionaires; there are 400 (interestingly similar to the white 400 of fifty years or so ago) who make $50,000 a year and upward; and there now are about 10,000 Negroes in the $10,000-to-$50,000-a-year class.

The headlong progress of the upper-crust American Negro has been well chronicled recently in the society pages of our big metropolitan newspapers. Not long ago, for example, the world's most exclusive yacht club, The Motor Yacht Club of the French Riviera, kicked out ex-King Farouk of Egypt and accepted for membership an American millionaire Negro from Detroit named Dr. Alfred E. Thomas, who last November also became the first Negro in history to enter his show horses in one of society's most glittering events, the Madison Square Garden Horse Show. Negro society news is no longer a rarity in many newspapers. In September, for example, a story in the Sunday society section of *The New York Times* was about a Negro wedding—the marriage of Miss Rae Pace Alexander, the daughter of a distinguished Philadelphia judge, to Mr. Archie C. Epps III, a brilliant young scholar at Harvard University. In October there were accounts of Negro society girls making their debuts at the International Cotillion in the presence of such guests as The Infanta of the Portuguese royal family. And in their stories about the opening of the Metropolitan Opera Company season in New York, the society scribes mentioned that among those socialites in attendance were Dr. Godfrey Nurse and Mrs. Charlene Sawyer Williams, one of the illustrious Sawyers of Kansas.

Negro society in America is new, expandi and dynamic. Whereas most people think only the great entertainers and athletes, such as N (King) Cole and Jackie Robinson, as having a tained wealth and status, there are distinguish Negro families in every American city, includi those in the Deep South, who have progress economically and socially far beyond the we known show-business and sports personaliti The entertainers and athletes, in fact, are rare accepted fully into the top echelon. Even so r nowned a concert artist as Marian Anderson d not attain the upper stratum until she marri architect Orpheus Fisher, a descendant of an o Pennsylvania family which, in slavery da added aristocratic blood from the family of Ma Todd, the wife of President Abraham Lincol and from the Napoleon Bonaparte family Martinique. At the same time the upper stratu also includes another world-famous archite Paul Williams, whose father operated a fr stand in Los Angeles's original Olivera Stre Plaza in the 1890's; and Judge David Williar of Los Angeles—no relation to Paul Williams whose family were mostly domestic servants on two generations back.

Whatever the origins, the great family nam are emerging and they are comparable to t Lodges, Vanderbilts and Rockefellers of whi society. Both Williams families in Los Angel the Delanys in New York, the Turners a Alexanders in Philadelphia, the Ish family Little Rock, the Walkers and Kelsos in Memph the Dickersons and Barnetts in Chicago, t Yanceys and McLendons in Atlanta, the Jac sons and McAdoos in Boston are all among t elite. They marry each other in magnificent cath dral wedding ceremonies, they send their so and daughters to Harvard and Smith and Sta ford, they are invited to State Department fun tions and have luncheon with the President at t White House, they serve on charity committe and on community-betterment councils.

In many instances the Negro socialite millio aires live exactly like white socialite millionair Dr. Alfred E. Thomas of Detroit, for exampl has a beautiful town house in the city and country estate on his own twenty-five-acre priva island on the Canadian side of the Detroit Rive Doctor Thomas is a tall, handsome man wh resembles the late Ronald Colman. He is physician who amassed his millions throu investments and from two private hospitals—f both white and Negro patients—which he i herited from his father. He owns a fifty-ac breeding farm for his sixteen horses, with whic he has won blue ribbons at the nation's top hor shows. He has been breeding and showing hors for thirty years. Until recently he had his ow fifty-foot yacht, which he berthed at a special constructed dock at his island. When he was r fused admittance to the all-white Detroit Yac Club, he helped found the now-inactive inte racial Lakeview Yacht Club and became its fir commodore.

Mrs. Thomas, a charming, attractive woman, a Turner of Philadelphia. Her father, Dr. John T Turner, was surgeon in chief at Douglass Hospit

Bel Air, California: Judge and Mrs. David W. Williams and their son Vaughn

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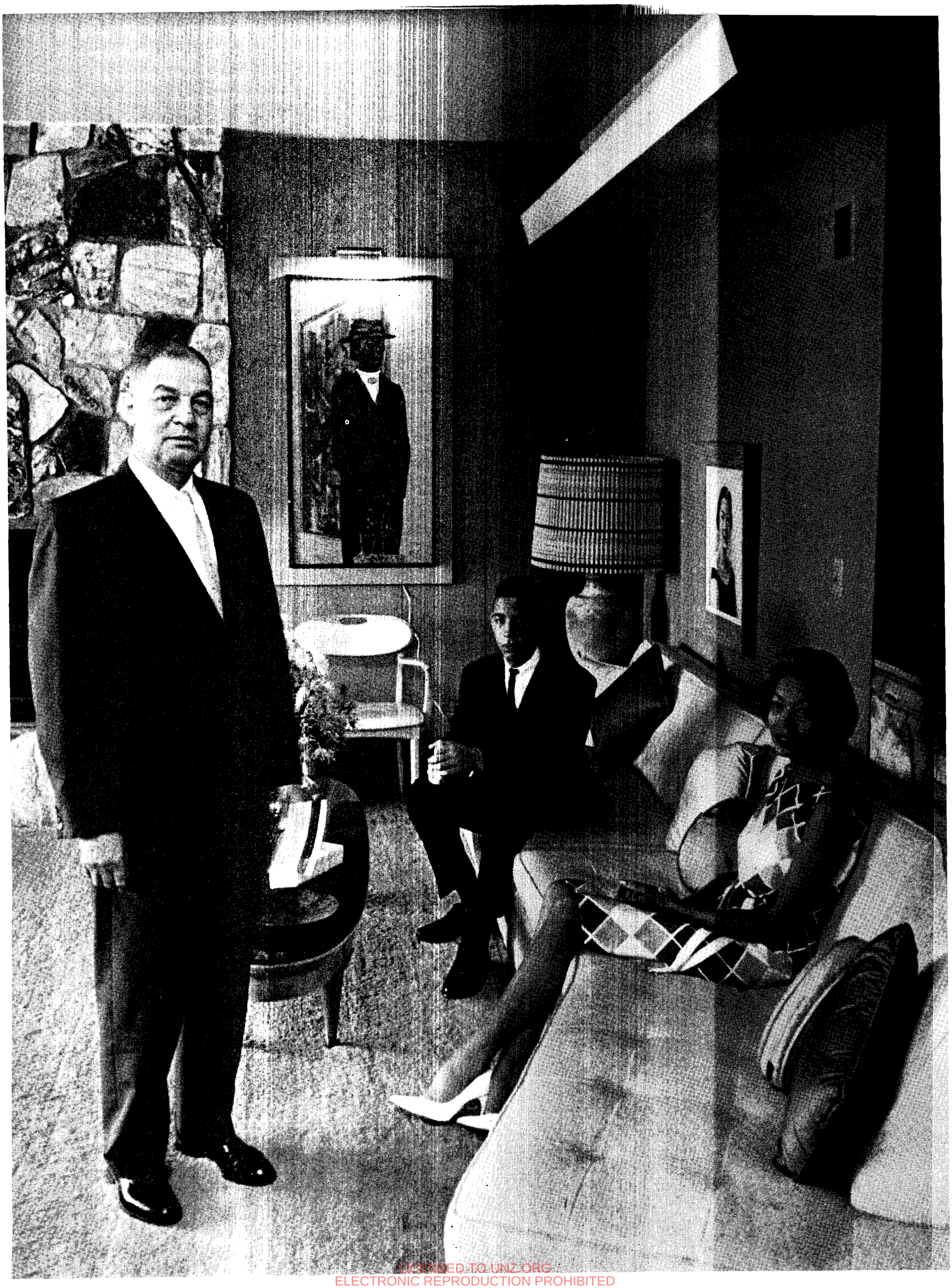

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"Distinguished Negro families are in every city, including the Deep South."

Dr. and Mrs. F. Earl McLendon of Atlanta. After an Atlanta theater excluded Negroes from Metropolitan Opera performances, Mrs McLendon and Mrs. Alexander (opposite page) led a protest that resulted in the seating of Negroes

in Philadelphia and later became the first Negro member of the board of education in that city. Mrs. Thomas was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, studied music at the Sorbonne in Paris and had a brief career as a concert pianist, during which, however, she was a featured piano soloist with Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. She performed her last public concert just before she married Doctor Thomas—they met when their fathers were president and vice president respectively of the National Medical Association—but she still plays sonatas and études for her own amusement on a piano and an organ in their home. She and Doctor Thomas travel extensively in Europe, and she has been friendly with all the great musicians there, from Paderewski to Stravinsky.

The Thomases have three daughters—Patricia, who was graduated from Vassar in 1957; Fredrika, a Sarah Lawrence alumna; and Linda, who is in the sixth grade at the exclusive City and Country School outside Detroit. Both Patricia and Fredrika are married, and their weddings were covered as top society events in all the Detroit newspapers. Patricia's wedding to Harold Fleming, a magazine executive, and Fredrika's wedding to William Dulany Hill, a Washington, D.C., dental student, both took place in the Episcopal Cathedral Church of St. Paul, with the white dean of the cathedral officiating. Each ceremony was followed by a reception for about 1700 people at the Thomases' island estate. Scattered among the many distinguished Negro guests were mayors, a United States senator, a lieutenant governor and several judges—all white. Also present as bridesmaids were white society girls who had been roommates and friends of Patricia and Fredrika at college. All in all, the society quotient was higher than at most elite white weddings. So was the intellectual quotient. Counting their new sons-in-law, the Thomases now have ten university degrees in their immediate family.

The wealthy, educated Negroes like the Thomases suffer little or no racial discrimination outside of the Deep South. Even there the line gradually is being broken. Last year, for example, two prominent Atlanta Negro women, Mrs. T. M. Alexander and Mrs. F. Earl McLendon—the wives respectively of a wealthy insurance executive and a millionaire physician—attempted to attend a performance of the Metropolitan Opera Association at the Fox Theater in Atlanta, an event sponsored by the Junior League. Mrs. Alexander, a long-time opera lover, had planned such an assault for many years, and she had finally obtained tickets through the co-operation of white friends. She and Mrs. McLendon were turned away at the door even though they had their tickets and were superbly gowned. Undaunted, they then stimulated a storm of letters of protest from both whites and Negroes to Rudolph Bing, the managing director of the opera association. A short time later Bing made a surprise announcement in New York, stating that the opera thenceforth would not appear in any place that was racially segregated. Mrs. Prentiss Yancey, another distinguished Negro socialite in Atlanta, told me, "Most of us assumed that Atlanta would not accept Mr. Bing's condition. However, to our delight, it has now been decided that when the Met comes to Atlanta next spring, Negroes will be permitted in the audience. This was our first breakthrough."

Such breakthroughs, of course, have long since been accomplished in the North and the West. In many cities the distinguished Negro families even live where they please in the most exclusive white neighborhoods, a privilege which is not too often granted to their less-fortunate middle-class brethren. Judge David Williams's house, for example, is on the edge of the Bel Air Country Club in Los Angeles, perhaps the most exclusive golf course on the West Coast. All of the Williamses' neighbors are white. When they moved into their house, a $150,000 structure designed for them by Negro architect Paul Williams, they didn't know what to expect. Mrs. Williams told me, "I was born and reared in Los Angeles, and I've lived in mixed neighborhoods all my life. We have run into occasional problems, but my husband and I are cosmopolitan in outlook, and we have friends of all religions and colors. But this was Bel Air, and we just couldn't anticipate what would happen."

Continued Mrs. Williams: "We were in the house about a week, and one day the doorbell rang. I opened it, and there was an Episcopal priest. I was terribly nervous, but I invited him in, and he said, 'I understand you people are Episcopalians, and you must join our church.' I almost sobbed with relief. We joined the church, and my two boys almost immediately became acolytes. That's the way it's been ever since. We have found that our neighbors are all intelligent and secure people, and, in fact, two of them have become very good friends of ours."

There is no set pattern of living among the distinguished and wealthy Negro families. Some of them prefer to live in Negro neighborhoods among their own people, but their homes are no less lavish. The Paul Williams home in the Crenshaw district of Los Angeles, for example, is as much of a showplace as the David Williams home in Bel Air. In Atlanta, where the Yanceys do not have much of a choice and are restricted to the Negro sections of town, their estate, complete with tennis court and formal gardens, is the equal of any in Georgia. As I drove through the imposing gates and up the long, winding, tree-lined drive, the white taxi driver who conveyed me there whistled in amazement. "Lordy," he gasped, "this here is a *mansion*." Nearby is the new Collier Hills development, with Negro homes averaging about $80,000. The McLendon estate, with its vast lawns, its mammoth-sized swimming pool and its beautifully equipped recreation building surrounded by patios, seemed more sumptuous to me than any millionaire's villa on the French Riviera.

In addition to the upper-class creature comforts which they all enjoy, there are several other common denominators which you find in Negro high society all over the United States. First of all, there is a fierce pride of heritage. These people are not ashamed of being Negroes. In fact, they have developed strong subnationalistic feelings about

Atlanta's dauntless Mrs T. M. Alexander, wife of a prominent insurance executive.

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"Along with a sense of pride in the past is a new sense of pride in the present."

Dr. Alfred E. Thomas of Detroit. Having amassed millions from investments and two private hospitals, the physician-sportsman breeds prize-winning horses on his Canadian farm, owns a town house and an island country estate.

their race. Wherever I went, I observed that many of the works of art in their homes reflected Negro themes.

Their family histories are recounted with even more enthusiasm than you experience at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Sawyers of Kansas tell about how their forebears ran a Western branch of the underground railway that enabled runaway slaves to escape from the South in the pre-Civil War period. The Syphax family of Virginia boasts direct descent from a grandson of Martha Washington. Claude Barnett, of Chicago, the founder and president of the Associated Negro Press, has yellowed newspaper clippings describing how his great-grandfather, an emancipated slave, led a wagon train of other freedmen and their families from South Carolina to Indiana in 1832. Barnett's wife, singer Etta Moten—the Bess of the 1942 Broadway production of *Porgy and Bess*—can trace her ancestry back to an African prince who was sold into slavery in Colonial America.

Along with this sense of pride in their past is a freshly awakened sense of pride in the present—centered around the emergence of the new African nations such as Ghana, Nigeria and Sierra Leone. This is much akin to the strengthened feelings of heritage which occurred in most American Jews when the State of Israel was established in 1948. Nearly all the top Negro families travel to Africa to visit the new nations, and they compete with one another in collecting African art. The undisputed champions in this competition are the Claude Barnetts, of Chicago, who began traveling to Africa in 1947. Mr. Barnett had gone there in 1942, when he was a representative of the Phelps-Stokes Fund and a special assistant to the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture. The Barnett home is decorated with irreplaceable tables, chairs, rugs, ceremonial masks and ivory carvings from nearly every nation in Africa. The Barnetts' collection is rated the finest of its kind, outside of museums, in the world. Like all the Negro society families, they are constantly entertaining dignitaries from Africa. On one recent weekend, for example, the Barnetts had as house guests A. E. Chimbuah of the Ghana Ministry of Agriculture, Prime Minister Abubakar Balewa of Nigeria, and Nigerian Housing Administrator Ayodele Okusaga.

In Washington, D.C., local Negro society has formed itself into organizations called Friends of Ghana, Friends of Nigeria, and so on, and they attend all the official functions at those embassies to which they feel most closely allied by language and personal rapport with the ambassador. The ambassadors and their staffs, conversely, attend parties at the homes of such distinguished Negroes as Congressman Charles Diggs Jr. of Michigan, District of Columbia Commissioner John B. Duncan, and James C. Evans, an assistant to the Secretary of Defense. The English-speaking African embassies are the most popular. There is a language barrier with the French-speaking nations such as Mali and Guinea, and a religious barrier with Moslem countries such as Sudan.

"Nevertheless," says *Ebony* Washington correspondent Fannie Granton, "the emergence of *all* the new nations has given us a shot in the arm which we needed to instill in us a feeling of heritage and a culture of our own. Suddenly we see these polished gentlemen educated at Oxford and Cambridge, with their gracious ladies wearing their striking native dress and jewelry, and we realize that they're not all cannibals in grass skirts, which was the impression we got in school. On the other hand, they are amazed by us too. From the newspapers they read in Africa and in Europe, they thought we were all living in shacks and were being lynched on every corner. It's been a stimulating and educational experience on both sides."

One result of this exchange of revelations has been a wave of marriages between the daughters of American Negro society families and members of the African nobility who come here in diplomatic roles or as university students. The trend is not unlike that which the American white society underwent fifty years or so ago, when there was a wave of American heiresses marrying English earls and Italian dukes. The newspaper accounts of today's American-African weddings even sound the same. For example, when Joyce Cooper of New York married Frederick Arkhurst, the first secretary of the Ghana mission and a descendant of the ancient chiefs of Ghana, the story of the wedding in the Pittsburgh *Courier* on October 17, 1959, read like one of Barbara Hutton's multiple international marriages, except for certain little touches like "the groom wore the colorful *kente* cloth of his native land with a background of blue and gold stripes." Reported the *Courier:*

> The bride, well known in New York social circles, was born in Seattle, Washington, and educated at the University of Washington and Columbia University. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Felix Cooper of Seattle. She has traveled in Europe, South America and Africa. Her family roots are international. Her grandfather, Edward R. James, an architect, went to New Zealand where he lived and brought up his family. Her uncle, Harry James, is a leading architect in São Paulo, Brazil. The groom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Arkhurst of Sekondi, Ghana. He is a graduate of Aberdeen University of Scotland and has an M.A. in economics.

Soon after the Louisville wedding, which was attended by ambassadors and UN delegates, both Negro and white, Arkhurst and his American bride moved to Ethiopia, where he is now chief of a United Nations Mission there. The former Joyce Cooper of Seattle and New York today is one of the most scintillating hostesses in Addis Ababa—a role which few American Negro girls would even have dreamed of a scant five years ago.

Coequal with this new cultural identification with Africa and with the pride of heritage in their own American past is a third characteristic which I found, without exception, in the more than two dozen socially prominent Negro families I visited in cities all over the United States. This trait is an almost overriding desire *not* to turn their backs on their own people. This sentiment was best expressed by Mrs. Earl B. Dickerson, whose husband was a Chicago alderman for many years and now is president of the Supreme Liberty Life Insurance Company, one of the most profitable all-

Chicago: Press executive Claude Barnett and his wife, former singer Etta Moten.

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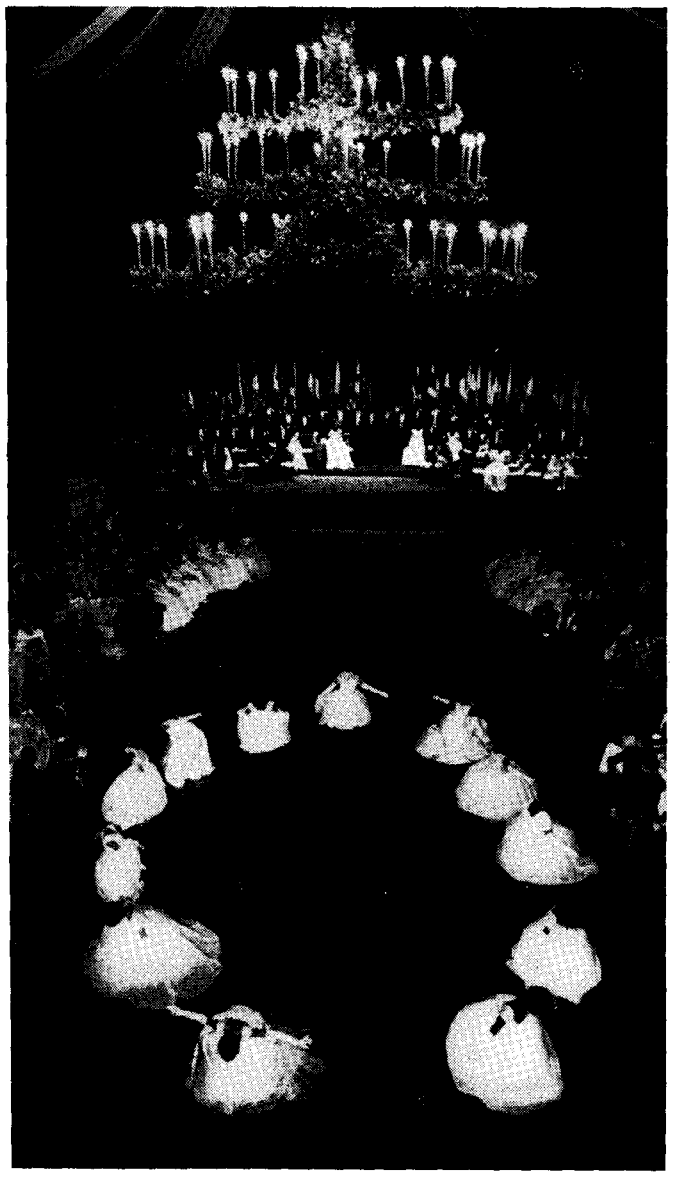
"We have millionaires, but we try to show that wealth is not everything."



Pomp and pageantry: Negro debutantes make their stately curtsies according to the traditional proprieties as they are formally presented to society at the International Cotillion in the grand ballroom of New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

Negro businesses north of the Mason-Dixon line. Mrs. Dickerson is a close friend of the Kennedys, Roosevelts and Rockefellers. She lives with her husband in a luxurious apartment in Chicago and in a suite in the Waldorf Towers when they visit New York. She told me, "How can Negroes like us who have our heads above the water be smug, while there are masses of our people still struggling below the surface to attain first-class citizenship?"

All of the top Negro socialites whom I interviewed are prominent members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Urban League, the National Council of Negro Women, and the like. Their charity affairs are all to raise money for these organizations. They all serve on committees with whites for the betterment of conditions for Negroes. In Detroit, for example, Dr. Alfred E. Thomas intervened with the mayor when there were charges of job discrimination against Negro policemen in that city, and now he is a member of the Detroit Police Procedure Board. In Atlanta Mrs. Prentiss Yancey walked the picket lines for the sit-ins and was an aide to the mayor in bringing about the peaceful desegregation of the Atlanta schools; while millionaire Clayton Yates successfully crusaded to obtain parole for two Negro boys who killed a white man who had threatened their mother. In Los Angeles Mrs. David Williams, through the Links—a national organization of Negro society women—heads a project which is introducing poor but gifted Negro children to museums and concerts in the company of white children of their own age. This undertaking, which has been extremely successful, is designed to integrate the Negro children, without fear and suspicion, into the white community in which they later will have to develop their creativity and talent.

The ability to exist and co-operate with whites is the fourth main characteristic of Negro high society. Nearly all are graduates of predominantly white schools and universities, and so are their children, usually with honors. David Williams Jr., for example, currently is the president of the junior class at Stanford University, the first Negro elected to any office at that institution. Young Williams, a handsome, six-foot-four-inch literature major, also is the first Negro to become a member of any fraternity on the Stanford campus. He is a Theta Xi.

About half of the elder Williams's friends are white. Judge Williams told me, "I associate mostly with other judges. We visit in one another's homes and discuss our mutual problems and interests, and I guess no one ever thinks of what color anybody in the group might be." I found the same to be true throughout the upper levels of Negro society. Friends usually were of the same cultural, economic and professional background.

Because of their close personal association with whites, most Negro society affairs turn out to be integrated events. At the recent International Cotillion at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, sponsored by the National Council of Negro Women, about one third of the guests were white. The master of ceremonies was Baron Theo von Roth, an Austrian nobleman whose title dates back to A.D. 1546. Of the forty-eight girls of Negro, Asian and Latin-American extraction who made their debuts at the ball, four were white debutantes. Among them were beautiful, blond Helene Peet, of Wilton, Connecticut, a sophomore at Swarthmore College, and beautiful brunet Margaret Brennan, daughter of the late John Patrick Brennan, a one-time great athlete at Fordham University.

Aside from the multiracial character of the participants, the International Cotillion was indistinguishable from the Christmas Cotillion, the debutante ball of New York white society, which I had attended the preceding December—even the same Dior and Balenciaga gowns.

Indeed, you can find similarities between the two echelons of High Society all the way down the line. The opposite number to Lester-Lanin and His Society Orchestra, for example, is Andy Kirk and His Society Orchestra. The opposite number of Cleveland Amory is Gerri Major, society editor of *Ebony* and *Jet*. "The principal difference," says Mrs. Major, "is that we are less than 100 years out of slavery. Remember that until the Civil War we had no upper class and no middle class. We had no merchants and no professional people. We were mostly artisans and servants, even in Boston, the cradle of the abolitionist movement. In many respects, therefore, we're fifty years behind white society, but we try to make up for it with cultural achievements and people of good character. We have our millionaires now, but we try to see to it that wealth is not the only thing that counts."

As with white society, however, there are severe criticisms from both inside and outside the select circles. One militant Negro labor leader in New York told me, "These people are developing the traits of all other rich people, and it's not healthy. There's snobbery, gossiping, inbreeding, dinners and cocktail parties where the same husbands and wives see one another night after night, a lot of damn-fool buying of Louis XIV furniture and other status symbols." In Los Angeles, a Negro, Tony Hill, one of the Hills of Missouri and the possessor of three college degrees, complains, "A growing, emerging society should have more important things to be concerned with than debutante balls."

All in all, however, Negro society has developed in recent years into a potent, vital force in American life. As Claude Barnett, the sage founder of the Associated Negro Press, told me, "It's a shame that we have a separate Negro society in this country and a separate wire service for separate Negro newspapers. We are working toward the end that someday there will be no need for my news service and no need for anything else—including society—which at present the white community does not allow us to share."

Most of the distinguished Negroes with whom I spoke agree with Barnett and are not content to rest on their hard-won laurels. Says architect Paul Williams, "We must measure success from the depths from which we came, rather than by the heights we have attained." THE END

In society: Sub-deb Renée DeMund, 14, the daughter of a New York policeman.

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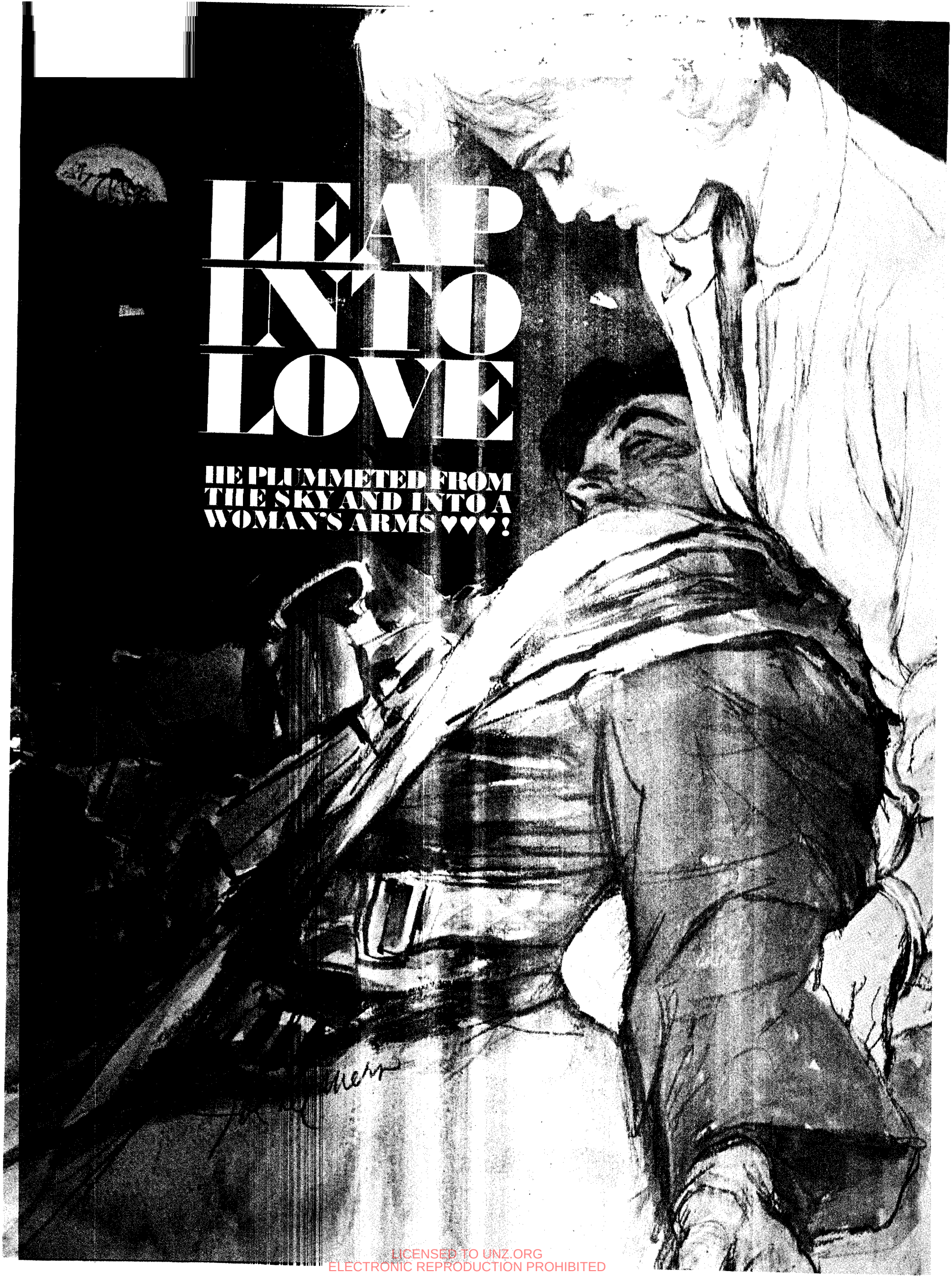

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Through long and often painful experience, the Army has developed a method of receiving visiting members of the Congress that has many points in common with a bullfight. Both move through ordered formal stages, include a great deal of martial music and diversionary capework, and end with the principal actor departing in a harmless condition. Of course, we don't go so far as some of our Latin friends sometimes do.

Effective though the Army's method is, it offers little scope to a man of imagination. Therefore, when I, as adjutant of the 1st Battle Group, 524th Airborne Infantry, received the news that we were to be visited by a senator, I was pleased to see a chance to introduce a novel bit of finesse into the proceedings.

After I had briefed our C.O., Colonel Reilly, on my plans, he leaned back in his chair and looked at me thoughtfully. The colonel is a graying man of middle height who resembles a kindly, country storekeeper, except about the eyes. He hardly ever raises his voice, but when displeased, he can remove skin from a subordinate with a whisper.

"You have a tricky mind, Randolph, normally a regrettable quality, but perhaps desirable in an adjutant." He sighed. "This modern Army! O.K., I approve your plan as presented."

Back in my office I sent for the sergeant major. The sergeant major is possibly not quite human. He looks like a bear who has been given a close shave all over, beginning with the top of his head, and then taught to stand very straight indeed.

It is generally believed that he first saw service at the Battle of Chapultepec, but, what with knowing every senior N.C.O. and most of the generals in the Army, has been able to finagle staying on. Heaven alone knows why he goes to the trouble; according to him the Army has been going downhill ever since he was a raw and fuzzy-faced recruit.

He came stumping in and saluted with a crash, the way they taught him in the Mexican War.

"Oh, sergeant major, the colonel approved my plan in every respect." I spoke casually; the sergeant major tends to resist new ideas, and we had not seen eye to eye on my innovation. "I believe Cotts is our tallest lieutenant. Six feet five, isn't he? Please send for him."

"Yes, sir," growled the sergeant major, looking glum.

"Well, his platoon sergeant's young Thompson." ("Young" Thompson is a master sergeant with twenty years' service.) "I guess Thompson won't let his lieutenant get in any trouble."

"There's no trouble to get into," I said, somewhat nettled at the sergeant major. *Continued on Page 32*

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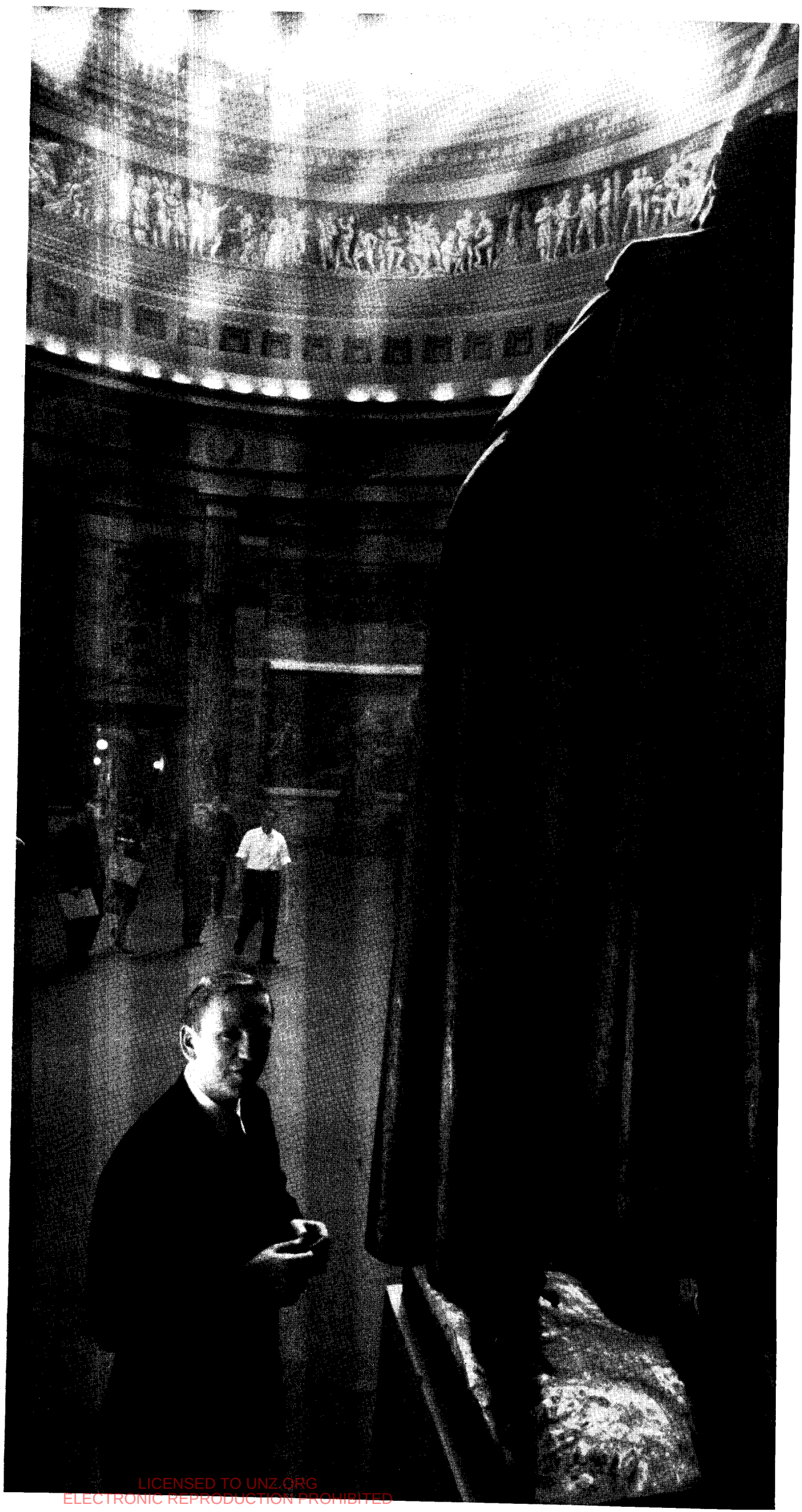
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



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John Brademas: Standout Lawmaker. The Great Rotunda of the Capitol has seen few congressmen with more promising credentials than John Brademas, 34, Democrat from Indiana's Third District. This favorite son of Mishawaka, a former star quarterback and political-science professor, is a *magna cum laude*, Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Harvard, Rhodes scholar, member of the United Automobile Workers and son of a Greek immigrant. Elected to Congress on his third try, in 1958, Brademas won again in 1960, even though his district was strongly pro-Nixon. A work horse, Brademas introduced the Peace Corps Bill, helped draft the Juvenile Delinquency Bill, has locked horns politically with such rugged and disparate opponents as Republican Sen. Barry Goldwater and Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa. Bachelor Brademas's life is his work, and his work is politics. "I can't think of any place I'd rather be in the middle of the twentieth century than in Congress," he says. Recalls Michigan's Sen. Pat McNamara, who once employed Brademas, "Every time I walked through the office, John was bent over his desk working." Intensely proud of his heritage, Congressman Brademas proclaims: "The Greeks gave politics to the world, and there are still some of us who practice it." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS.

Dany Saval: French Siren. Peering beneath strands of honey-colored hair, French film actress Dany Saval, 20, views Hollywood with mild wonder. "*Incroyable!* Here the woman gives orders—do this, do that. In France the man comes first." An imported star, Dany portrays an extraterrestrial Eve who tempts an American astronaut off orbit in Walt Disney's space-spoof, *Moon Pilot*, which will play in movie theaters this spring. Dany was born in Paris's Montmartre during World War II, amid stinging poverty and the clatter of *Wehrmacht* boots. With two brothers, two sisters, her parents and a grandfather, she lived in an oppressive, two-room flat, subsisted on a diet of wine and potatoes. "There were mouses on the floor and little beasts on the wall," she recalls. At seven Dany began ballet lessons, at eight she was dancing in cafés to pay her instructor, at sixteen she was performing in a Paris theater. Publicist Roger Chaland spotted her. Dany relates, "We discuss my career over lunch. Then over dinner. Then we get married." Sixteen years her senior, Chaland now guides Dany's career. Before coming to Hollywood, she starred in eight French films, acquired a duplex penthouse providing a spectacular view of Paris. This year she expects to work in two more Disney films and to make several appearances on Disney TV shows. Dany is five feet seven—"For a French girl I am very tall"—and a slinky 115 pounds. "I would like to put on more weight," she purrs. "Men of the world like women plumper." PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT.

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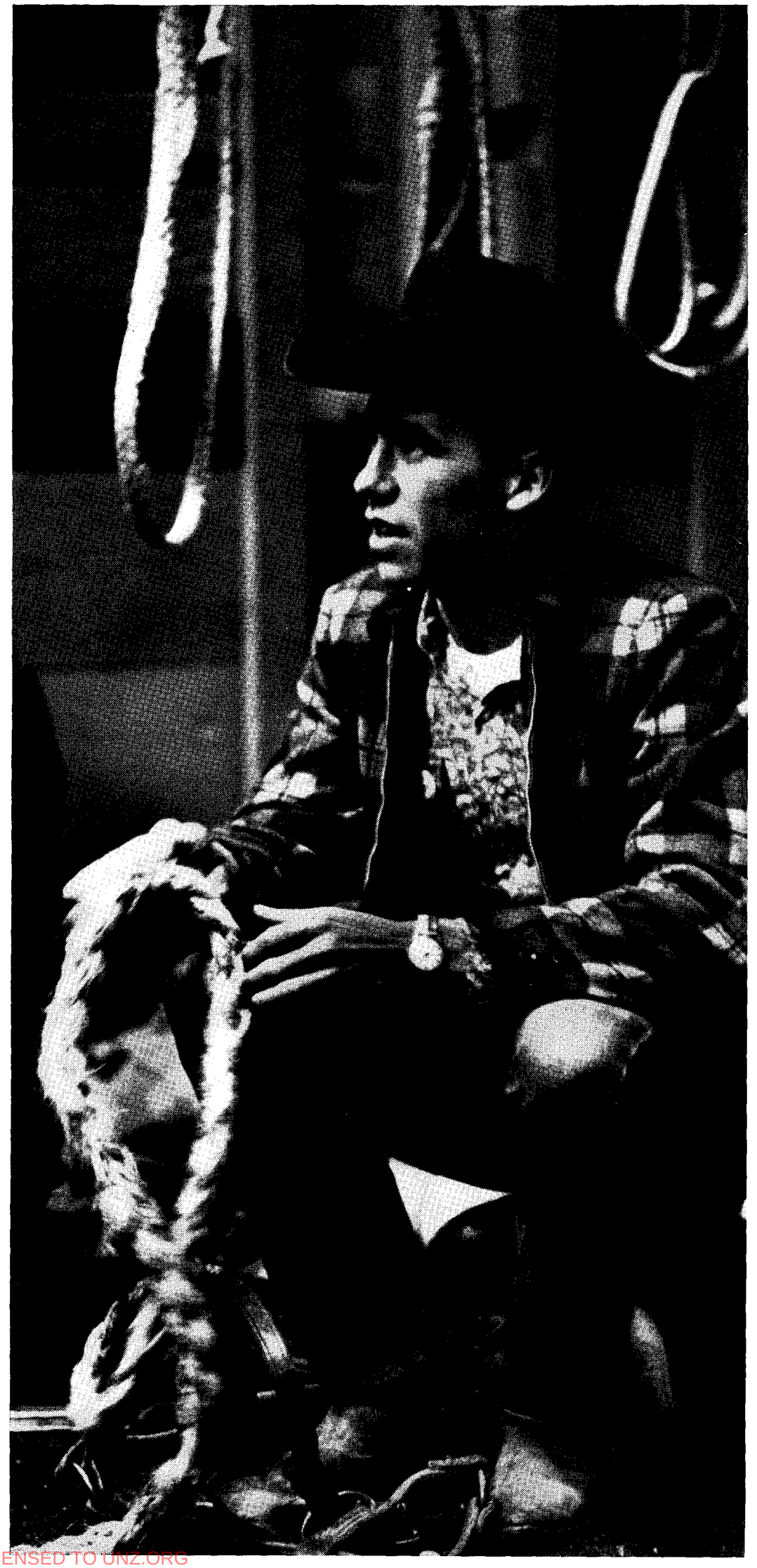
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Donna Deitch: Teen-Age Couturière. Lounging with mannequin and model, 16-year-old Donna Deitch (rhymes with peach) faces a bright future in the fickle world of fashion. It all began two years ago when Donna, daughter of Eleanor Deitch—owner of Eleanor Green of California fashions—designed and made her own dress for a high-school dance. One of Mother Deitch's New York customers spotted the dress, marveled, ordered it—and Donna's career began. Her parents set her up as Donna D, Inc. Now she is boss of a loft factory that turns out 1000 dresses a year, selling for $50 to $75 at such stores as Saks Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Deitch refuses credit for Donna's success. "A dress design, like a book, is bought solely on merit," she says, "not because of the author's parentage." Donna, who lives in a San Francisco suburb and displays her share of adolescent exuberance, resists the temptation to be a business grind, has her own ideas about teen-agers. "Too many of our age group fritter away time, accomplishing nothing. Then when they become adults, they waste more time before they finally settle down." But she says, "I don't think any teen-ager, myself included, is ready to concentrate on a full-time job. There should be a balance of fun and purpose in a teen-ager." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS.



Kenny McLean: Rodeo Wonder. In the tack room before an event, Kenny McLean is just a shy 22-year-old. But in the arena, astride a bucking bronc, he becomes a superman in the saddle. His poise is incredible; even the wildest mounts seldom chuck him. Next week at the Denver Stock Show and Rodeo, Kenny will receive U.S. rodeo's rookie-of-the-year award—the first Canadian and the first Indian to win it. His mother is a member of the Okanagan tribe; so was his father's mother. His grandfather McLean was a Scot. The McLeans have a farm in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia, where Indian boys take to rough riding as naturally as other youngsters in Canada take to hockey. Kenny entered local rodeos early, kept practicing all through high school—he was an above average student—and in 1959 won the Canadian saddle-bronc riding championship. "By that time," Kenny says, "I'd learned to watch the horse, and sense everything he'd do." Still Kenny was reluctant to leave for the big-time rodeo circuit in the States; he is deeply attached to home. "When he talks about his valley," says a friend, "you can almost smell the spruce needles and the wild parsnip." However, Kenny needed cash for college; he wants to become a veterinarian. So he went south, and this past year won more than $14,000. Now he stands third in international saddle-bronc competition—remarkable for a newcomer. The roar of the crowd makes him tense. "But this is good," Kenny says. "It makes you try with every horse." PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LYON.

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He Was Not The First Male She Had Made a Fool Of

By JOHN REESE

Sam Hart was a —— But first, an apology. This is a newspaper story about a crusading reporter, and no one believes in crusading reporters nowadays except young copy boys who would like to be one and old editors who wish that a few more of them would.

So Sam was a reporter. He had worked on three other papers, in other cities, before coming to this one as an average-looking youth of twenty-six. Sam took his job seriously, but orders defectively, and he often seethed with an indignation that bore little or no relation to his paper's policy.

This was not held against him, because no one ever knew what the paper's policy was until a story in it offended someone—an advertiser, a politician or just an old subscriber. Whenever this happened, a frosty note always came down from the office of the publisher and then, and not until then, did the editors and reporters know what they were for or against.

Being on the nightside of a morning paper, Sam came to work at four P.M. Today, as usual, he arrived with nearly ten seconds to spare. He had no sooner reached his desk than a copy boy brought him a flat package, labeled PERISHABLE, THIS SIDE UP and FRAGILE. Taped to it was a green envelope, with Sam's name on it in an unsteady, purple script.

"What the heck have we here?" said Sam.

"How do I know?" said the boy. "A guy from a delivery service brought it a few minutes ago."

The night city editor, George Uetze, said, "H'm! It looks suspiciously like a pie to me."

"Oh, come on!" said Sam. "Only female relatives send pies, and I have no relatives around here. Well, let's find out what this is all about, shall we?"

It was deadline time, and most of the dayside reporters were still present. They watched interestedly as Sam opened the package. Sure enough, it *was* a pie—the old-fashioned, homemade, lattice-topped, juice-oozing cherry kind. Sam set it aside to read the letter that had

Continued on page 38

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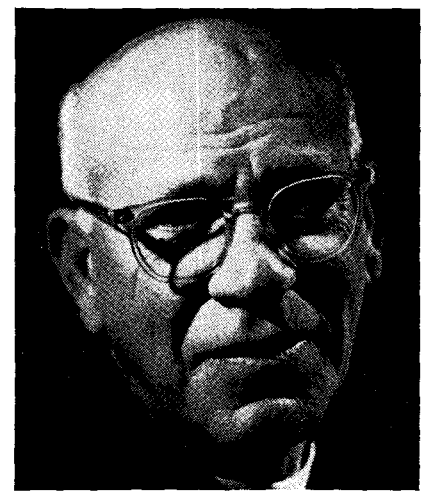
HOW NATURAL IS HUMAN NATURE?

BY ERIC HOFFER

Eric Hoffer, one of America's most original philosophers, is a sixty-year-old longshoreman on the San Francisco waterfront. He has published two books, TRUE BELIEVER and PASSIONATE STATE OF MIND (Harper's). This essay comprises part of a new volume to be published soon



ACCORDING TO MR. HOFFER:

"Being without specialized organs, man is in a sense a half-animal. He has to finish himself by technology, and in doing so he is a creator—in a sense a half-God."

"The aspiration toward freedom is the most essentially human of all human manifestations."

"On the whole, the unnaturalness of human nature is more strikingly displayed in the weak of the human species than in the strong."

"There is in man's soul a flowing equilibrium between good and evil, the noble and the base, the sublime and the ridiculous, the weighty and the trivial."

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In the early days of modern science we find outstanding scientists expressing their wonder and delight that the prodigious variety of nature should be the work of but few, mple laws. Galileo saw it as "a custom and abit of nature" to achieve its ends by means hich are "common, simple and easy." Kepler as convinced that "nature loves simplicity," and lewton wrote feelingly how "nature is pleased ith simplicity and affects not the pomp of superfluous causes."

During the same period the men whose preccupation was with human nature spoke not f simplicity but of incredible complexity. Montaigne never wearied of expatiating on the inconstancy, ununiformity, involuteness and unpredictability of human manifestations. It seemed to him that every bit in us plays every moment its own game, and that "there is as much ifference between us and ourselves as between s and others." Pascal, a student of both nature nd human nature, contrasted the simplicity of hings with man's double and complex nature. le saw man as a mass of contradictions: an ngel and a brute, a monster and a prodigy, the rown and scum of created things, the glory and candal of the universe. Whatever harmony there in us is "fantastic, changeable and various." le concluded that "men are of necessity so mad hat not to be mad were madness in another orm." He thought it quite in order that Plato nd Aristotle should have written on politics as they were laying down rules for a madhouse.

In the study of nature, an explanation must e not only consistent with the facts but also as mple and direct as possible. Where several xplanations are advanced, the rule is followed hat the one which is more simple is also more early correct. To choose the more complex exlanation, says a recent writer on the nature of cience, would be as sensible "as traveling eastward around the world to reach your neighbor's ouse which is next door to the west."

In human affairs the sensibleness of the direct, mple approach is by no means self-evident. Here it is often true that the simplest ends are eached only by the most roundabout and extravagant means. Even the predictable come here o pass in unpredictable ways. To forget that man s a fantastic creature is to ignore his most crucial rait and, when contemplating human nature, the vildest guesses and hunches are legitimate.

The fantastic quality of human nature is partly he product of man's unfinishedness. Being without specialized organs, man is in a sense a half nimal. He has to finish himself by technology, nd in doing so he is a creator—in a sense a half God. Again, lacking organic adaptations to a particular environment, he must adapt the environment to himself and re-create the world. The never-ending task of finishing himself, of transcending the limits of his own physical being, is the powerhouse of man's creativeness and the source of his unnaturalness. For it is in the process of finishing himself that man sloughs off the fixity and boundless submissiveness of nature.

The unnaturalness of human nature offers perhaps a clue to the central meaning of man's ascent through the millennia: It was the result of a striving to cut loose from nature and get out from under the iron laws which dominate nature. The human uniqueness of an aspiration or an achievement may be gauged by how much it widens the gap between human nature and nature. Seen thus, the aspiration toward freedom is the most essentially human of all human manifestations. Freedom from coercion, from want and from death is freedom from forces and circumstances which would narrow the gap separating human nature from nature and impose on man the passivity and predictability of matter.

By the same token the corruption inherent in absolute power derives from the fact that such power is never free from the tendency to turn man into a thing and press him back into the matrix of nature from which he has risen. For the impulse of power is to turn every variable into a constant and give to commands the inexorableness and relentlessness of laws of nature. Hence, absolute power corrupts even when exercised for humane purposes. The benevolent despot who sees himself as a shepherd of the people still demands from others the submissiveness of sheep. The taint inherent in power is not its inhumanity but its antihumanity.

To make of human affairs a coherent, precise, predictable whole, one must ignore or suppress man as he really is and treat human nature as a mere aspect of nature. The theoreticians do it by limiting the shaping forces of man's destiny to nonhuman factors: providence, the cosmic spirit, geography, climate, economic or physiochemical factors. The practical men of power try to eliminate the human variable by inculcating iron discipline or blind faith, by dissolving the unpredictable individual in a compact group, by subjecting the individual's judgment and will to a ceaseless barrage of propaganda, by keeping living standards at a level of bare subsistence and by sheer coercion. It is by eliminating man from their equation that the makers of history can predict the future and the writers of history can give a pattern to the past.

There is an element of misanthropy in all determinists. To all of them man as he really is is a nuisance, and they strive to prove by various means that there is no such thing as human nature.

Even in the freest society, power is charged with the impulse to turn men into precise, predictable automata. When watching men of power in action, it must be always kept in mind that, whether they know it, their main purpose is the elimination or neutralization of the independent individual—the independent voter, consumer, worker, owner, thinker—and that every device they employ aims at turning man into a manipulable "animated instrument," which is Aristotle's definition of a slave.

On the other hand, every device employed to bolster individual freedom must have as its chief purpose the impairment of the absoluteness of power. The indications are that such an impairment is brought about not mainly by strengthening the individual and pitting him against the possessors of power, but by distributing and diversifying power and pitting one category or unit of power against the other. Where power is one, the defeated individual, however strong and resourceful, can have no refuge and no recourse.

There is no doubt that, of all political systems, the free society is farthest removed from nature. It embodies, in the words of Bergson, "a mighty effort in a direction contrary to that of nature." Hence, the remarkable fact that back-to-nature movements, however generous and noble in origin, and whether initiated by a Rousseau or by the romantic movement of "Blood and Soil," sooner or later terminate in absolutism and the worship of brute force.

Considering the complexity and unpredictability of man, it is doubtful whether effective social management can be based on expert knowledge of human nature. Societies are likely to function tolerably well either under a total dictatorship, which need not take human nature into account, or when least interfered with by government. Both absolute government and nominal government are ways of avoiding the necessity of having to deal with human nature.

Power, whether exercised over matter or over man, is partial to simplification. It wants simple problems, simple solutions, simple definitions. It sees in complication a product of weakness—the tortuous path compromise must follow.

Now, whereas in the realm of matter the great simplifiers are the great scientists and technologists, in the realm of man the great simplifiers are the great coercers—the Hitlers and Stalins. To some extent Hitler and Stalin were scientists of man the way the physicist and the chemist are scientists of matter. Their policies and crimes were motivated as much by a scientist's predilection for simplification, predictability and experimentation as by doctrinaire tenets or sheer malevolence. Even their murderous intolerance of dissenters had a "scientific" aspect: a dissenter is to the absoluteness of power what an exception is to the validity of a formulated scientific rule—both must be dealt with and somehow eliminated.

It is not accidental that the men of absolute power in Soviet Russia are so taken with, and derive inspiration (Continued on Page 36)

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Flint, Michigan: Jack Laureto, 13, learns the first st scuba diving from his Big Brother, stonemason Bill

"....TO HELP A BOY"

How the Big Brothers of America give friendship and guidance to boys from troubled and fatherless homes.

BY BILL BREISKY Of the high-spirited graduates at the Naval Academy commencement exercises on June seventh of last year, none had more reason to be jubilant than Paul Carr Winn, a scrappy and persevering young man from Flint, Michigan. Academically Winn's record was mediocre—he stood 612th in his class of 786—but in his aptitude rating, a clue to his eventual degree of success as an officer, he ranked twice as high. Commissioned a Marine second lieutenant, Winn presently is enrolled in basic school at Quantico, Virginia.

Lieutenant Winn is an intense, spruce 135-pounder who believes the Naval Academy is the world's finest and toughest school; yet he says, "I haven't accomplished anything that any other guy in my position couldn't have done if he'd had the chance." A cliché? Perhaps, yet Paul's personal history makes his Academy record seem remarkable. Paul was only two when his father died. His mother, who subsequently was remarried and divorced, died during Paul's junior year in high school. He has been on his own since then.

The "chance" which Paul credits for his good fortune came from the Big Brothers of America, through the Big Brothers of Greater Flint, one of the largest of the fifty-five Big Brother agencies and a fairly typical one.

The Big Brother relationship is unique in the field of social case work. One man volunteers to befriend and counsel one boy. Usually the boy is between the ages of eight and seventeen. He may be in trouble with school or juvenile authorities, or he may simply be shy and lonely. Almost always he is fatherless.

The slogan of the organization is, "No man ever stands so straight as when he stoops to help a boy." I became interested in the Big Brother movement when I saw the slogan on a Philadelphia subway-car poster in 1955. I called the Philadelphia agency to inquire and was assigned my first Little Brother that spring. He joined the Navy two years later, and recently reenlisted. My second Little Brother, who barely squeaked through the eighth grade last spring, but did strike out his school principal twice in a student-faculty softball game, says it would be "real sharp" if I could mention his name—Harry Martin—in this article.

The Big Brother movement was born in the men's club of a New York City church in 1904; since then it has touched the lives of some 128,000 boys. Today its national headquarters are in Philadelphia's Suburban Station Building, and its self-supporting agencies serve some 8000 boys in cities between Boston and San Francisco and between San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Hamilton, Ontario.

A prospective Little Brother usually is referred by his mother, his school counselor, a social-work organization or a juvenile-court judge. After the agency investigates a youngster's background and environment, it matches him with a man who shares as many of his interests as possible. If the matching "takes," the Big Brother and the boy will see each other every week or so—perhaps for a dinner, perhaps for a homework session or a ball game—until the boy is at least seventeen.

Paul Winn was an undersized seven-year-old when, in 1944, the juvenile division of probate court referred him and his two older brothers to the Flint Youth Bureau (as Big Brothers of Greater Flint was known until recently). Paul had a stepfather then, which disqualified him from being assigned a Big Brother. But the stepfather was in the Army, and the Winn boys were getting out of hand, so the judge asked the Youth Bureau to include them on its Saturday outings and other group activities.

Shortly before Paul completed junior-high school, his mother and his stepfather, a husky man with a police record, were divorced. Paul became so aggressive—"I liked to swing out every now and then"—that the school suspended him and notified the Youth Bureau. Because Paul's stepfather was out of the picture, Youth Bureau director Joseph T. Ryder assigned Paul to a Big Brother—Howard Sprague, forty, a hearty, outgoing man who owned a 7-Up bottling plant.

Sprague agreed to help. He got Paul reinstated in school and, because Paul needed a steady job—his mother had a knee injury that prevented her working and his stepfather was defaulting on alimony payments—Sprague became his employer as well as his Big Brother. Paul and Sprague went on picnics together that summer, and Paul occasionally had dinner with the Spragues. In December, when Paul turned sixteen, Howie Sprague helped him learn to drive.

When the Spragues returned from a Florida vacation early in 1954, Howie learned that Paul's mother had lost the lease on her apartment and had moved in with her sister. Paul had to find quarters for himself. He decided to make his home temporarily in the 7-Up plant. He figured he could bathe in the employees' shower and sleep in a truck cab.

"You come out and live with us for a while," Howie insisted.

For the first time in his life, Paul was part of a household where religion was important, where mealtime was a happy occasion and where the adults "didn't holler at the kids and smack them around." Howie's wife Dorothy, a substitute teacher, took an interest in Paul's schoolwork. "I'm not dumb," Paul told Dorothy. "You'll see. I'm gonna make good grades for you." And he did.

Paul's mother found an apartment before the school term ended and Paul moved back with her. That summer she was operated on for abdominal cancer. She died in February of 1955, when Paul was halfway through his junior year. Paul lived for a while with the Spragues; then he moved to the Y.M.C.A. The Youth Bureau paid for the room, and Paul earned enough to cover his other needs.

Later that year Howie Sprague moved to Mason City, Iowa, where he had bought a Coca-Cola bottling plant. Robert M. Layfield, manager of the 7-Up plant and a boyhood pal of Sprague, became Paul's Big Brother. After Layfield learned that Paul's favorite recreation was dancing, he became adviser to a teen-club dance committee, then interested Paul in the club.

"Paul's last year in Central High was kind of touch and go," recalls Layfield. The unrelieved pressure of schoolwork and afterschool work became oppressive. His morale ebbed, and he fell into the habit of spending his few spare hours at a pool hall. Toward the end of the spring semester he was suspended for tossing a package of firecrackers into a barbershop across the street from school during his lunch period. Paul was allowed to return to his classes with the stipulation that he spend all his remaining study periods in the office of the assistant principal. He swore off fireworks and began to apply himself to his schoolwork again.

Shortly before graduation time, Youth Bureau director Ryder called Paul into his office and said, "How would you like to go to the Naval Academy?" Ryder had a promise from Congressman Donald Hayworth that if Paul could win a competitive examination, he would get an appointment. Paul took the test. When weeks passed with no report, Paul assumed he had failed. He enlisted in the Marines, and was sent to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego.

In mid-October Paul's Naval Academy appointment came through. So many Youth Bureau boosters wrote to San Diego in his behalf, trying to win his release from boot camp, that one of Paul's commanding officers remarked, "He has more blankety-blank friends than anyone I've ever met."

Paul was released from the Marines. He enrolled at the Navy's Bainbridge, Maryland, prep school on Christmas Ev of 1956. Six months later he reported t the Naval Academy for plebe summe Because of his Marine training, he wa named midshipman platoon commande He got off to a good start: His platoo placed first among the thirty-six plet platoons in both drill competitions tha summer. But the beginning of the aca demic year, in September, was a rud shock. Discipline tightened. Classroo work progressed at a fast pace. And som of the upperclassmen "didn't like the wa I did things."

Rather than wait until he "bilged out, Paul decided to resign, and called Bo Layfield to tell him so. Layfield stalle him, then lunched with Joe Ryder t discuss strategy. They agreed to hamme home the moss-grown dictum that no body likes a quitter. "When I droppe the ball," Paul recalls, "they threw i right back at me."

Paul stayed at Annapolis and the Lay fields and the Spragues visited him there During his four years at the Naval Aca demy he saw Norway, Portugal, th Netherlands, France, Belgium and Greece courtesy of the Navy. His outlook on lif improved along the way. Two years ago when he passed a group of teen-agers o a Flint street corner, he said to Bob Lay field, "Boy, to think that I used to be a raunch like that."

On January tenth of last year, durin Big Brother Week, President Eisenhowe was named "Big Brother of the Year" a a ceremony in the White House. On hand to help Big Brothers of America Presiden Charles G. Berwind make the presenta tion were Paul Winn, then a chief petty of ficer of midshipmen, and Howie Sprague Ike spotted Paul's insignia and remarked "The highest I ever got as a cadet was color sergeant."

In June Bob and Jean Layfield saw Paul graduate.

What path would Paul have followed without the help of Howie Sprague, Bob Layfield and the Youth Bureau? Paul's two brothers, who never had Big Brothers, have taken diverse paths. One has a family and is selling plumbing and heating supplies in a Flint store; the other has been divorced and recently served a prison term for auto theft.

Joe Ryder estimates that Flint Big Brothers volunteered 92,200 hours of their time to Little Brothers like Paul Winn during 1961—a good return, he feels, on the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation's grant of $45,000. The Mott Foundation supports educational, recreational and health programs in Flint. In 1944 it hired Ryder, then an Ohio school

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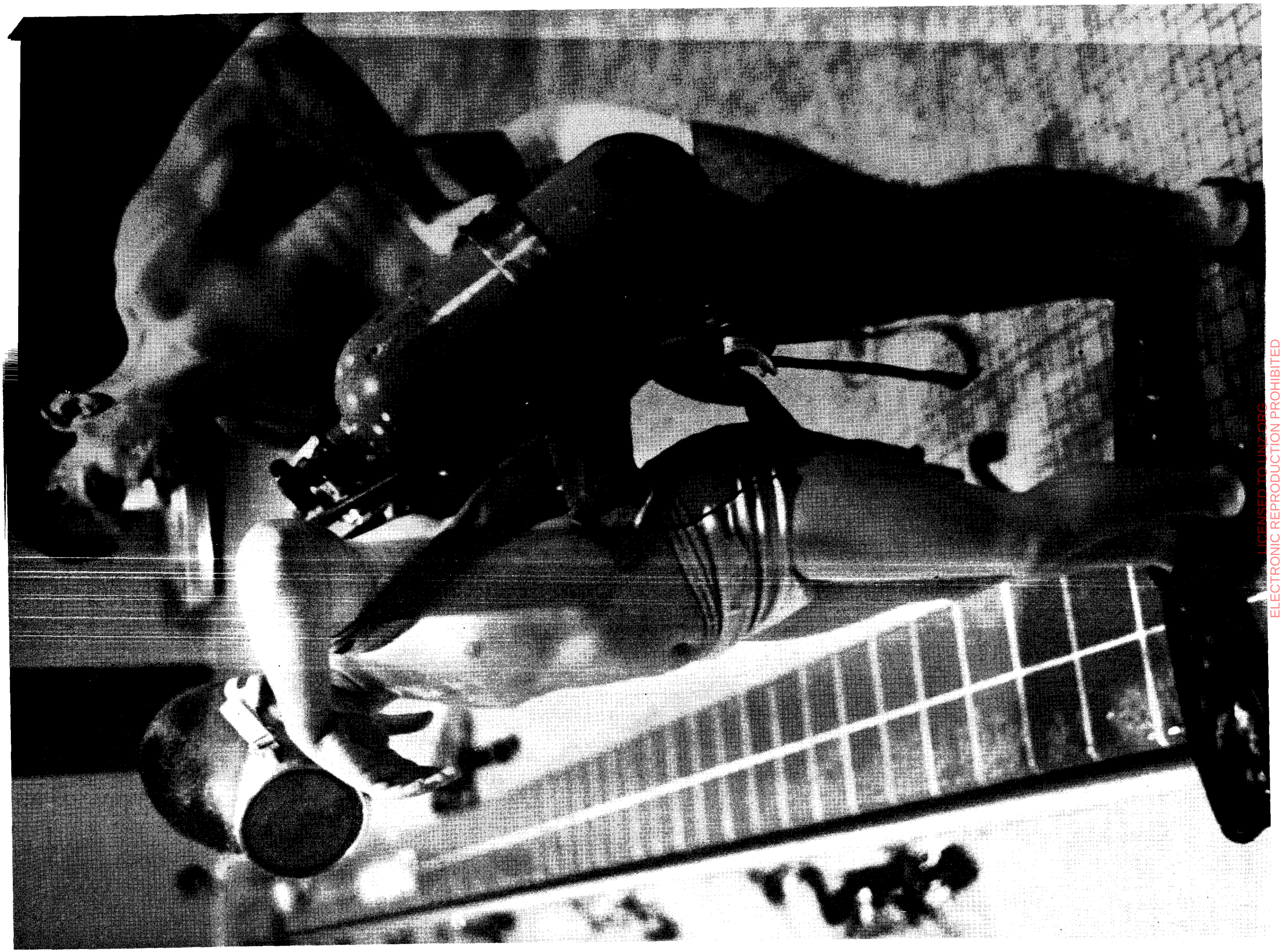

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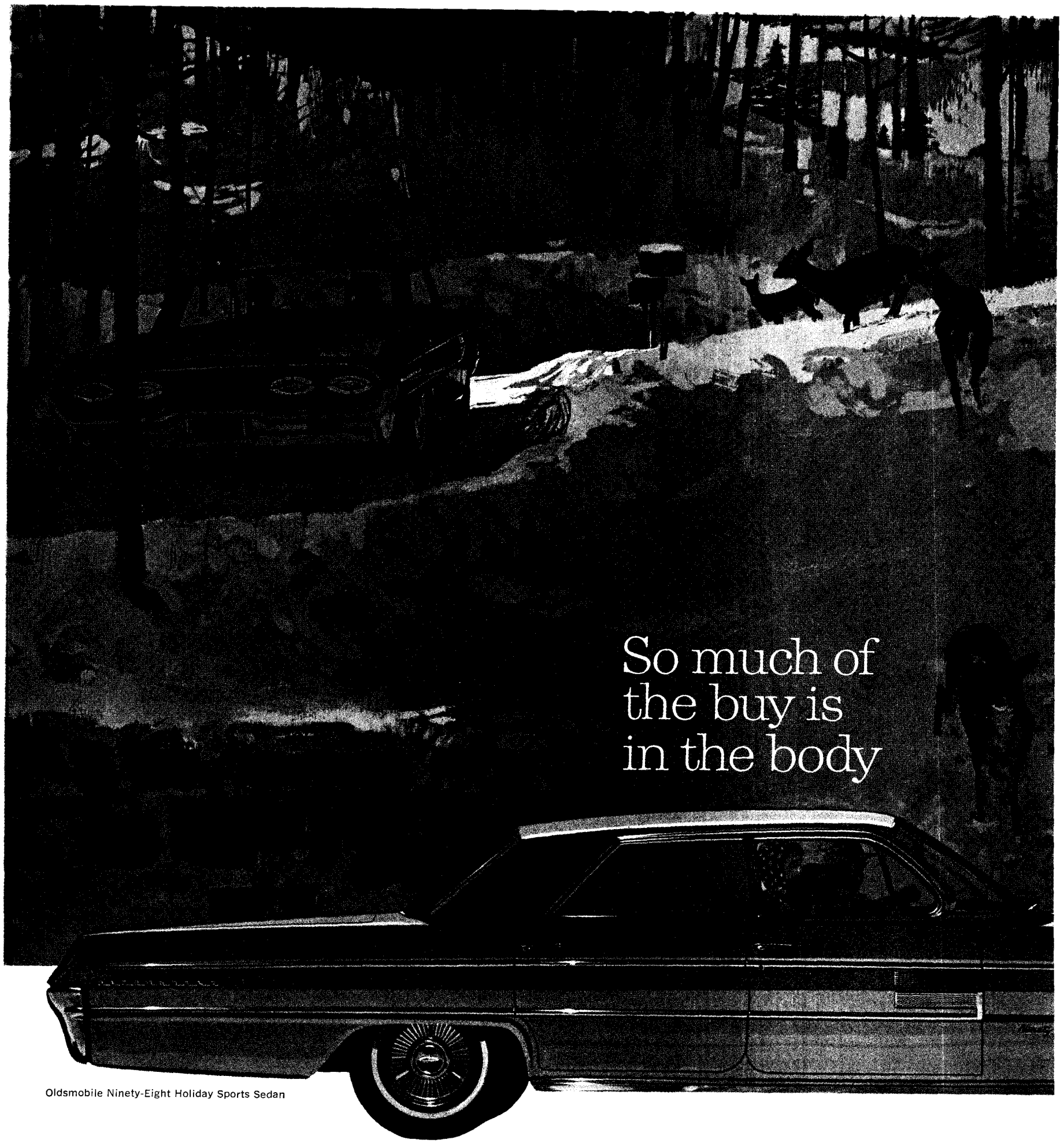

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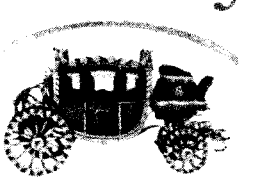

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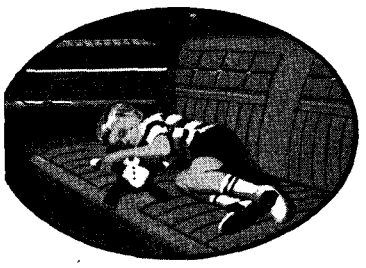

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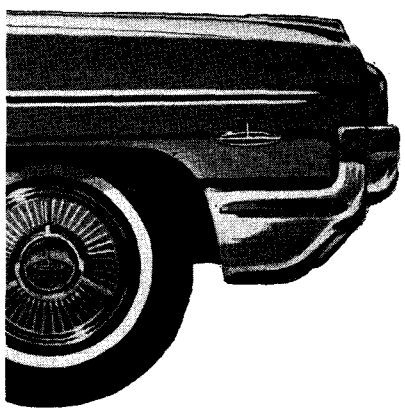

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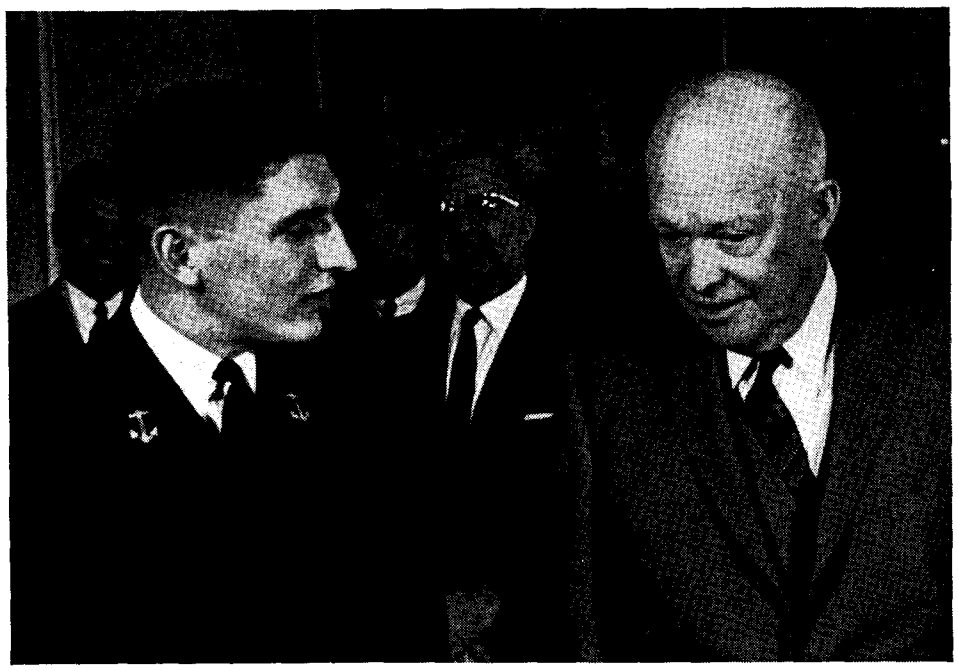

Paul Winn, onetime Little Brother who won a Naval Academy appointment, presented a Big Brother award to Ike last January.

"...TO HELP A BOY"

superintendent, to establish the Youth Bureau. Last year the foundation's money paid the salaries of the entire Youth Bureau staff—director Ryder, two secretaries and the five "fieldworkers" who supervised the activity program and counseled 681 Big Brothers and their boys. The Community Chest provided the bureau's $8000 activity-and-emergency fund—the source of money for Paul Winn's room at the Y.M.C.A.—and the Board of Education provided the Youth Bureau's office space. The salary of the fieldworker assigned to rural Genesee County was paid by that county's board of supervisors.

The makeup of the bureau's board of directors illustrates how Ryder has rallied the Flint city government to his support. Board member Les Ehrbright is director of pupil personnel for Flint's public schools. Board member Tom Waldron is detective lieutenant of the Police Juvenile Bureau. "Many times when we find a fatherless boy in trouble, but not in serious trouble, we refer him to Joe instead of booking him," says Waldron. And if a fatherless boy *is* booked, his case probably will be heard by Probate Judge William E. Doran, another board member.

A Little Brother needn't drift into trouble for lack of wholesome activities. Flint's businessmen and service clubs provide free passes for movies, baseball games, airplane and boat rides, wrestling matches, horseback riding—almost any activity a man and boy might enjoy together. And there is a group activity—hunting, fishing, camping, canoeing, bowling, miniature golf, swimming and aqualung diving, ice skating, skiing, hot-rod races—every Saturday.

The Youth Bureau's activity program is a means of bringing Big and Little Brothers together on a natural and enjoyable basis. "We are in business for one purpose," Joe Ryder emphasizes, "and that is to promote, cultivate and supervise a strong relationship between a fatherless boy and a good man. Activities that don't relate directly to that objective are not in our program."

To establish Big Brother-Little Brother relationships that will last, the Youth Bureau seeks as many common bonds as possible—racial and religious ties, special skills and interests, a comparable socioeconomic background. A man who had had all his teeth extracted was matched with a fifteen-year-old who had a gum disorder and faced the same toothless future; a frail youngster who sought to strengthen himself was matched with a weight-lifting champion; a convict's son was assigned to a Big Brother who as a youth had done time for robbery.

Before a man can be assigned a Little Brother, he must go through an orientation period. The man is told, for instance, that he may buy gifts for his boy on special occasions but he must not dole out money. He must report to one of the staff workers at least once a month. And when necessary he should attend the bureau's monthly "problem clinic," staffed by a psychiatrist, Dr. Paul Jordan, and four other professional consultants.

Some problems are more than a Big Brother can solve, as "Brad Clement"—that's not his real name—can testify. Brad's Little Brother "Artie," a fatherless Flint youth, recently was paroled after serving eighteen months for armed robbery. (At present he has a steady job and is living in Brad's home.) Artie was only eleven when he became a Little Brother, seven years ago. His home environment was degenerate—his mother made him give up a part-time job because his income was jeopardizing her welfare payments; his sister had given birth to two illegitimate children by the time she was fifteen. Yet Artie seemed determined to make a success of his life—until his mother became a prostitute.

The police arrested Artie after he held up a filling-station attendant with the jagged neck of a bottle. Brad visited the boy in jail. There Artie revealed that his father had not died in an auto accident, as the Youth Bureau believed; he had been shot dead while holding up a bartender with the jagged neck of a bottle.

One youngster surprised his Big Brother in a very different way. He cherished the relationship so much that when his mother remarried, making him ineligible to remain a Little Brother, he kept the news a secret from his Big Brother for months.

Nothing pleases Joe Ryder more than having a former Little Brother apply to become a Big Brother. I met such a Big Brother, Dale Coote, at a Saturday-morning sausage-and-pancake breakfast and turkey shoot sponsored by the Chevrolet Men's Club of Flint.

Nine years ago Dale was serving a term in a state reformatory for stealing cars. After his release he became a Little Brother. Today, at twenty-five, he is in his last few months as a plumbing apprentice. He's also a father of two lively youngsters and Big Brother to a blond eighth-grader named Dennis Bandy, whose parents are divorced. Dale and Dennis live near one another. Both enjoy swimming, both are Protestant, both have shown a knack for getting into scrapes: and they share a passion for the pizza baked by Dale's wife Nancy Jean.

The Big Brothers of Greater Flint can chalk up young men like Paul Winn and Dale Coote as successes partly because of Joe Ryder's insistence that his staff should not automatically close out a Little Brother's case when he reaches his seventeenth birthday, as is the rule in a number of Big Brother agencies. "We do some of our best work with boys past seventeen who have grown up with us. They begin to talk with their Big Brothers about their girls, about getting married, about getting jobs. Often you can't talk with a boy about such things until he's facing these problems and looking for answers."

Another conviction of Ryder's is that he has a responsibility to serve every fatherless referral who might benefit from a Big Brother relationship.

One reason for this attitude is a withdrawn Genesee County teen-ager who was referred by his mother. Ryder explained that the bureau was unable to extend itself into the area in which she and her son lived at that time—but when the mother persisted he said he would see what could be done. "We sent the boy invitations to join us on our Saturday trips," Ryder recalls, "but he didn't come in. Our fieldworkers had more than they could do within our area, and we just didn't get around to investigating the case."

A few months later Ryder received a note from the mother stating, "I'm afraid your help was a little slow coming to my son." The note was attached to a notice of the boy's suicide.

Joe remembers that note whenever anyone suggests that Flint's Big Brother program is too ambitious. THE END

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LEAP INTO LOVE

Continued from page 19

"Yes, sir. If the captain says so, sir." He crashed another salute and left.

Five minutes later, 2nd Lieutenant Cotts was towering at a rigid attention in front of my desk, sweating gently and trying not to pant. Second lieutenants are expected to do or not to do so many things that a distinctive characteristic of this rank is a sensitive, despairing conscience; and I knew that from the moment he had received the sudden summons to report to me, Cotts had been fearfully reviewing his recent past. I frowned ominously at him; terror is good for the young officer—keeps him on his toes. Finally I told him to sit down. He did so gingerly.

"Here's the picture," I said. "On Wednesday, at 1500, a Senator Wilhelm arrives to visit Fort Braxton and the 102nd Airborne Division. He's a new member of the Military Affairs Committee, and it seems he wants to get to know the troops. Division has picked this battle group and given us the slug of laying on all details. I have organized a forty-dollar tour which will end with the senator's observing the group execute a parachute-assault exercise Saturday morning. That afternoon he flies back to Washington, tired, happy and favorably impressed with the Army in general and this outfit in particular. Got it so far?'

"Yes, sir," said Cotts.

"Now here's where you come in. The senator is a widower with one daughter. From what we hear, he puts great store by his only chick and child, and she'll be coming along —— Cotts," I said, "get that look off your face. You will be a special aide-de-camp to the senator for the duration of his stay. Your mission is to see that the daughter has a good time. Nothing extravagant, just make sure she doesn't go back to Washington and say, 'My goodness, daddy, what a dreadful hole. So hot. So dull. You should cut their appropriation.'" I felt a pang of sympathy for this enormous lieutenant. His expression was wooden.

"As to why you were picked. Miss Amy Wilhelm is twenty-two years old, weighs a hundred and eighty pounds, and is six feet two inches tall—a sizable dolly. Any bachelor in the group, myself included, would be happy for this chance to serve the outfit, but only you had an active-enough pituitary. Congratulations."

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't get sarcastic with me, Cotts," I said.

As Senator Wilhelm had stated that he wished no special ceremonies or fanfare, only a small group was on hand to meet his plane at the satellite Air Force base that serves Fort Braxton. There was the division commander, Major General Brown, a few members of the Division Staff, Colonel Reilly, myself and Cotts.

General Brown, known as "Buster," is a tall, knobby officer with the even disposition of a barracuda—not improved any by the prospect of a senator's running around loose in the area. We all, except Colonel Reilly, kept very still.

Senator Wilhelm looked good, like a senator should, but his daughter looked better. She was a handsome, tawny girl with blue eyes and hair almost the exact color of her tanned skin. Huge she was, but beautifully organized. As she followed her father down the passenger gangway, I think we all gasped. I certainly heard Cotts do so.

I glanced up. Cotts was staring fixedly at Amy Wilhelm, his mouth slightly open, the perfect picture of a bad adenoid case. I kicked him sharply, careful not to mar the shine on our boots. He jumped and said, "Yes, sir." My attention was then diverted, first by the rare sight of General Brown trying to be cordial, and next by my presentation to the senator and Amy. I am only three inches shy of six feet, but shaking hands with Amy was a chastening experience.

We installed our visitors at VIP Quarters. Cotts was once more the model 2nd lieutenant, speaking only when spoken to and taking care of the baggage. I put his lapse down to stupefaction.

For the first couple of days things went like clockwork. I had devised a full program for the senator, nicely calculated to show him as many things as he could absorb and to insure that each night he would go eagerly and early to bed. He was a smart old bird and asked good questions.

As for Cotts and Amy, things seemed to be going even better. I saw them only at intervals, since Amy's tour centered around the Officers' Club, the swimming pool and the post golf course, but what I did see convinced me that providing Cotts had been a stroke of genius.

Then on Friday afternoon the sergeant major came in like a big, bald, self-satisfied raven to croak out a disquieting report.

"Very interesting," I said, drumming my fingers on my desk. "You must congratulate your patrols. Also, I'd better have a little talk with Cotts."

I came right to the point with Cotts. "See here, lieutenant, you are exceeding your instructions. To take only one of several glaring examples, Thursday at 2340 hours you kissed this dolly good night not once but twenty-three times."

"Sir, how do you know ——"

"I have my methods, Cotts."

He turned pink and stuttered, but finally said, "Sir, I'm in love, and I think it's mutual."

This was an unforeseen development. Yet there were advantages. For one, it appeared that I had spectacularly attained my objective of seeing that Amy wasn't bored. "Cotts, I can't say I fully approve of this. Impulsiveness in a young officer is a trait to be discouraged. Also, fathers are apt to take a dim view of whirlwind courtships. I think it best if the Senator's visit is not disturbed by the discovery that you are taking dead aim at his daughter. Is Miss Wilhelm planning to watch the jump tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir. She's very interested."

"Good. Nothing much can happen on the Drop Zone, and she will see some troops, something she's missed so far. Only tonight threatens. You will act with restraint. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." He drew himself up. "Sir, this has been the best assignment I have ever had. I promise to make it a success."

I must say I was impressed and touched.

I was free that night, as the senator was dining with Colonel Reilly, so I went to the club to do some spying on my own. This was not difficult; Cotts and Amy were easier to see than most people. After dinner they danced for a while, then ended up in a corner talking seriously.

But suddenly Amy rose and, beckoning Cotts rather imperiously to follow, went out to the darkened veranda. I darted through a side door and, taking advantage of the shadows, skillfully moved to a good observation post. They were sitting on a wicker sofa—at opposite ends.

"For the twentieth time, Dickie," said Amy, "why won't you let daddy have you transferred to Washington?"

Cotts said patiently, "Darling, please try to understand. I am a soldier. I like being a soldier, Lord help me, and I'm going to spend my life at it. In the Pentagon a second lieutenant would be a freak. Here, I've got fifty troopers who think I'm important and a platoon sergeant who's teaching me things I'd never learn in Washington."

There was hope for this lieutenant. Amy, womanlike, missed the point. "So you'd rather stay in this poky place than be in Washington with me. After all the things you've been saying!"

"Darling," he rashly said, "I think you're gettin upset about nothing. I'm sure your father woul never stoop to using his influence to get me trans ferred. That's no way for a senator to act."

"Are you saying he'd do something wrong?"

"No, indeed." He was stung. "You are."

She stood abruptly and stamped her foot. Fur niture all over the veranda rattled. Cotts arose an tried vainly to enfold her in his arms.

I straightened up and came forward, coughin and scuffing my feet. "How nice to find you two Just thought I'd drop out for some air and ——'

"Shut up," said Amy.

"Miss Wilhelm, I am stunned. Have I done any thing to offend you?"

"You belong to the same Army as this man who ha just terribly insulted my father."

"Amy, I never did." Cotts turned to me in appeal "Captain, I told you I'd do my best on this assign ment, and I have. I wouldn't insult the senator.'

"Assignment, Dickie?" asked Amy.

I made a desperate try. "You remember Miss Wilhelm, when you arrived we ex plained that Cotts was to be aide-de-cam to your father."

"My father hasn't spoken twenty words t him." She turned on him. "Tell me, Lieutenan Cotts aren't you the tallest man in this group?'

"Well, yes, Amy, I am. But ——"

"What an idiot I've been—after all the time I'v spent around politicians! Sure, you were espe cially selected. Selected to be taller than the sen ator's outsize daughter."

Amy took a full backswing and clouted Cott on the ear. I was proud to see him keep his feet She aimed a blow at me, but, not being in love, was nimbler and avoided it. "Your nasty scheme has backfired," she said. "Wait until I tell my daddy what you people did." She left us.

Cotts first broke the ensuing silence. "I think she was crying."

"Disappointed that she missed me, I suppose. Why didn't you tell her you would love to go to Wash ington? We could have figured out some escape The colonel isn't going to like this at all."

"Which chair were you behind, sir?"

"That big one over there. Be quiet, Dickie, I must think." I sighed. "One thing is plain. You had better report back to your company. Make the jump, and maybe tomorrow I'll have a chance to get her to one side and explain. My back, it's a sad pass when the best interests of the Army are tangled with the love life of a second lieutenant."

I presented myself at the VIP Quarters next morning trying not to look like a cocker spaniel who has been sick on the rug. Surprisingly the senator greeted me cordially; apparently Amy had not yet blown the gaff.

I said my good mornings and smiled at Amy. She looked at me as if I had eight long, hairy legs.

"Where's Lieutenant Cotts?" she asked.

"He's going to make the jump. A lieutenant should jump with his people—better for morale."

"Oh, well, I suppose we'll see him later. There's a few questions I want to ask him."

I didn't think this was going to be a good day.

Our schedule called for us to go first to the Marshaling Area. There the colonel was waiting at the head of long rows of aircraft. "If you'll step over here, sir," he said, "we'll show you how the group loads out for an operation." He led the senator away; Amy stayed by the car.

"What a silly way to get anywhere," she said. "Jumping out of airplanes."

"Miss Wilhelm, I quite understand your anger. But, please believe me, Cotts loves you deeply."

"Cotts is an ugly, gangling rat, and you are an ugly, little rat. You should both jump out of your horrid airplanes without a parachute."

I bowed and went reluctantly to report to the colonel, who was watching a plane load commander take the senator around. In a low voice I gave him the unhappy facts.

He spoke in a strange, harsh language. Then he said, "That's what comes of our trying to be sly. Get out of my sight for a while."

"Yes, sir." I saluted and withdrew down the line of aircraft, to where Cotts and his platoon, all

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'chuted up and ready to load, were waiting by their plane. Cotts was hunched over in the burdened-camel stance of a paratrooper.

"Sir, is she still mad?" he asked anxiously.

"'A cold, white rage' best describes her condition."

"I wish I could talk to her."

"She has said the same. She wants to ask you some questions in the presence of her father."

Behind him his platoon was regarding me sourly. They could tell I was saying something unkind to their lieutenant. Sergeant Thompson, the platoon sergeant, a lean, hard man, spat eloquently.

"Did she say anything else about me, sir?"

"She said you were an ugly, gangling rat and that the world would be noticeably improved if you dispensed with a parachute your next jump."

He slumped even more than his load required. Suddenly he set his jaw. "I'll be jumping first man out the right door of Chalk Six, sir," he told me as if it were important. He tried to straighten up, but no one can straighten up wearing a main parachute, a reserve parachute and the other eighty-odd pounds of equipment.

"And I'll be on the ground with that infuriated giantess of yours," I said. "I'd gladly trade places."

He saluted and crouched back to his people. They sneered respectfully at me.

When we arrived at the VIP stand the division had constructed on the eastern edge of the Drop Zone, I found that General Brown was there to keep the senator company.

We took our places; I ended up, uncomfortably, on Amy's left. Out on the flat, open D.Z., there was already activity. Aid men were spotted around, and the Safety Party was by the marking panels. Behind the stands four ambulances moved into position. Drop time was ten minutes away.

"Four ambulances?" asked the senator.

"Humph," said Amy. "In college some of the boys made parachute jumps. They didn't get hurt. Of course, ambulances are impressive."

The general gave her his stoniest look. "Those young men were jumping singly from slow, high-flying aircraft and were probably wearing protective padding. These people will be jumping simultaneously from fast, low-flying aircraft and will be wearing weapons, ammunition, radios and the like. There's a difference."

"Oh," said Amy in a small voice. Then, by George, she spoke to me. "Do the soldiers have to pull something to make their parachutes open?"

"Only in an emergency. Normally the parachutes are opened automatically by means of a fifteen-foot line that is hooked to a cable in the aircraft." Then I leaned forward and told the senator, "Sir, Lieutenant Cotts will be the first man out the right door of the right plane in the second V. Since you know him, you might like to watch him."

I noticed that Amy had listened carefully.

Way up north, there was a series of flickers of light as the air serials made their turn for the final approach. These were pointed out to our visitors. The sound of engines grew from a faint rumble to a roar to a thunder you could almost feel. I looked at Amy; she was leaning forward, intent on the planes. They came overhead, gleaming in the sun, heavy with the men they carried. The first man dropped out of the lead plane; his parachute opened and, on that, the sky broke out with silk.

There was one untoward incident. The first man from the right door of the right plane in the second V stepped out and began a long, unimpeded journey to the ground.

"Eek," said Amy, clutching my arm in both her hands. "Isn't that Dickie?"

I rose with her, not purely from courtesy. I managed to get my feet back on the planks. Cotts had about ten seconds to pull his reserve. After that he would make a messy dent in the D.Z.

"Pull it," I yelled. "Pull it, you dolt!"

The dot that was Dickie came on down. He waited until nearly all his time was gone before he hit his reserve. If there were more than 100 feet to go when the small, white reserve popped behind him, I am the sergeant major's grandfather. He swung once and hit the ground.

"Was that Dickie? Is he all right?" There was anguish in Amy's voice.

"Yes. Please let me go, Miss Wilhelm."

"Why didn't his parachute open right away?"

"Something went wrong with his main parachute and he had to pull his reserve. Please, Miss Wilhelm, my fingernails are beginning to bleed." I had a cunning, bad idea. "People who have to use a reserve are sometimes broken up a bit. Let me go, and I will run over and find out if he is injured."

More or less, it worked. She freed me. I felt like collapsing, but never got the chance. She hiked up her skirt, vaulted over the front rail and went off at a gazellelike run, straight for where Cotts had landed. General Brown would demand an explanation, and I didn't have one I thought he would like, so, in turn, I went fleetly after Amy.

The crucial part of a parachute assault is the assembly immediately after the drop. Until the outfit is together again, it is just a mob. I am proud to state that the 1st Battle Group holds the division record, having been ready to move off seventeen minutes after the first man went out the door. This day we set another record—something around an hour and a half.

Most of the troops were already down, but there were still quite a few settling to the ground like large autumn leaves. She left a trail of confusion behind her. A trooper would be preparing to land when Amy would streak beneath him. He would forget his training and clobber in with a sodden thump. If he had already landed and was double-timing purposefully off to his assigned assembly point when Amy boiled by, he either fell down or ran into one of his companions or simply stopped dead. Soldiers being as curious as crows, when they recovered they set off to see why the adjutant was chasing that big girl across the D.Z.

I made a burst of speed and drew up close behind Amy as we neared Cotts. Sergeant Thompson was standing by, while an aid man helped Cotts to his feet. Amy flung the aid man to one side and threw herself on Cotts with a loud cry of "Dickie!" He said, "Oof," and went down again.

I stopped to catch my breath. Amy was kneeling, clutching Cotts and making clucking sounds of concern and endearment. Around us the fascinated troops were going into concealment.

"Is he hurt?" I asked Sergeant Thompson.

"He was just shook up some, sir, but I don't know now. That girl hit him pretty hard."

Cotts was making a whooping noise.

"Miss Wilhelm," I said, "will you please return to the stands, so that we may continue?"

Amy stopped patting and cooing long enough to inspect her prize. "Can't he say something?"

"I think, Miss Wilhelm, that in showing how glad you were to see him safe and sound, you inadvertently knocked the wind out of him."

"Here comes the malfunction officer," said Sergeant Thompson. He and I exchanged glances.

For every jump a malfunction officer is named. His mission in life is to make an on-the-spot investigation if any parachute does not work as it should. This gives us facts with which either to write nasty letters to manufacturers or to court-martial the citizen who packed the faulty parachute. The presence of the malfunction officer is always a comfort to us parachutists. This one, a plump 1st lieutenant named Smart, joined us. "Is that the man whose main didn't open?" he asked, staring at Cotts and his hovering Amy.

"Yes," I said. "Makes one almost want to try it too, doesn't it?"

"I don't think ladies should be allowed on the Drop Zone, sir."

"You are not alone. Get on with your work."

He went over to nose around Cotts's parachute. Amy assured Cotts that she loved him and he would never have to go to Washington.

"Say!" Smart gave a cry of surprise. "He didn't hook up! Why didn't you hook up?" he asked Cotts.

Cotts could manage only a husky whisper.

"Here comes the colonel," said Sergeant Thompson, his gaze fixed on a point behind me.

The colonel came up and surveyed us without affection. Cotts, with a Herculean effort, managed to rise and come to a semblance of attention, Amy draped around him like a tropical vine.

Colonel Reilly turned to the sergeant major. "Keep that rabble moving to the Assembly Area." His calling us a rabble was a very bad sign. The sergeant major trundled off, bellowing.

The colonel swung back, like a gun turret training around. "You first," he said to Smart.

"Yes, sir," Smart said. "The static line is still in its stows. The anchor-line snap fastener is freed from the breakcord loop and is open. The locking wire has not been inserted."

"So he didn't hook up," the colonel said flatly.

"No, sir," said Smart.

"You next," the colonel said to me.

"Yes, sir. We were in the stand observing the drop. Miss Wilhelm became upset when Cotts's parachute didn't open. She feared he was injured, and came out to see for herself. Her presence on the D.Z. has caused some confusion."

He turned to Cotts. "Now you."

Cotts opened his mouth, but didn't get a chance to speak. Sergeant Thompson beat him to it. "Sir," said the sergeant, "I was jumping behind the lieutenant. Maybe I should talk first."

"O.K., sergeant, talk," Colonel Reilly said.

"Yes, sir. At the red light, the lieutenant stood us up and him and me walked the sticks. He put us in the door at the one-minute warning. Then he went back up the compartment, I think to check on P.F.C. Burton. It was fairly bumpy and Burton gets sick, standing on the ramp. When it was nearly green-light time, he came back to the door with the snap fastener in his hand. I could see he was turning to hook up, but we hit another bump and he fell out. It was one of those things, sir."

For a long several seconds the colonel said nothing. "You had this lieutenant long, sergeant?" There wasn't as much iron in his voice.

"Nearly five months, sir."

"In only five months, eh?" The colonel eyed Cotts.

The sergeant major came back from chivying the troops, grumpy and out of breath. "General's coming, sir, with a civilian."

"Grand," said the colonel. "Cotts, hear me well. A certain amount of personal eccentricity is tolerated in the Army, probably more in the jump troops than in any other outfit. In falling out of an airplane, not hooked up—be quiet—you have used up an entire career's allowance of peculiar actions. Maybe you have some value. Miss Wilhelm appears to think so. And, more importantly, so does Sergeant Thompson. Disencumber yourself and get back to your platoon. Move out."

Amy had the intelligence to let him go. As he trotted unsteadily across the D.Z. followed by Sergeant Thompson, figures came out of hiding and went with him. Something of a legend was born that morning. Amy handled the senator with ease and dispatch. For some reason General Brown laughed like a loon when Amy's rare conduct was explained to him. You never know what will amuse a general, but I'd guess that in this case it was the thought that a senator and member of the Military Affairs Committee would have a 2nd lieutenant for a son-in-law. What better revenge could he dream of?

When we were alone, the colonel had a little talk with me. "Randolph, a lieutenant has come out of an aircraft without hooking up. As one of my best sergeants has gone bond for this lieutenant, I can't even inquire into the circumstances. My command has behaved like a crowd of waltzing mice, but that is Miss Wilhelm's doing, and she is beyond my reach. This exercise has been a disgrace, yet the only effect upon the division commander was to cause him to laugh for maybe the third time in his life. I can't court-martial anyone. I feel frustrated. Fortunately, Randolph, I have you."

I am now, in addition to my other duties, permanent weekend commander of the Range Fire Guard. Luckily the bad weather won't start for another month. The sergeant major had the last word, as usual. This Saturday as I was getting ready to go out to the ranges, he said, "I told the captain that Thompson wouldn't let his platoon leader get into any trouble." THE END

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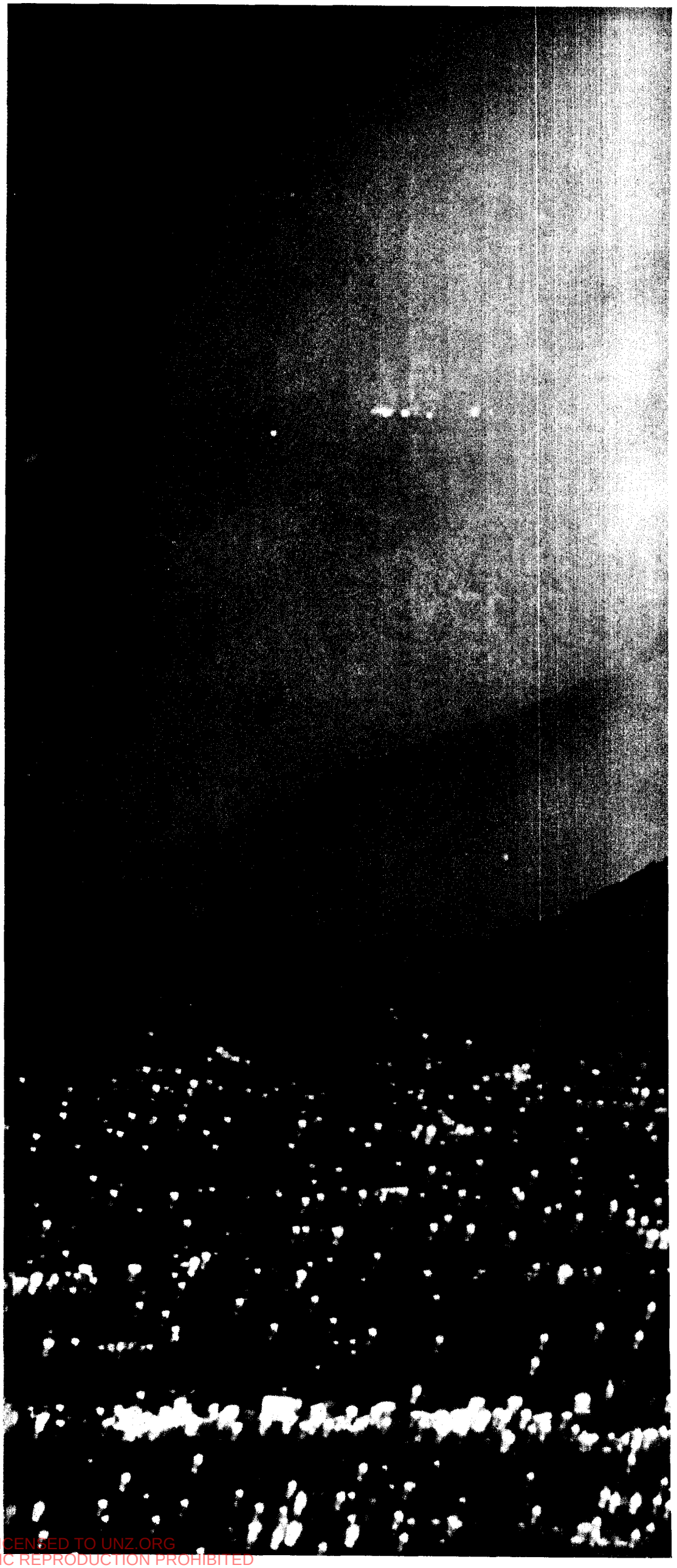
THE Face OF AMERICA

BIG BURN

For many people it seemed the end of the world. When the great fires were in their second night, photographer Sid Avery drove beyond the shuddering Hollywood Hills to high ground. From there he recorded in all its raging intensity the worst fire in Southern California's history. Framing horror with normality, his portrait of a holocaust looks past the San Fernando Valley to the white-hot Topanga Canyon area. House lights are burning at midnight, for who could sleep at the foot of a firestorm? Indeed, few in Los Angeles had slept soundly since 8:15 A.M. on Monday, November sixth, when the flames attacked, some six miles east of here, at cotton-dry Stone Canyon. Drought, low humidity, high temperature and strong winds had conspired to fan a spark into a series of firestorms which roared down mountain canyons, swallowing $100,000 Bel Air homes in seconds. At 1 P.M. the second fire, seen here, exploded in Topanga Canyon. All available firemen rushed to the area, fought alongside forestry and Civil Defense crews. World War II bombers gave air support, smothering the flames with 350,000 gallons of borate solution. Movie studios halted production. A Bel Air pharmacy passed out free tranquilizer tablets. Not until Wednesday night was the Topanga fire finally under control. More than 15,000 acres had been blackened; 458 homes were consumed. Still the havoc was not over. Two weeks later, torrents of rain caused cave-ins and rockslides, made rivers of the canyons where firestorms had raged. Layers of mud seeped into homes which had been spared by the flames. Amid its troubles, a city scarred by fire and water could find but one consoling, miraculous statistic: In the long days of terror, no human lives were lost.



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HOW NATURAL IS HUMAN NATURE?

continued from page 27

from, the Pavlovian experiment on dogs. Nor was it a fortuitous development that Hitler's concentration camps became factories of dehumanization in which men were treated as animals, and were experimented on in the way scientists experiment on rat and dogs.

It is an awesome thing that the most breathtaking example of daring we have witnessed in the second quarter of the twentieth century was the daring to think low enough of human beings. Both Hitler and Stalin displayed this daring in an unprecedented degree, catching the world unawares and almost overwhelming it.

The full savor of power comes not from mastery over nature but from mastery over man. Hence we find that a spectacular increase of man's power over nature is likely to be followed by a passionate attempt to master man—to use the power gained by victory over nature in the enslavement of men. Such a diversion is first discernible in the transition from the late Neolithic to the totalitarianism of the ancient river-valley civilizations. In the Near East the late Neolithic period saw something like an industrial revolution. It saw the harnessing of oxen and asses; the invention of the plow, wheeled cart and sailboat; the discovery of metallurgy, artificial irrigation, fermentation, brickmaking. The era of civilization which followed was mainly preoccupied with the taming of man by coercion and magic. The passionate preoccupation with the mastery of nature did not appear again until the scientific and industrial revolution of modern times; and here, too, an enormous access of man's power over nature is followed by an apocalyptic drive to subjugate man and reduce human nature to the status of nature. Despite the spectacular advance in science and technology, the twentieth century will probably be seen in retrospect as a century mainly preoccupied with the mastery and manipulation of man. Nationalism, socialism, Communism, fascism, cartelization and unionization, propaganda and advertising are all aspects of a general relentless drive to manipulate men and neutralize the unpredictability of human nature. Here, too, the atmosphere is heavily laden with coercion and magic.

It was not the least part of the uniqueness of the ancient Hebrews that they were the first to enunciate a clear-cut distinction between man and nature—since their day, sun, stars, sky, earth, sea, rivers, plants and animals were no longer the seat of mysterious powers and the arbiters of man's fate. They were but the handiwork of a one and only God who created both nature and man, yet made man in his own image—a fellow creator. Since the Hebrews, history rather than cosmic phenomena became the meaningful drama of the universe.

The ancient Hebrews were also the first to demonstrate that man can defy and put to nought the law of the survival of the strong, which rules the rest of creation. They set in motion an alchemy of the soul which transmutes elements of weakness into potent substitutes for all the attributes of the strong. They invented fanaticism, the distant hope and boundless dedication and, equipped with these substitutes, the weak not only survive but often confound the mighty.

On the whole the unnaturalness of human nature is more strikingly displayed in the weak of the human species than in the strong. The strong are as a rule more simple, direct and comprehensible—in short, more natural. The indications are that in the process of tearing loose from nature it was the weak who took the first steps. Chased out of the forest by the strong, they first essayed to walk erect, and in the intensity of their souls first uttered words, and first grabbed a stick to use as weapon and tool. The weak's singular capacity for evolving substitutes for that which they lack suggests that they played a chief role in the evolvement of technology.

Man is most peculiarly human when he cannot have his way. His momentous achievements are rarely the result of a clean forward thrust but rather the product of a soul intensity generated in front of an apparently insurmountable obstacle which bars his way to a cherished goal. It is here that potent words and explosive substitutes have their birth, and the endless quest, and the stretching of the soul which encompasses heaven and earth.

Man became uniquely human mainly through his creative effort; and since the creative process is a function of the individual rather than of the group, the emergence of the individual has been a crucial step in the ascent of humanity. Yet the indications are that the first emergence of the individual was not the result of a long process of social maturing but the by-product of catastrophe and disaster. The first individual was a lone survivor, a straggler, an outcast, a fugitive. Individual selfhood was first experienced not as something ardently wished for but as a calamity which befell the individual: He was separated from the group. All creative phases in history were preceded by a shattering or weakening of communal structures, and it was the individual debris who first set the creative act in motion.

Fugitives seem to have been at the birth of everything new. They were the first free men, the first founders of cities and civilizations, the first adventurers and discoverers; they were the seed of Israel, of Greece, of Rome, of America.

The severing of the individual from a compact group is an operation from which the individual never fully recovers. The individual on his own remains a chronically incomplete and unbalanced entity. His creative efforts and passionate pursuits are at bottom a blind striving for wholeness and balance. The individual's striving to realize himself and prove his worth has created all that is great in literature, art, music, science and technology. The individual also, when he can neither realize himself nor justify his existence by his own efforts, is a breeding cell of frustration and the seed of the convulsions which shake our world to its foundations. These convulsions, being in essence a flight from the burden of an individual existence, often terminate in totalitarian systems displaying the primitive communalism of a pre-individual era.

It is a strangely moving spectacle this: The individual wearying of the burden of human uniqueness, shifting the load on his shoulders and finally dropping it. For as he turns about to walk back, he finds himself one of a vast army with flags flying and drums beating, marching back to unbounded submissiveness and certitude—back to being a crumb of the rock of ages and an anonymous particle of a monolithic whole.

Yet it is part of the fantastic quality of man's nature that this passionate retreat should have often turned out to be but a stepping-back preliminary to a leap ahead. In the Occident, since the end of the Middle Ages, there has been a continuous tug of war between individualist and anti-individualist tendencies. The chauvinist and socialist collectivism of the twentieth century is to the individualism of the nineteenth what Jacobinism was to the Age of the Enlightenment and what the Reformation was to the Renaissance. And every time, until now, the resourceful Occidental individual somehow managed to reassert himself and come out on top. He managed to convert the enthusiasm released by the anti-individualist movements—whether religious, political or social—into a stimulus of his own creative capacities and an aid in his striving for self-realization and self-advancement. Thus we see again and again during the past 400 years how the aftermath of every anti-individualist movement was marked by an outburst of individual creativeness in literature and art and an upswing in individual venturesomeness and enterprise. It is true that the unprecedented ruthlessness displayed by contemporary anti-individualist drives makes one wonder whether this time, also, the individual will be able to come out on top. One wonders whether, with their fearful instruments of coercion and control, the contemporary mass movements may not at last succeed in bludgeoning the Occidental individual for good into collectivist submissiveness.

NEXT WEEK ... an on-the-spot report from
THE SEETHING MIDDLE EAST
By POST Editor Harold H. Martin

Since it was man's unfitness—his being a stranger and an outsider on this planet—which started him on his unique course, it should not seem anomalous that misfits and outsiders are often in the forefront of human endeavor and the first to grapple with the unknown. The impulse to escape an untenable situation often prompts human beings not to shrink back but to plunge ahead. Moreover, it is in accord with the uniqueness of the human pattern that the misfits of the human species should try to fit in not by changing themselves but by changing the world. Hence their bent for reform, innovation, tinkering and plunging. Thus we find misfits in the vanguard of the settlement of new lands and the elaboration of new ways and methods in the economic, political and cultural fields.

It is the unique glory of the human species that its rejected do not fall by the wayside but become the building stones of the new and that those who cannot fit into the present should become the shapers of the future.

Those, like Nietzsche and D. H. Lawrence, who see in the influence of the weak a taint that might lead to decadence and degeneration are missing the point. It is precisely the peculiar role played by its weak that has given the human species its uniqueness. One should see the dominant role of the weak in shaping man's fate not as a perversion of natural instincts and vital impulses, but as the starting point of the deviation which led man to break away from, and rise above, nature—not as degeneration but as the generation of a new order of creation.

The weak are not a noble breed. Their sublime deeds of faith, daring and self-sacrifice usually spring from questionable motives. The weak hate not wickedness but weakness; and one instance of their hatred of weakness is hatred of self. All the passionate pursuits of the weak are in some degree a striving to escape, blur or disguise an unwanted self. It is a striving shot through with malice, envy, self-deception and a host of petty impulses, yet it often culminates in superb achievements. Thus we find that people who fail in everyday affairs often show a tendency to reach out for the impossible. They become responsive to grandiose schemes and will display unequaled steadfastness, formidable energies and a special fitness in the performance of tasks which would stump superior people. It seems paradoxical that defeat in dealing with the possible should embolden people to attempt the impossible, but a familiarity with the mentality of the weak reveals that what seems a path of daring is actually an easy way out. It is to escape the responsibility for failure that the weak so eagerly throw themselves into grandiose undertakings. For when we fail in attaining the possible, the blame is solely ours; but when we fail in attaining the impossible, we are justified in attributing it to the magnitude of the task.

The inept and unfit also display a high degree of venturesomeness in welcoming and promoting innovations in all fields. It is not usually the successful who advocate drastic social reforms, plunge into new undertakings in business and industry, go out to tame the wilderness, or evolve new modes of expression in literature, art, music, and so on. People who make good usually stay where they are and go on doing more and better what they know how to do well. The plunge into the new is often an escape from an untenable situation and a maneuver to mask one's ineptness. To adopt the role of the pioneer and *avant-garde* is to place oneself in a situation where ineptness and awkwardness are acceptable and even unavoidable; for experience and know-how count for little in tackling the new, and we expect the wholly new to be misshapen and ugly.

Now, to point at the discrepancy between questionable motives and imposing achievements is not to decry humanity but to extol it. For the outstanding characteristic of man's creativeness is his ability to transmute petty and trivial impulses into momentous consequences. The alchemist's notion about the transmutation of metals is absurd with reference to nature but corresponds to the actualities of human nature. There is in man's soul a flowing equilibrium between good and evil, the noble and the base, the sublime and the ridiculous, the weighty and the trivial. To look for a close correspondence between the quality of an achievement and the nature of the motive which gives it birth is to miss a most striking aspect of man's uniqueness. The greatness of man is in what he can do with petty grievances and joys and with common physiological pressures and hungers. "When I have a little vexation," wrote Keats, "it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles." The inordinate humanness of the creative individual shows itself perhaps mainly through the

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capacity to make something that is petty go an enormous way.

Nothing so baffles the scientific approach to human nature as the vital role words play in human affairs. How can one deal with a physiochemical complex in which reactions are started and checked, accelerated and slowed down, by the sounds or image of a word—often a meaningless word?

It is of interest that the practice of magic, where nature is concerned—the attempt to manipulate nature by words—rested on the assumption that nature is not unlike human nature, that methods of proven effectiveness in the manipulation of human nature may be equally potent when applied to nature. It can be seen that such an assumption has its mirror image in, and is not infinitely more absurd than, the assumption, implied in the scientific approach, that human nature is merely an aspect of nature.

We know that words cannot move mountains, but they can move the multitude; and men are more ready to fight and die for a word than for anything else. Words shape thought, stir feeling and beget action; they kill and revive, corrupt and cure. The "men of words"—priests, prophets, intellectuals—have played a more decisive role in history than military leaders, statesmen and businessmen.

Words and magic are particularly crucial in time of crisis, when old forms of life are in dissolution and men must grapple with the unknown. Normal motives and incentives lose then their efficacy. Man does not plunge into the unknown in search of the prosaic and matter-of-fact. His soul has to be stretched by a reaching out for the fabulous and unprecedented. He needs the nurse of magic and breathtaking fairy tales to lure him on and sustain him in his faltering first steps. Even modern science and technology were not in the beginning a sober pursuit of facts and knowledge. Here too the magicians—alchemists, astrologists, visionaries—were the pioneers. The early chemists looked not for prosaic acids and salts but for the philosophers' stone and the elixir of life. The early astronomers, and discoverers too, were animated by myths and fairy tales. Columbus went looking not only for gold and fabulous empires but also for the Garden of Eden. When he saw the Orinoco, he was sure it was Gihon, one of the four rivers of Eden. He wrote to Spain about all the tokens and virtues and mathematical calculations which forced him to the conclusion that "Paradise is to be found in these parts."

It is indeed questionable whether we can make sense of critical periods in history without an awareness of the role words and magic play in them. This is particularly true of the century we live in—a century dominated on the one hand by the scientific spirit and a superb practical sense, and on the other by the black magic of chauvinism, racialism, fascism and communism. The rapid transformation of millions of peasants into urban industrial workers, which often meant a leap from the Neolithic Age into the twentieth century, could not be realized without soul-stirring myths and illusions about an impending national, racial or social millennium.

There is a widespread feeling at present that mankind has come to a fateful turning point. The feeling stems partly from the threat of a nuclear holocaust and partly from the fear that, in a drawn-out contest with the Communist powers, we shall unavoidably be shaped in the image of the totalitarianism we loathe, and slay our hope even as we battle for it.

More ominous perhaps are the signs that the weak of the species are about to be elbowed out of their role as pathfinders and shapers of the future. The new revolution in science and technology, which has so enormously increased man's power over nature, has also reduced enormously the significance of the average individual. With the advent of automation and the utilization of atomic energy, it soon might be possible for a relatively small group of people to satisfy all of a country's needs—and fight its wars too—without the aid of the masses. Man's destiny is now being shaped in fantastically complex and expensive laboratories staffed by supermen, and the new frontier has no place for the rejected and unfit. Instead of being the leaven of history and the mainspring of the ascending movement of man, the weak are likely to be cast aside as a waste product. One is justified in fearing that the elimination of the weak as shaping factors may mean the end of history—the reversion to zoology.

Yet there is the possibility that the weariness and dejection induced in us by the present crisis is clouding our vision and impairing our capacity for prognosticating the future. For even as we enumerate the forces which threaten to cast out the weak to outer darkness, there are things happening in every part of the globe which should make us pause, wonder and hope. Precisely at this moment we see everywhere backward countries—unimaginably poor in worldly goods, knowledge and skill—awakening from a paralysis of centuries and vaulting themselves onto the stage of history to re-enact the immemorial drama of the hindmost become foremost. This surely is a performance of the most poignant significance; and if we can savor its full import, we shall not be discomfited by the crudity, arrogance, hostility, savagery and hysteria of the performers. Our hope should be that this be not a last peformance.

It is difficult to see how, without an awareness of the unnaturalness of human nature, one could make sense of the goings on in the underdeveloped parts of the world. Why should the sober, practical task of modernizing a backward country require the staging of a madhouse? Here certainly is an outstanding example of the fantastic discrepancy between means and ends often observed in human affairs. Incantations, myths and preposterous illusions are required to release the energies which enable the weak to vault over or explode the obstacles athwart their path. The untrained masses cannot be stirred to utmost effort by self-interest or logical persuasion. Nor can they be induced to learn and advance step by step. For learning is to them one more proof of their inadequacy, and a gradual advance but a flailing of the arms in the morass of the present. They want not a prosaic step ahead but a miraculous leap out of a mean present and into a glorious future. They need the illusion that, in trying to catch up tomorrow with other people's yesterdays, they are actually running ahead and showing the way to the rest of mankind. The practical task of industrialization must figure as a momentous undertaking in the service of a holy cause. Potent words, communion with the faithful and flaunting defiance are as essential as technical training, adequate equipment and satisfactory food and housing. The backward masses must see themselves as the vanguard of humanity, the bearers of a one and only truth, the chosen instrument of history. The march out of their backwardness must be as the march of conquerors.

THE END

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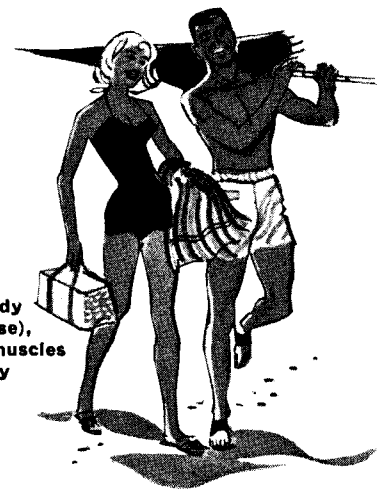

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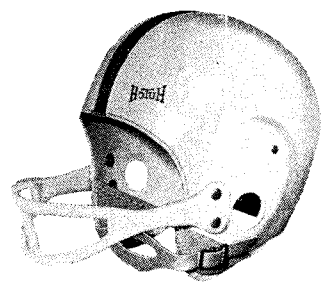

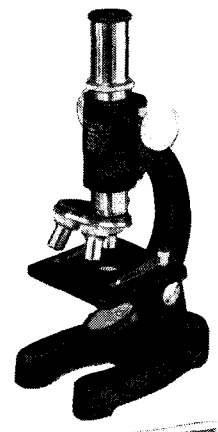

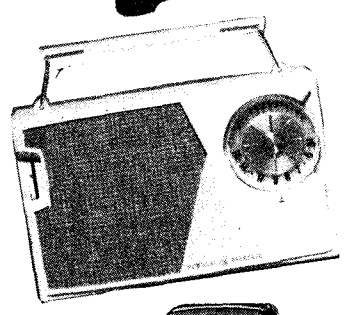

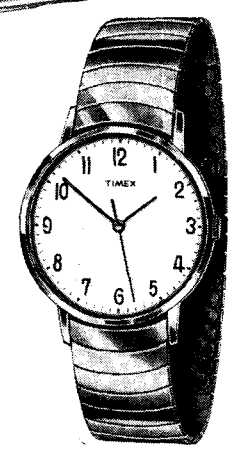

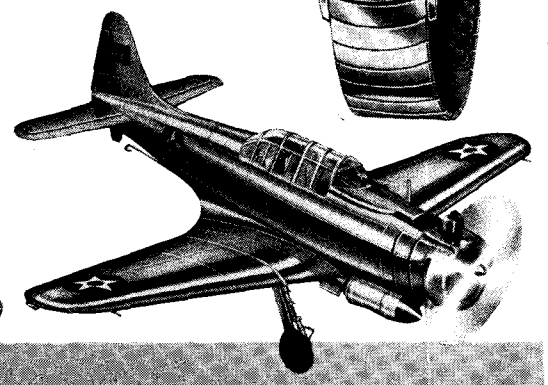

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The Girl Who Hated MEN

continued from page 25

come with it, while his colleagues made unprintably ribald comments. One of them, a girl, was standing directly behind Sam.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, it's a fan letter!" she exclaimed. "Sam's got a female admirer! Will you listen to what she says about his Byronic profile?"

Sam crushed the letter in his fist and stood up. "Stop reading over my shoulder, Coral!" he snarled. "I'd think even you would have better manners."

"Whaddaya mean—even me?"

He elbowed her aside and marched to the city desk. "George," he choked, "if you ever put my name or picture on a story again without my consent, I'll strangle you."

"What's got into you?" George said.

"He's a poet, didn't you know?" the girl said viciously over her shoulder, starting back toward the society department. "The old maids' Lord Byron. That's our boy!"

"What is it, that cat story again?" said George. "Why, that was a good story, Sam. Is that why you got the pie?"

"You heard me," Sam said. "Just don't ever use my name or picture again without my consent, understand?"

He stalked out of the city room. Over a cup of coffee in a nearby drugstore, he sat for a long time, brooding angrily.

Last week the cat that had lived in the lobby of a big hotel had died. It was a famous cat, known to famous people all over the world, but to Sam it was pitiful to be mourned by only transient celebrities. As he wrote the story, his typewriter got that hot, well-oiled feeling that usually means just too many words. But this time, Heafey, the night managing editor, liked the words. He featured the story, with Sam's picture and by-line.

The next day, down from the publisher came one of those notes. But this one was different. It disclosed that the publisher's wife had read the story to her cat, Thistle Whiskers, and Thistle Whiskers had purred approval. Instead of decently burning the note, George had put it on the bulletin board, along with a memo from the mail room saying that the story had drawn two hundred and sixty-five letters and one threatening telegram that was signed, DOG LOVER.

And now this! The letter that came with the pie was signed, DEVOTED ADMIRER, and it reeked with the tin-plated sentimentality of an old woman who had lived alone for far too many decades. It compared Sam's prose and profile to Byron's, and it apologized for the "humble tribute" of a pie to one with so much of beauty for the world.

Sam read it again with a furtive sadness. Devoted Admirer was probably a cranky old maid who cut holes in her shoes for her corns, but he liked her. Certainly the women that Coral Ordway wrote about would never send a reporter a pie—or even know how to bake one.

Coral was the club editor, a job she despised. On his first day on the paper, six months ago, Sam had fallen in love with Coral. Every new reporter did. Soon he declared his love. Every new reporter did this, too, but Sam erred in method. Coral was used to being cornered in the photographic darkroom and fighting her way out with her purse.

Sam nerved himself with five Martinis and then spent his last nine dollars on pink roses. He got to the paper in an aureate fog, just at deadline, when Coral was hard at work in the busy society department. He took her shoulders and said, "Behold, thou art fair, my love. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely," he said.

Coral was working on a big story about the big president of a big sorority. "Oh, go sleep it off, sonny," she said.

Sam plunked the roses into her lap. "Coral, I love you. My car is almost paid for, and I just bought a new suit. Will you marry me next payday?"

She stared at him. Coral Ordway was a year older than Sam—a tiny, sexy-looking, rumpled woman with gorgeous legs and a big, kissable mouth. She had covered murders and bus wrecks, she knew judo and criminal law and Jacqueline Kennedy and she fought the war of the sexes ferociously. She did not believe the man lived who could beat her on a story, but Sam thought he saw in her a fragile and touching innocence.

Coral had grown up in this city and had won its high-school literary scholarship. Instead of going to college, she had nagged George into giving her a chance to be a reporter. Just when she could handle a big story, the club editor died. The job paid ten dollars a week more than Coral had been getting and she had a mother to support. The mother had since remarried, but newspapers do not frivolously change club editors, and Coral could not get back on the news staff.

She had a right to resent Sam, the stranger in the job she could not have; but she should not have laughed at him. The roses fell to the floor, and Sam slunk out, with her screaming laughter scalding his shamed soul. He had some more Martinis and picked a fight with vice-squad detectives who had raided a bookie joint where reporters could drink on credit, this being a traditional compulsion in frustrated reporters. He came out of jail the next day with a fat lip and a hazily pleasant memory of having called a certain lieutenant a weapon-heavy ape.

Since then it had been possible to go on working here only because most of the other reporters had been through it too. Coral laughed at their love.

When Sam got back to his desk, there was one piece of pie left. Sam ate it mostly because he felt he owed it to poor old Devoted Admirer.

"Sam," said George Uetze, as Sam finished the pie, "that vice-squad lieutenant that you had the beef with—wasn't his name Jelinek?"

"Bernard Jelinek," said Sam. "That's the ape. Why?"

"I've got one for you, kid."

He did indeed. It was the kind of job reporters love—a chance to assail the wrong and protect the weak; a legal butting of heads with constituted authority; in short, a crusade. A reputable citizen by the name of J. Rand Loring, a wealthy insurance broker, had not come home last night. His wife, Phyllis, still had not heard from him. But Loring's lawyer had found out that the man was in the jail ward of the city emergency hospital.

"But we can't even find out if he has been booked, and apparently the whole vice squad worked him over, because he's in bad shape," said George. "Take a photographer and go see him—and if Jelinek gives you a bad time, go the limit! One thing our publisher won't stand for is police brutality."

Sam was already on his way. Twenty minutes later, with a photographer at his heels, he was skidding down the waxed floor of a corridor of the emergency hos-

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pital. To his dismay, he saw that George's tip was not exclusive. Reporters and photographers from the city's three other papers were there ahead of him.

They were grouped in front of a closed door that bore the legend, JAIL DIVISION—NO ADMITTANCE. Between them and the door stood a man who looked dimly familiar to Sam—a tall man with long arms, thick legs and enormous hands. He was fair-haired, fair-skinned and baby-blue-eyed, and he was dressed like a sundae in a chocolate-brown suit, caramel shirt and butterscotch straw hat.

"Nothing doing!" he was saying. "The man is in police custody."

Sam skidded to a stop in front of him. "What'll you bet, Jelinek?" he said.

The policeman's baby-blue eyes narrowed. "Well, my old cop-fighting buddy!" he said softly. "Hart, what I just told these others goes double for you."

Sam shoved his face into Jelinek's. "Sweetheart, we're going in there, and you know we're going in. Why do we always have to have one of these stupid arguments?" he said.

With his flat nose three inches from Sam's, Jelinek growled, "I can hold him incommunicado for twenty-four hours. That's good until three in the morning. Have you got a habeas corpus on you? That's the only way you'll get in there!"

To a teen-ager, walking distance is that between the telephone and the garage.

Ivern Boyett

Sam looked at the other newspapermen. "How about that, now?" he said.

No signals were passed, yet every man knew what to do. Four reporters and four photographers plunged toward the door. Jelinek got Sam with an elbow, but then a burly photographer threw a hip block while a frail-looking reporter kicked Jelinek in the shin.

Jelinek yielded, as Sam had known he would. He would keep them out if he could, but not at the expense of a fight with newspapermen. His face coldly white but composed, the lieutenant followed the newspapermen into the room.

In bed lay a portly, middle-aged man. Beside him stood Doctor Kessell, the chief police surgeon and an old friend of newspapermen. "I can't find a thing wrong with him, boys," the doctor said, "although he insists on the usual internal injuries and invisible spinal damage. But he's in a very nervous condition, so make it brief, will you?"

J. Rand Loring, dressed in a nightshirt with the jail stencil on the bosom, began weeping brokenly. The only mark Sam could see on him was a small bruise on one temple, but policemen who know their business do not leave marks. Soon Loring was able to tell his drably familiar tale. His first clash with the power of the law had left him stunned, but, incoherent though he was, the story came through.

He had gone last night to the Nothing-On Club to meet a client. The Nothing-On was a cabaret that featured strip-tease dancers and was not the sort of place he liked. But business was business, and a client was a client.

The club had been raided several times for permitting half-clad dancers to mingle with the diners. So far, conflicting testimony had prevented conviction. This time Lieutenant Jelinek himself had led the raid. Furthermore, he had taken along three police photographers to take pictures for evidence. Ten diners, six dancers and three other club employees had been arrested. All but Loring had been bailed out before daylight.

"They shoved one of those girls into my lap to take a picture," Loring said, "and when I tried to make her get up, somebody clobbered me! That's all I know until I came to, in a jail cell. They beat me again there too. I know my spine is seriously damaged. Every time I try to sit up, I get a blinding headache and a horrible, dizzy nausea."

"What happened to the client?"

"He never showed up," said Loring.

Sam looked at Jelinek, who stood with his back to the wall, his big-boned, flat face impassive. "Well, lieutenant, what's your version of it?"

"No comment," Jelinek said.

Out of courtesy to Doctor Kessell, the interview lasted less than twenty minutes. The newspapermen scattered like quail. When Sam got back to the office, he found that George Uetze had gone out for coffee. Sam picked up the phone and called Coral Ordway.

Coral was always brusque, but she became even more brusque when she recognized Sam's voice. He told her about the story. "Loring's a big shot, and his wife probably belongs to a lot of clubs and all that jazz," he said. "What I want is some background on them."

"You couldn't whip this cop in a fair fight, so you're crucifying him in the paper—is that it?" said Coral.

The only way to get along with her was to slash back. "That's a very tender thought," Sam said, "but try to conquer your sentimentality and give me some help. I told you—I'm on a deadline!"

She said crisply, "You won't like it, Sam. The Lorings live in one of those subdivisions where the wives haul the poodles on the front seat of the station wagon and put the kids on an old quilt in the back. Phyllis tries to bully the P.T.A., and she spends more on her hair than she does on the kids' dentist. I don't know Loring, but what kind of a creep would be married to Phyllis, I ask you?"

"Coral, this stuff is no good to me."

"All right, they're homey folks with a pink swimming pool and mother's dear old teakwood bar," Coral snapped. "Use your lyric imagination!"

"Thanks for nothing," Sam sighed.

It did not take him long to write his story, and by the time George was back from coffee, Sam had it ready for him. George said, when he had read it, "Sam, is this what you honestly believe?"

"I checked on the Lorings with Coral. She didn't know she was doing it, but she confirmed my impression that Loring is a liar and a phony."

"Even a phony has his rights," George said dubiously.

"Rights?" said Sam. "I don't think there ever was a client. I think Loring was out for a big night and got his picture taken by a police cameraman, with a medium-rare dame on his lap. How come every paper in town got this tip? How else can he explain this, except by hollering frame-up as loudly as he can?"

"But Sam, if his spine is injured ——"

"Ah-h, you can get hurt worse than that by eating hard candy," Sam said disgustedly. "He gets a sick headache when he sits up because he's hanging over, that's all. I think Doctor Kessell feels the same way, but he wouldn't give you the time of day without X rays of the clock's works. Why in heaven's name would

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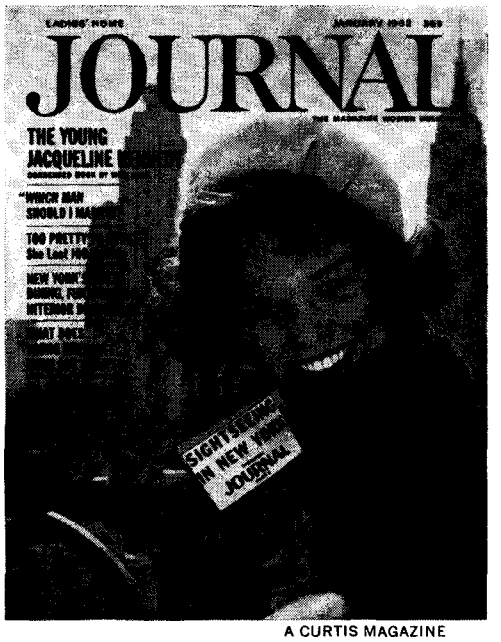

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Young

Jacqueline Kennedy

"She came flying in with a big camera slung over one shoulder and wearing a most devilish smile. 'I've come to interview you,' she said."

Mini Rhea, custom dressmaker, recalls this incident and many others about her favorite customer, the Inquiring Camera Girl of a Washington newspaper, in the days when she was interviewing Congressmen (especially one from Massachusetts); schoolchildren; Shakespearean scholars; movie stars, and even a dog named Trudle!

An informal picture of the First Lady in her "career girl" days.

Like a Giant Wonderland New York

EATING IN NEW YORK IS AN ADVENTURE

The Journal takes you to eight of the city's greatest restaurants—"21", The Four Seasons and six others where the food is exciting, the company fabulous. As souvenirs: recipes for such masterpieces as Duckling Casserole, Frozen Soufflé with Hot Strawberry Sauce.

NEW YORK EXECUTIVE

Meet Carole Breckenridge, pretty, 27, who is in business for herself as a dress designer. What's it like to be competing in this highly specialized business? Carole reveals the secrets of a working beauty, gives recipes for small-kitchen cooking, tells how to dress well in New York on practically nothing.

PERSONALITY ROOMS

Visit the homes of famous people: Mary Martin, Edward Stone, Patrick Dennis.

FASHION

What to wear to a matinee at the opera . . .
What to wear on a winter vacation cruise . . .

Too Pretty To Be Fat

Rita Hornak was the target for all the "fatty-fatty-two-by-four" rhymes ever invented. Today, after losing 150 pounds, she gets a secret thrill from wolf whistles, delights in her new clothes, her interesting job.

Also . . .

FALSE EDUCATION IN SLUM SCHOOLS by Dr. James C. Conant

WHAT DOES YOUNG AMERICA WANT OUT OF LIFE? by Dr. George Gallup

DO PARENTS TEACH PREJUDICE? by Dr. Spock

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GIRL Jelinek want to fight this fat old weeper? Why, that ape could handle Loring with one hand!"

"He could handle you with one hand too, but he didn't."

"We had a nice go-round, and I gave him a tussle," Sam said wearily. "That's his kind of action at all times and, to me, it seemed like a good idea on that particular day. But, George, I swear nobody laid a hand on Loring!"

"Sometimes," George sighed, "I fear I will never understand reporters. Well, let's see what Heafey thinks."

He went into the managing editor's office. He was gone a long time. When he came out, Sam said, "Well, did Heafey O.K. the sordid truth for once?"

George smiled an evil smile. "No, but Thistle Whiskers did! We thought we had better phone the publisher on this—I told you, police brutality is his speciality! At first he hit the roof. But when Heafey told him this was written by the genius who made Thistle Whiskers purr—well, we had it made. Sam, you certainly have pull around here!"

Sam's story first appeared in the mail edition, which came out at ten. It began, "Police yesterday finally got something on the Nothing-On Club," and went on to treat it as just another vice-squad raid. The whole story did not take more than one third of a column.

True, there was a close-up picture of J. Rand Loring, weeping in his jail nightshirt. But there was no mention of his aches and pains, and his name appeared only in the list of persons arrested. A reader might conclude that he wept because he had been caught in a raid.

And this, Sam felt, was a truth nakeder than any of the Nothing-On's dancers. Soon a copy boy brought the mail edition of the competing morning paper, and Sam laughed to see the story on the front page, a furious tirade against police brutality by sanguinary goons who wore badges. Sam was now surer than ever that he was right.

Loring would sue the police department, of course, to make the bluff look good. But long before this suit was quietly taken off the calendar, he would even more quietly have slipped in and paid his fine for last night's outing. And that was the last anyone would ever hear of it—outside of Loring's home, at least.

Sam leaned back happily and went to sleep again. He was awakened by the heavy clump of strange shoes on the city-room floor. He looked up and was not at all surprised to see Lt. Bernard Jelinek standing beside him. The officer had copies of both morning papers.

"How come?" Jelinek snarled. "You're one of these smart-aleck crusaders by nature and you went to that hospital with a chip on your shoulder. I would have given ten to one you'd deal us a fit, yet it's your lousy paper that gives us a break. I want to know—how come?"

"You don't like newspapermen, do you?" said Sam.

"I despise 'em," said Jelinek. "You're the worst bunch of smart-aleck second-guessers in the world. What got into you on this story, Hart?"

"Well," said Sam, "did you beat up on Loring?"

"Hell no, and I can prove it!"

"Then why didn't you want us to talk to him?"

"Because every time some clown chimes off about police brutality, you guys take his side. Then every pinch we make for a year we get this same bum beef. You make it very tough for us to do our work. You know that."

"Bernie, I don't like phonies like Loring. That goes for policemen too, and don't you ever forget it! Any time you get to taking yourself too seriously, remember this story. Because if you ever get out of line, I'm coming after you!"

The lieutenant scowled down at him, grumbling, "Hart, I appreciate this. Just to know we've got somebody to take our side in a bum beef, just to get an even break with the phonies and liars and hypocrites once—you don't know what this means to a cop! I've got a bunch of good boys on my squad, and they're going to appreciate this. It'll make our work easier to do in the future."

"Don't you understand, Bernie?" Sam pleaded. "This is my last chance to sleep on company time!"

Jelinek grinned down at the man who had called him a weapon-heavy ape—the man whose lip he had fattened with one backhand swipe of his hairy hand. "You reporters nauseate me!" he growled. "You've got to be smart—tough—wise! You'd lose your jobs if you betrayed one decent, human emotion. All right, stupid—play it your way. But if there's ever anything you need that my boys can legitimately do for you, call me."

Sam yawned and stretched, and the movement made Devoted Admirer's letter crackle in his pocket. He took out the green envelope with its wavering purple script. "Well, here is something you could do for me," he said.

"What? Look, don't expect me to do your dirty work for you!" Jelinek said.

Sam told him about the car story and the pie. He gave Jelinek the letter, saying, "There's something pitiful about that letter to me. For all I know she spent the last of her pension check on the stuff to make that pie. She may be a moron, but if you have any way to locate her, I'd like to send her a little thank-you note."

"And an autographed picture," Jelinek said. "Oh, gee, this is sweet, Hart! Gives you a little tug right here, doesn't it? All right, I'll see what I can do. But next time I'll know better than to offer to do a reporter a favor." He went out.

Sam's workday officially ended at 12:30 A.M. He slept until 11:40. Then a judicious check of things behind George's back persuaded him that he need expect nothing more to happen this night. At 11:50 he slipped out, on the tip of his tongue several excellent excuses, all of which every editor knows by heart.

Tonight he did not need them. He reached the street without detection and with a feeling of immense satisfaction at having beaten the paper out of forty minutes. But as he entered the parking lot, the lights of a car in it suddenly went on in his face, blinding him.

"Hey, Hart, come here!" came Jelinek's voice, out of the glare. "We found the old dame that sent the pie. Come here, and I'll take you to her."

Sam moved out of the glare to where he could see the policeman. "At this hour?" he said indignantly. "Do you know how late it is? Bernie, are you out of your cotton-picking mind?"

"No, but she is. I'm afraid it's an emergency, and if you can handle her—great! I don't think anyone else can."

"A psycho! No, thanks. I'm not taking on any dingbats tonight."

"If there's a chance you can help her, you're going to try if I have to put the cuffs on you! Into the car, or every newsroom in town will have a facsimile of that letter tomorrow," Jelinek said.

The threat broke Sam's spirit. He got into the police car, and Jelinek drove out with the conspicuous furtiveness of a plain-clothes policeman who wants everybody to think he is not a plain-clothes policeman. "I think we caught up with her in time," he said worriedly as he drove. "She's been baking pies like crazy all evening. Gooseberry! We haven't tried to go in yet, but you can smell 'em clear out into the street. Your story must have pushed her over the brink."

"That's right, blame me!" Sam said.

"I don't blame you personally. I blame the whole lousy newspaper business!" said Jelinek. "But if you personally can make up for what your crumby profession has done to the public collectively, you're going to do it, get me?"

He stopped in front of an old apartment building not ten blocks from the newspaper office. They jumped out into a dark, silent, empty street, and Jelinek, at a dead run, led the way to the second floor, carrying his flashlight. The upper hallway was narrow and dark. Ordinarily, Sam thought, it probably stank of boiled cabbage and unboiled laundry. Tonight it was gooseberries, tart, pungent and heartbreakingly nostalgic. It was an old-fashioned, villagey smell, reminiscent of an earlier, decenter and more straightforward society. Not a light shone anywhere—not even over the transom of the door where Jelinek stopped. "This is it," the cop said.

"She must be sound asleep, Bernie," Sam whispered. "If she's quiet now, it would be a shame to get her all stirred up again, wouldn't it? Let's go home."

"No," Jelinek said. "Look, stupid."

He turned the beam of his flashlight on the card on the door. It was a business card from his own paper, exactly like the ones he carried—except that the name on this one was Coral Ordway.

"What's this about a psycho woman?"

Jelinek turned the flashlight out. "It still goes," he said. "Reporters! You wise, cynical, hardhearted, all-knowing people, you! Why, you couldn't track the truth through ten feet of snow if it was an elephant with the nosebleed!"

Sam clutched at the policeman's thick arm in the dark. He had to fight to control his voice, which treacherously tried to break. "Bernie, I don't get this!"

"What don't you get? It was a simple matter to call the delivery service and find out who sent the pie. I knew by the handwriting that this had been written with the left hand of a right-handed person, to disguise it and secure that quivering effect. But then I asked myself, why? Why bake you a pie and then send it with that smart-aleck letter?"

"Why?" Sam whispered.

"I called your night editor. He's not the idiot you might think, for a newspaperman. He told me about you buying her the pink roses and quoting the Song of Solomon to her. Why, that was almost human! Well, what can a woman do to square herself when she realizes that she has spit on the finest gift a man can offer her—his love? It has to be a womanly thing, and this broad is still a woman, remember," Jelinek said.

"Oh, she's a wildcat on a police raid—I know, because she covered a couple of mine. But what happens when she gets home at night to an empty apartment and looks in the mirror and sees a lonely, womanly woman? Well, this broad tries reading. Then she tries knitting. Then she does free baby-sitting for the neighbors."

"Oh, no!" Sam said.

"Oh, yes! Then she gets off on this pie kick. Three nights a week she bakes pies now, Hart—and gives them away the next day, because what is one woman going to do with all of those pies?"

"But why send one to me?"

"Where else would she send one, except to the man she loves? But she's still a reporter, this broad. She has a tradition to uphold! She has to be smart and cynical and witty, and not even admit she can bake pies. She wants you to have the pie, and yet she doesn't. She wants you to know she's sorry, and yet she can't make herself say it."

"Jelinek, what am I going to do?" Sam whispered.

He felt the policeman's arm across his shoulders, like a telephone pole knocked down in a windstorm. "I don't know, you being a traditional cop-fighter, kid," Jelinek said. "But the girl loves you, and she is a very shy girl. It's the shy ones that talk the toughest. But I wish my wife could bake pies like that!"

He turned and went clumping down the dark hall, leaving Sam alone.

He knocked loudly on the door. He waited a moment. He knocked again and called, "Coral. Coral, wake up!"

"Who's there?" came her sleepy voice.

"It's me, Sam Hart. An emergency."

The door opened, and he saw a small, rumpled girl wearing a raggedy old red bathrobe with some frilly feminine pajamas under it. She was trying to wake up enough to light a cigarette.

Sam sniffed. "Gooseberry, isn't it?"

This girl was a reporter. She did not fool around with questions that had already been answered. She looked up at him honestly and said, "I'm glad you know, Sam. It was a petty thing to do, and do you know why I did it?"

"No, why?"

That big, kissable, sensitive mouth trembled. "Why did you have to get drunk to say it, Sam?" she said. "What is there about me that makes every reporter want to make a pass at me whenever he gets swacked?"

"That isn't the way it was at all," he said. "I just didn't have the gall any other way. Who am I, to love the likes of you?"

She swayed and almost dropped the cigarette. He caught it and held it for her, and she said softly, "Oh, Sam, did you really mean it—that way?"

"I still mean it that way. Oh, Coral, Coral," he said, taking her into his arms. "Oh, my dear, my dear!"

A few blocks away a police siren began squalling as Lieutenant Jelinek caught a hot one on his radio and went to help out. *The ape!* Sam thought affectionately, as his girl snuggled against him. *The big, weapon-heavy ape!* THE END

NEXT WEEK:
a touching story of too little time . . .
THREE WEEKS WITH LOVE

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Backstage with SHIRLEY JONES

An Oscar-winning actress explains how she plays ingénues and prostitutes with equal conviction.

By PETE MARTIN

Shirley Jones's hair formed a shiny golden knot on the top of her head. All of her seemed shiny and golden—above all, her translucent skin. It glowed as if lights had been switched on just under the surface.

She sat on a love seat with her legs crossed under her, wearing a pale pastel cashmere sweater and pastel Capri pants made of stretch nylon. Her simple, expensive clothes did little to conceal the fact that her body is solid, but luxuriously constructed, with the curves in the right places. Her eyes slant up at the corners the way Sophia Loren's do.

Here was a well-bred, courteous young lady, smiling brightly and holding herself ready to answer my questions. Her manner was that of a polite ingénue. Yet, not long before, I had seen her portray a convincing prostitute as Lulu Baines in the film *Elmer Gantry*. In a year when most of the outstanding female cinema roles were what the Hollywood trade prettily calls "prosties" she had won an Oscar as one of the most effective trollops of them all. However, her conversation was not sophisticated, not woman-of-the-world; it did not suggest a hard, tough mind.

Even such a simple fact as her name, Shirley May Jones, was confusing. It was so very much the name that a prim, small girl would answer to in a churchgoing, bedrock American small town that it didn't seem real. Rather, it had the flavor of a name thought up by a Hollywood casting director, to blend with her gingham-dress roles, such as the sweet young girl, Laurey, in *Oklahoma!* and the ingénue in *Carousel*.

It was a matter for wonderment to me why a girl so capable of playing the sexpot in *Elmer Gantry* hadn't somehow been given a name that went with black-lace lingerie and potent "get-your-man" perfume.

Actually she was christened Shirley May Jones in the small, churchgoing, bedrock American community where she was born twenty-seven years ago. Her mother, hoping for a perfect little lady, named her after Shirley Temple, then at her dimpled peak.

"When I saw you in *Gantry*," I said, "I asked myself, *How does this girl know enough about prostitutes to be so believable?* I was so curious I asked Richard Brooks (who wrote the script and directed *Gantry*). He told me, 'She works hard.' But that's no answer. A lot of people work hard."

"Dick was a great help to me in understanding Lulu Baines," she said. "But I welcomed that role, because for years I had been typecast as a small-town girl with a plain-Jane name. I'd had it with the too, too sweet Hollywood singing heroines of *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*. Those films were wonderful for me, but at the same time they put me into a hard-to-escape-from category.

"I know you're thinking that after *Gantry* I woke up every morning and found offers left at my door to play shady ladies. Hollywood is supposed to suffer from a sheep psychology. If you play a doctor or a lawyer—well, all you're offered after that are doctor and lawyer roles. That didn't happen to me. After *Gantry*, I played opposite Cantinflas in *Pepe*. After *Pepe*, I played a Western tomboy, with Jimmy Stewart and Richard Widmark, in *Two Rode Together*. I was a good rider and a fast gun. I drove a wagon train, I wore blue jeans; and had braids. The role I now have is quite a change. As you know, I'm playing the part of Marian, the straitlaced lady librarian in *The Music Man*."

I asked her if she thought that her casting as the librarian in *The Music Man* was a return to the gingham-gowned, apple-cheeked roles she had played in *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*. She said, "The lady librarian is more woman than girl. She's older, although she's still frustrated as a female. She's a spinster who lives in a small town. She thinks that because she's the librarian and has read many books, she's a brain and no man is good enough for her. But she is bewitched by the hero and finds herself falling in love with him, although he certainly isn't the kind of man she has selected to spend her life with."

Shirley believes that the role is actually rich, rewarding and varied. She starts out overly prim and proper, with a tight, no-nonsense hairdo, strictly-for-business glasses, and dry-as-dust work in the library. From that desiccated female she blooms, as Katharine Hepburn bloomed in *The African Queen;* right in front of your eyes she became a woman. "To watch that grim-looking girl change into a woman as she went down the river," Shirley told me—speaking of Hepburn—"was simply amazing. She should have got an Oscar for that."

Photographs by Peter Stackpole

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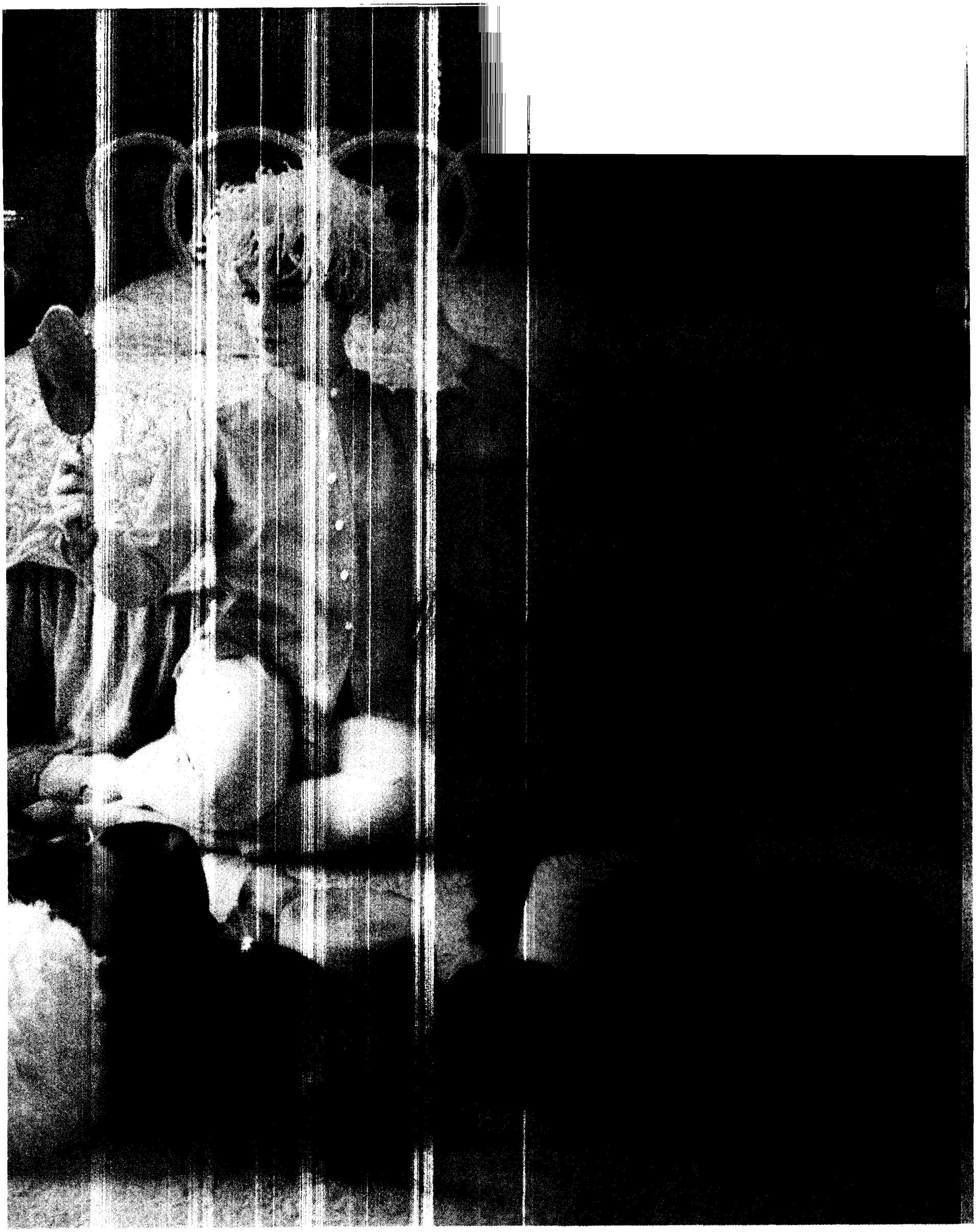

Shirley in her bedroom. She was "discovered" by Rodgers and Hammerstein, who gave her a leading role in the road show of their hit *Me and Juliet*. She subsequently starred in the films *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*.

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She remarked that a lot of her friends didn't want her to win an Oscar, because some girls who won Oscars have never been heard from again. "I don't buy that," she said. "Maybe I'm so young and time seems so endless it doesn't occur to me that anything irretrievably bad will ever happen to my career. In some cases, if they win an Oscar, actresses have demanded too much in the way of stories from producers, and too much money. Performance is the important thing—that and to keep working, no matter how many Oscars you win."

To get an intimate view of Shirley, once-removed, I remembered something—if you're married, one person knows you better than you know yourself—so I decided to talk with Shirley's husband, Jack Cassidy.

"Maybe you can explain it," I said to Cassidy. We were sitting in the patio behind his California home, before he left to tour the summer music-tent circuit. "I saw your wife as a woman of ill repute in *Elmer Gantry*. Now I've seen her as her-

With her husband Jack Cassidy in the swimming pool of their Bel Air, California, home.

self, and the two are completely different. Underneath all her wholesomeness, there's got to be something that I don't see."

"You're making the same mistake everyone else makes about Shirley," Cassidy told me. "Since she is genuinely nice, you feel that she's completely innocuous. If Shirley didn't have many sides and many colors, her niceness would have no validity. Lulu Baines, the character she played in *Elmer Gantry*, didn't start as a bad girl. Lulu was once a good girl, but she was led astray. That's one of the reasons Shirley's performance was so believable. The fact that she knew what it meant to be a good girl also meant that when something was subtracted from that goodness, she knew it."

Then I dug deeper. "Speaking of Shirley in that prostitute role," I said, "how did she ever get it? Certainly not on her past-performance record in sweet-and-innocent parts."

Cassidy looked at me in surprise. "I thought you knew," he said. "She played an alcoholic opposite Red Skelton in a *Playhouse 90* TV show. She didn't have the experience and maturity for such a role, but she's wide open to good direction. She soaks it up like a sponge. She's not ashamed of doing anything any director asks. That's what a good director looks for—not a puppet, but someone willing to give all."

I said to Cassidy, "To backtrack even further, how did your wife happen to be cast as an alcoholic on the Skelton show?"

"She owes it to Milo Franks," Cassidy said. "He was in charge of casting *Playhouse 90*, although Ralph Nelson, who directed it, also had to O.K. her. She had sung a song, *I Hate Men*, from *Kiss Me, Kate*, on a TV show. From that one song, by some strange reasoning process, the knowing people in show business realized she could play stronger, guttier, more womanly roles.

"As for that song on TV, Burt Lancaster and Bernie Smith, who afterward produced *Elmer Gantry*, heard and saw her sing it. They wanted Shirley right then, for a picture called *The Devil's Disciple*, but she couldn't do it because she was pregnant with our first son."

Cassidy paused. "I have a theory that one of the reasons why Shirley is happily normal," he went on, "is that she's a mother, so she's been fulfilled as both a woman and a wife. As a result she doesn't have the consuming, overpowering creative urge which drives some actresses. One of the reasons I was attracted to her when I played opposite her in *Oklahoma!* was that I don't like aggressive girls. Career women repel me. Something is lacking in their lives. That's why they're aggressive."

Cassidy studied me for a moment, then said, "Shirley might have been a little preoccupied and tense when you talked with her. She was tense because she was about to hear from her doctor whether we were going to have another child. Since then he's completed his tests. We are. It may arrive before your readers see this."

I told him, "I have a feeling that your wife cares more about your career than she does her own. She didn't tell me. I just sensed it."

"That's true," Cassidy said. "It's been true from the moment we fell in love. That's one reason why I was attracted to her. I think she should feel that way. Not that I'm not interested in her career too. I am, but to reverse it too much would detract from the role the man of the family ought to play. I'm not a husband who's about to sit on his duff and tell his wife, 'Don't worry, baby, we'll make you a big star,' while I walk her dogs for her. That kind of deal is not for me."

Perhaps my next question was expected, for Cassidy went on, "I know what you thought when you looked at Shirley the first time: *Anybody that sweet and friendly and happy has got to be dull.*"

I tried to deny it, but he waggled a finger at me and said, "Don't tell me you didn't. I anticipated the Dullsville bit in her too. I had even created an expression for it: 'Every time she speaks, bluebirds fly out of her mouth.' But I never needed it."

Those who have known Shirley Jones from birth can understand that. She was born in 1934—not at "Dullsville," but at Charleroi, south of Pittsburgh. When she was two, her parents moved to nearby Smithton, where her father, grandmother and four uncles owned the local brewery. At twelve she began taking voice from a Pittsburgh teacher.

The summer after she was graduated from high school something happened which changed her life. Without asking Shirley, her Pittsburgh voice teacher entered her in the 1952 Miss Pittsburgh beauty and talent contest. Shirley won. She received a Pittsburgh Playhouse scholarship and a voice scholarship and found herself making personal appearances instead of going to college. She never did get to college.

The following summer she auditioned in New York for Ken Welch, a voice coach who had written a musical for the Pittsburgh Playhouse, and for his friend, Gus Schirmer, an agent. Welch said, "Your voice is richer." Schirmer promised, "I can get work for you." Shirley replied, "I'm not ready for New York," and went home.

But Schirmer kept telephoning her family. "Your daughter is making a big mistake; she must come back." So Shirley's parents trotted her back to New York. At the time she had $250 from birthday and Christmas checks and small sums earned singing. She decided that if the $250 ran out before she got a job, she'd skip show business. Luck ran her way within a week.

At that time Rodgers and Hammerstein had several musicals running on Broadway and needed constant replacements. To get them, they held weekly auditions—open to all comers. Schirmer sent her to one. She got up and sang *The Best Things in Life Are Free* and *Lover*. John Fearnley, who was Rodgers and Hammerstein's casting director, asked, "Where are you from, and what have you done?" Shirley replied, "I haven't done anything, and I've been in New York only a week."

Fearnley's response was to cancel the other auditions and rush Shirley across the street to the St. James Theater, where Rodgers was rehearsing the orchestra for the national company of *Oklahoma!* Rodgers summoned Hammerstein, who immediately asked, "Do you know the score of *Oklahoma!*?"

Shirley climbed to the stage under orders from Hammerstein to "get up there and sing some numbers with the full orchestra." So she sang *People Will Say We're in Love* and *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'*, although she'd never sung them before.

Rodgers announced, "We have something in mind for you. In the meantime we'll put you in the chorus of *South Pacific* and give you a couple of lines to say." He then called her agent and said he'd like Shirley to read lines and sing for producer Arthur Hornblow Jr., and director Fred Zinnemann, who were then in New York planning the film version of *Oklahoma!* Shirley did.

Hornblow asked, "Have you ever had a screen test?" Shirley said no. He said, "Thank you." Rodgers broke the news later to her agent: "Shirley did a lovely job, but we're afraid she's too inexperienced to handle this role."

Shirley, undaunted, went back to *South Pacific*. When it closed, six months later, Rodgers and Hammerstein put her in the Chicago road-show cast of *Me and Juliet*, as Juliet.

Four months later they rushed her back from Chicago to New York. Hornblow and Zinnemann were there again, with R. and H. Again Shirley sang and read—with a difference. "My experience in *Me and Juliet* and in *South Pacific* must have done me good," she says, "because they sent me to California to test for the leading female role in the film."

After several weeks of suspense her agent called. "You're going to do the picture," he announced. She says, "I almost dropped dead."

In spite of her film successes, Shirley remains a fresh, unaffected small-town girl.

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The film shooting in Hollywood lasted nine months. Then she returned to New York. One day Rodgers called and asked, "How'd you like to go to Europe?" A company of *Oklahoma!* was going to play three weeks in Paris and three in Rome. Shirley agreed.

The company rehearsed for a month in New York at the Broadway Theater—and it was then and there that Shirley met her future husband, Jack Cassidy. He was playing the role of Curly. "I sensed his attraction immediately. But he was married, although separated from his wife, so I tried to keep away from him because falling in love with a married man is bad. Then, the first Sunday night we were in Paris he asked me to go out with him, and I went. I knew I was in love with him. We had three wonderful weeks in Paris and three in Rome. Getting to know each other in those two cities was something I'll never forget."

Back in the United States, Jack visited Shirley on location in California during the filming of *Carousel*, in which she played the ingénue, and meanwhile got a divorce.

Their wedding followed. It was a proper marriage. She wore a white dress. A friend from Smithton served as her matron of honor. She and Jack had a one-night honeymoon in Boston. The next day she had to go to Dallas, to be in *Showboat*. When they were back in New York, Cassidy went into a show, and they began to furnish their apartment.

Jack and Shirley lived together in New York almost a year. During that year they made eight or ten trips to Hollywood to do TV shows. Next came a film job for Shirley, *April Love*, for 20th Century-Fox, with Pat Boone. That was the film in which Pat made headlines all over the country by refusing to kiss the girl in the picture—Shirley. He said it was against his religion and his wife wouldn't like it. "We settled for almost kissing," Shirley told me. "We'd get very close to each other, then somebody would say, 'Hey!' and we'd both turn to answer. That way we never quite made it."

That brought up something I've never discussed with an actress: what she thinks about while a stage kiss is going on? Does she pretend she's being embraced by somebody she likes? "I just don't even think about it," Shirley explained. "It's purely mechanical. You're not thinking about kissing any particular person. It's just a piece of stage business—like lighting a cigarette, or picking up a drink. Most actors will tell you it's that way, unless, of course, you're infatuated with the person you're kissing. When I worked with Jack in *Oklahoma!*, after each kiss I had trouble remembering my lines."

She had a date with her hairdresser, so I stood up and excused myself. Later, when I was getting my interview with Shirley down on paper, I remembered one other thing that Jack Cassidy had said.

I had asked him, "How does your wife feel now that she's won an Oscar, and how do you think she would have felt if she'd lost?"

"When she won, she was on Cloud Ten," Cassidy replied. "If she hadn't won, she'd have been disappointed, just as anybody would who's trying to be a champion. But losing wouldn't really have upset her. She would have kept right on working in *The Music Man*, just as she has done, and she would have been offered other good parts. After all, the girl has talent, she is beautiful, and she can sing like an angel. Those three things are a pretty good parlay."

THE END

As "Marian the librarian" on the set of the forthcoming film version of *The Music Man*.

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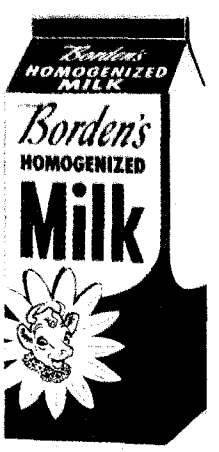

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TOO LATE TO SCRE-E-E-E-E-E-A

When Nat Ryan agreed to act as best man for his law-school roommate, Archie Chalmers, he had to suppress his own feelings for Chalmers's fiancée, Mary Melissa Seaton. At a country-club party in Baltimore two days before the wedding, Mary Melissa asked Ryan to help her find Chalmers, who had been drinking heavily and had wandered away from the other guests. After they found the bridegroom unconscious in his car, Ryan decided to take the bride home, then deliver the disheveled Chalmers to his house. Since Mary Melissa's father had threatened to cancel the wedding if he saw Chalmers drunk again, the girl insisted that she be left at the entrance to the driveway. It was not until the next day that Ryan, who had driven to Washington, learned that the girl had been attacked outside the house by an unknown assailant, that Chalmers had been found in a dazed condition on the golf course and that the police were searching for the missing best man.

Detective Sergeant Dave Trumper got out of the elevator on the third floor at Headquarters, his eyes hot, his mouth a mean line. From the hoots and the gabble he could hear down the hall he knew it was the press. The bride angle and Society had brought them like bluebottles.

He was too sore to notice the man at the window of Detective Inquiries until he heard the officer on duty say, "Mister, you can wait here all day if you want to, but it ain't going to get you your car any quicker. They'll let you know, soon as they find it."

Trumper glanced back as he started along the narrow green hall. The man the officer was talking to was the neat man he'd seen from the window last night asking directions of Judas Iscariot. But Trumper was too mad to investigate. He'd just come from the hospital, waiting since seven to see if the girl could give them some help. He was sick to his stomach, an ache like a screw driver was stuck in his heart.

"Hi, Trump. Where's the captain?"

Big deal from the reporters—except Judas Iscariot. He was alone by the window, looking outside. You definitely had to give that to Judas too; he didn't like rape.

"Where is he, Trump? You taking this one?"

"I don't know. You find out, lemme know."

He made his way through them and shut the door of the captain's office behind him, too hard. He angrily jerked the captain's chair out from the desk. He could still hear the Seaton girl, in a drugged sleep, moaning, "Daddy, Daddy."

"Hey, here he comes. . . . Hey, captain! Wait a sec, captain, picture!" Trumper heard the scuffle and saw the flashes through the frosted glass panel. They were all yelling at once then. "What about Ryan?" . . . "He still missing?" . . . "You want Ryan to talk to?" Captain Justice's shadow, head and shoulders, showed on the door panel. A nice fella, real quiet and decent. He opened the door then a few inches and held it.

". . . want to talk to several of her friends, I expect," he was saying. "We don't say anybody's missing. It's ten o'clock now."

"How about Chalmers, captain? What was he doing drunk on the golf course?"

"My, look who's talking." In the laughter Justice added, "You're wasting your time, boys. Go talk to the chief." He stepped inside and closed the door. "What's this about Chalmers? Where'd they get that?"

Trumper shook his head. He'd sat down in the chair by the windows with the reports. "I don't know, I just got here. Where's Lieutenant Hulan?"

He knew Hulan was the lieutenant on duty at Northern District who had gone to the Seatons' in response to a call at 2:46 that morning. As the first uniformed officer on the scene of the crime, he had been brought in to Headquarters and assigned to the Homicide Squad for the duration.

Captain Justice opened the door. "As soon as that bunch clears out of the hall, get Hulan in here," he said to the secretary. He turned back to Trumper. "How's the girl doing?"

"Better than her relatives out there. The uncle tried to get me kicked out of the hospital. Going to report me to the commissioner—he knows him socially. The chowderhead was bellowing all over the place. Shame and outrage. Not that the girl was raped but that his imbecile sister let the police get in. That's the girl's mother. I didn't see her. The aunt was pouring it on about the disgrace and mortification till the doctor came along and put us all out. But I'll tell you one thing."

He picked the paper up from the waste basket. "A prowler, it says here. That's how the call came to Northern. And that's correct. If she'd said right away what happened, we'd never have heard hide nor hair of it. And I don't blame 'em. If it was my girl, I wouldn't call us. I'd find the man that did it and kill him. I'd ——"

"That's enough; you simmer down." The captain took the reports. "Where the devil is Hulan?" That was a near bellow, and Hulan was just outside the door, a burly six-feet-four, hard-bitten in uniform in his own bailiwick, awkward and embarrassed in plain clothes at Headquarters. "Oh, come in, lieutenant. Take the other chair. I've read your report, but I'd like you to tell us what happened out there."

Hulan took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead, still sweating cold. His district was blue ribbon, the people the touchiest and quickest complainers. Maybe he shouldn't have pressured the girl, he should have kept quiet. "First about Chalmers. You people find him?"

"I was dictating it in there." Hulan pointed to the next room. "It was old Garvey found him, Sergeant Garvey and this rookie. They had Car Six. They saw him on the golf course around four-thirty. He was sitting under a tree, soaked to his marrow and soused to the gills. Well, Garvey's been taking him home, six, seven years, so he did it again. Didn't put it on his report. It ain't smart, in Northern. But this rookie sees the paper when he gets home and gets nervous. He calls me up." Lieutenant Hulan wiped his moist palms on his pants leg.

"All right, lieutenant. Suppose you start at 2:46. That was the time of the call from Seaton?"

"Yes. Well, I was at the station. Mr. Seaton asked for me because I know him. He says there's a prowler, his daughter ran into him coming from the dance. He thought it was a thief on account of the presents. Didn't sound worried, just cold mad. I said I'd be out there right away and send the K-Nines. They got so much woods.

"Well, I and Ned Olson got out there first, maybe six minutes. The whole front's tore up, mud to your ankles, and there's no porch light, with this pair of red birds flying out at you and Miz' Seaton running out, saying please don't disturb 'em. Then a K-Nine car comes with two dogs, and I sent 'em around and had 'em check the balconies. They got vines like stepladders. I'd talked to Mr. Seaton on the porch. His wife sounded real dizzy, her birds and this white satin shoe she was talking about—she couldn't find it, been hunting it all over and did I think the K-Nines could come in and help her. So I says to Mr. Seaton, 'Could I speak to your daughter?'

"Well, he's mad. I don't know why till she says, 'But darling, of course they were drunk; it was a party.' I thought he'd choke her. He says the girl's upset, but Miz' Seaton says, 'Silly, it's him that upset her, scolding. Why don't we be sensible and go talk to her?' So she goes outside and tells Olson to take his spotlight off on account of he'll scare the young baby birds on the front porch, and Mr. Seaton and me go in the library."

Lieutenant Hulan took his handkerchief out and mopped his forehead. "I tell you, she's standing there, all a mess, muddy, this dress a dishrag sticking to her skin, and she's whiter than marble. She's just like she's marble, except she's shaking—just shaking to pieces. I take one look and I says, 'My God,' I mean, I was shocked. I seen 'em before and I said it right out, 'Good lord, you were attacked.' And she just stood, shaking like it's a wind, nodding her head, moving her mouth, but she can't get the words out, and finally she does, she says, 'Yes,' and keels over like she's dead. You should'a heard the sound that came out of her father. I never heard a human sound like it and I never want to." Dave Trumper took

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BRIDEGROOM'S BEST D WAS MISSING. WHY?

2 / BY LESLIE FORD

out a cigarette, lighted it and handed t to Lieutenant Hulan.

"His wife didn't hear him—she's out on the porch. I got the girl hanging over the side of the couch, bringing her to, and he shuts the door and comes to the phone and calls up their doctor just as quiet, and tells him to be at the hospital—we're coming. What a man, I think, and then he comes over and kisses her and says to me, 'I'll get her mother.' I think, *Oh-oh*, but she's a real soldier; she comes in and she's whiter than her daughter, and she kneels down on the floor and says, 'Baby, it's over; he can't hurt you again, baby, not any more.'"

Lieutenant Hulan paused a moment, "Well, the girl's just half conscious, and her father says to me, 'Send her in a car; my wife will go with her.' He goes and gets a raincoat and gives it to her, and wraps the girl in another, and carries her out through the mud and says, 'Which is your car, Hulan?' I tell him and he puts her in Jelliff's car and says to him, 'Drive carefully, but please hurry.' Then he says to me, 'Wait just a moment; I want you to come with me.'"

He looked from the captain to Trumper. "He comes back and he says, 'Would you drive me to the Chalmerses'?' I figured it was natural. Mrs. Chalmers comes down in a wrapper and opens the door, and he asks her, 'Is Archie home?' She says, 'He's in bed,' and he says to me, 'Come along, please,' and he walks past Mrs. Chalmers, straight up the stairs, and opens a door and turns on the light, and that's when I see the gun in his hand. If Chalmers had been there, he'd have been dead before I seen it. He'd have been dead."

The phone broke the silence in the tiny room. Captain Justice picked it up. "Homicide," he said. In a few seconds he said, "Thanks," and put it down.

"She's coming down—Chalmers's mother. She's been with the commissioner. . . . Open the door, there, Hulan."

As she came in, she did not see Trumper or Hulan wedged against the fern in the window. "I'm Florence Chalmers. Captain Justice, I believe?"

Mrs. Chalmers was large in form and in presence, with blue hair smartly coiffed, eyes that matched her sapphire-and-diamond ear clips and a large stone at the throat of her blue linen dress. If dismay or distress had visited her that morning, it was not visible to the policemen there. But they were not patrician. They were what Mrs. Chalmers would have called "little people."

"I went to the commissioner, naturally," she said. "He and his wife have dined with me frequently. Most charming people."

"Will you sit down, ma'am?" Captain Justice asked. Mrs. Chalmers arranged her statuesque proportions in the chair Hulan had vacated.

"He said you were in charge, captain, and he has every confidence I'll be happy with you. It's this unfortunate matter of my son's fiancée."

"Your son didn't come with you, ma'am?"

"No, captain. He is happily still asleep. He'll be appalled ——"

"You mean he still don't know?"

"I felt it was best. There's nothing he can do. It's all very sordid, as of course you must know." Trumper wondered still more when it became clear she did not know why Talbot Seaton had come to her home.

"My son wasn't there when Mr. Seaton came to see him—fortunately, I think—as of course there was nothing he could have told him. And don't, please, gentlemen, think I'm being unfeeling. My heart bleeds for her parents. And to have it in the papers ——" Mrs. Chalmers's shudder of distaste was purely reflexive.

"I can only explain that by the fact—or perhaps I should say I can only presume the child was too distressed to be frank."

"I don't understand you, ma'am."

"I will try to be clearer. No doubt young Ryan's people are estimable; I've never met them. But it was a mistake for my son to have had him in his wedding. A wedding is a purely social affair, and bringing Ryan in was certainly a mistake. You haven't seen him, of course."

"No, ma'am, we haven't."

"He's a Westerner, twenty-seven years old, and not unattractive. In

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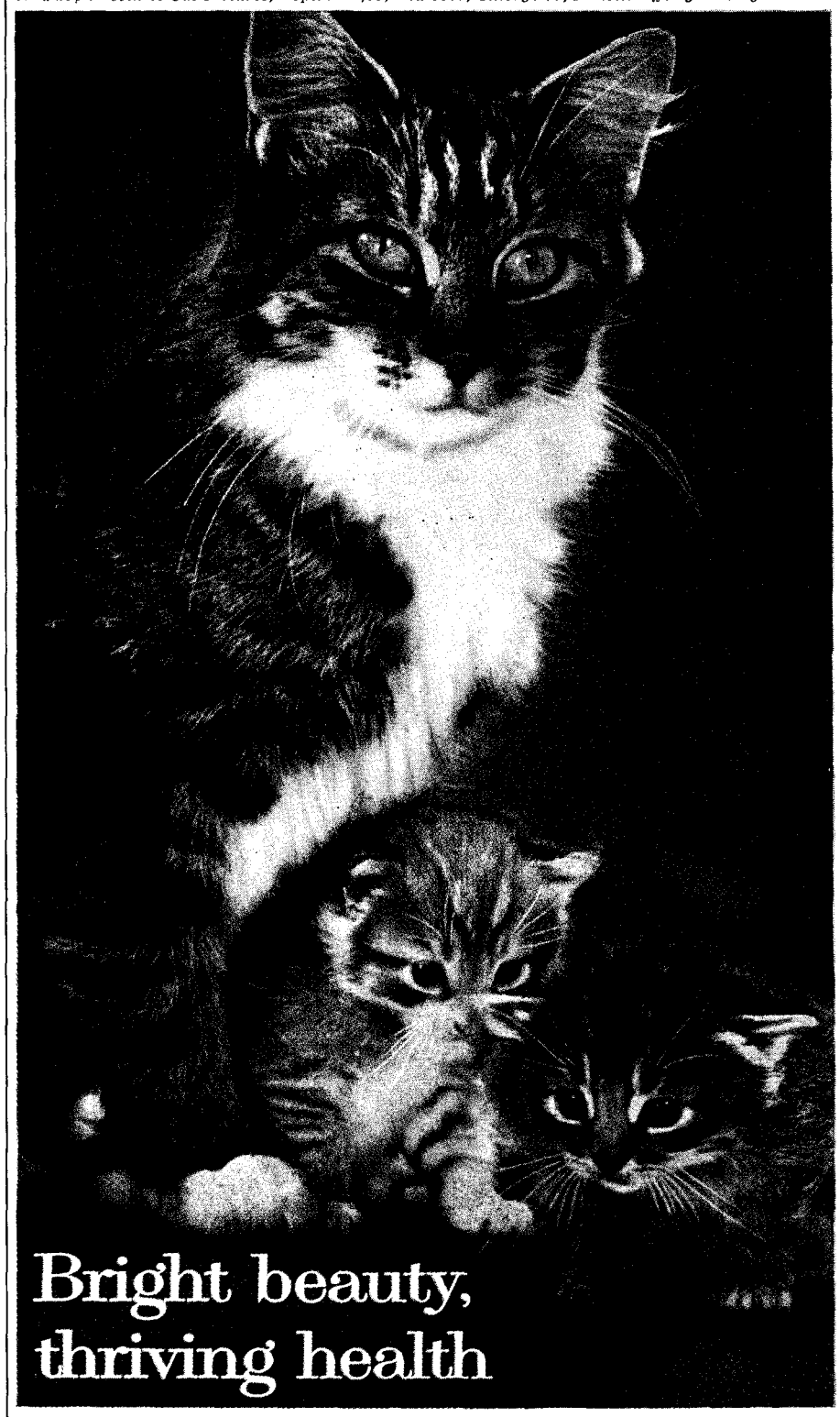

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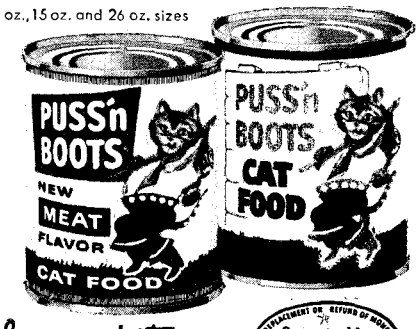

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SCREAM fact, that's the trouble. He's unusually—masculine. Not blatantly, I don't mean, but something a woman can feel keenly. And there's no doubt whatever he was strongly attracted to Mary Melissa." As she smiled pleasantly, Dave Trumper felt his spine cringe as if somebody had drawn an icicle down it.

"And as it won't go any farther, I can tell you Mary Melissa was attracted to him. I don't say physically; that's unthinkable. But we mustn't be naïve." Trumper's hand reaching into his pocket for a cigarette stayed motionless.

"I am a woman of the world, captain." Mrs. Chalmers smiled slightly for them to see she was aware it was a cliché. "I am not blind. It's ridiculous to think she wasn't aware of the magnetism directed exclusively toward her. She wasn't leading him on, as my mother would have said, but there's no doubt she was—innocently, I'm sure—much warmer than was proper. I don't imagine she ever thought he would misunderstand, but she certainly asked for it, though I've no doubt she was distressed when she got more than she expected. And I must say for my son, I feel strongly that that whole situation was responsible for his drinking. Not that he drinks to excess, but young Ryan hasn't helped. He drinks vodka and hides the bottles. My son has his faults—that is not one of them."

Mrs. Chalmers rose. "I believe that's all it's necessary to say, gentlemen. So thank you, capt——"

"Sit down, will you, ma'am?" Justi asked.

Mrs. Chalmers was not so shockpro as she had seemed. She recovered in a instant. "Oh, certainly. I thought I ha said all that was needed." She sat dov again.

"As I understand it, you're accusi this Ryan of ——"

"You're putting it that way. Mo harshly than I should."

"You're saying it's Ryan who rap this girl your son was to marry?"

"Is, captain, not was. My son is gentleman if Ryan is not. That's why I' here—to put a stop to this nonsense. can assure you I'm not making charge as I expect you would call it, witho grounds. I went to great pains for n information."

"That's what we'd like to hear, ma'am

"It is from eyewitnesses. Ryan w seen to pick that girl up, throw her bodi into my son's car and drive out of tl Paddock. That was about 1:30. They le my son. Sergeant Garvey had to give hi a lift home when he was hunting for the at the end of the dance. Fortunately he been drinking or he'd have died of pne monia; he was soaked to the skin. Rya then came to my house, much late changed and tore off in the pouring-dow rain. I saw him."

"What time was that, Mrs. Chalmers?

She was gracious again as she sense the difference in the room's atmospher "I don't know exactly. I was awaked ar saw my son's car. Ryan was driving; could see his white jacket. I assume naturally they were together. Ryan stuc to my son like a bur the three days he' been here, never leaving him alone wit the girl for a minute. I saw him put th car in the garage. The storm was ju beginning. I heard the front door the and in a few minutes I heard it—or som thing—again and looked out. Ryan wa coming out in street clothes, and he had suitcase. He streaked away in his car."

She raised her dark brows lightly. "I'r afraid, captain, I was quite pleased. I' wanted my son to kick him out from th minute he limped in, looking at my son fiancée like a starving dog. I'm not sur prised he turned savage—not in the least.

There was a short silence. "Well, tha makes it different, ma'am," Justice saic

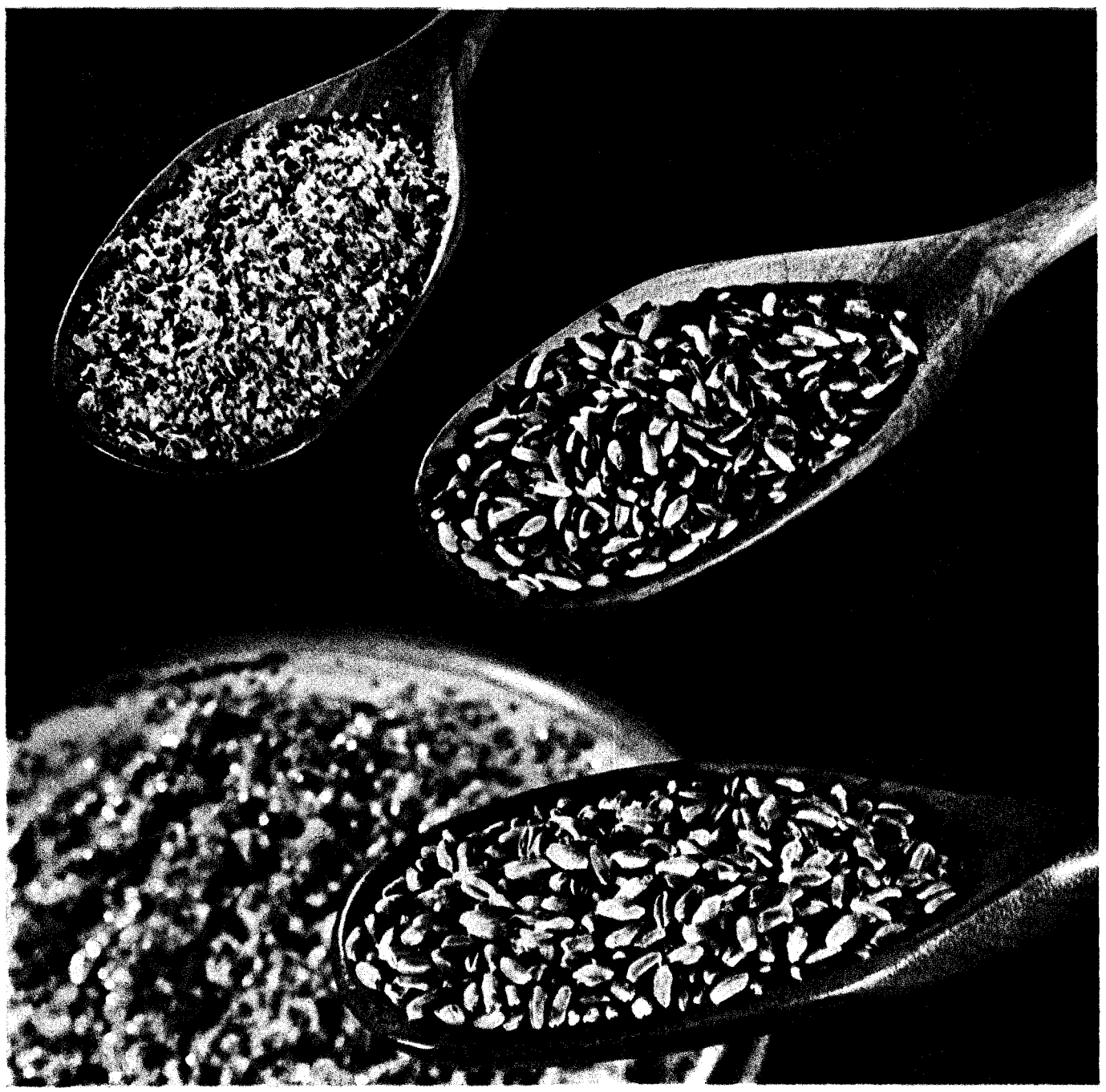
Mrs. Chalmers rose again. "Differer from what, captain? The facts are simple He drags the girl off. How unwilling sh was I don't, of course, know. She didn call out. They were together how long Well over an hour, as I understand i When she had to explain what had hap pened to her, she said there was a prowler It was a policeman, I believe, who sug gested rape. There is Ryan's hurried de parture and his absence now."

She went to the door. As she turne back there was an ironic smile on her lips "Be your age, gentlemen," she said pleas antly. The silence behind Mrs. Chalmer needed a room that was broader an deeper.

"See what you can get on this Ryan." Captain Justice got up. "Not hearing from him doesn't look good. What time is it?" City Hall clock answered with its slow, deep-throated bong, the noon whis tles from the harbor taking it up.

Out in the hall the man in the wash suit and coco-straw hat with the yellow banc moved his feet under the bench out of the way of the detectives crowding in front of the elevator. Their shop talk included the attack on Mary Melissa Seaton.

"I think I'll go get me a sandwich," he said to the officer in the Inquiries window.



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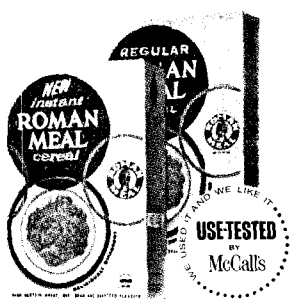

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The detective looked around. "Sure, go ahead, mister."

At the hospital the nurse said, "She's gone home, Sergeant Trumper."

Down in the street Trumper handed Hulan the car keys. "Your bailiwick."

"You want to go to the Seaton place?"

"Go by this Paddock Club and let's see it. How long would it take 'em to get from there to her place?"

"Ten minutes maybe. I still don't believe ——"

"Yeah, you said it. But she was in a heck of a hurry to get out of the hospital."

At the club gate Hulan slowed down. "The pavilion's in the middle there—in those trees and bushes." He pointed across the fairway. "Garvey found Chalmers down at the far end, under that big elm tree. If that girl had been drinking, I'd have smelled it on her breath."

"Not if it was out of Ryan's vodka bottle," Trumper said. "Mrs. Chalmers believed what she was saying. You got to keep an open mind."

The dour gleam in his eyes was for himself. In rape you go loaded—loaded against it. The girl's got to prove it, and nine times out of ten it's a phony. A girl who had got herself pregnant often made up some character—a bushy-haired man, they always said—to protect the real one.

They had gone through a maze of narrow winding streets. Ahead Trumper saw a car standing at the curb and knew they were there before Hulan drew up across the street from the Seatons' gate. A panel truck from the Crime Laboratory was just inside, the whole place below the cross trench halfway up to the house a sea of mud. The lab technician came over to them. "I got one clear print that ain't a cop's." He pointed to a plaster-of-Paris mold at the end of a plank on the cobblestones. "Right foot. I'd say offhand a lame guy was running."

"Could be—we got one in the picture."

"That's where he took the girl, down there." He pointed toward the shining dark-leaved camellias by the wall. Trumper and Lieutenant Hulan went on up the drive curving around in front of the porch and were starting up to the door when they heard a gentle voice.

"Be careful of the birds. A young one fell out, but I don't think it was hurt."

A slender woman in a white dress was straightening up from the border of trumpet lilies along the house front. She was dark-haired like her daughter, her silver-gray eyes darkening with pain when she heard what she was saying, so poignant with meaning in her own circumstances.

"I don't mean it didn't hurt him, poor naked little thing, but Nature takes care." She put her trowel down on the steps as she got to them. "I just felt I had to dig in the clean, decent earth." She put out her hand to Hulan. "Thank you, lieutenant, for being kind to my husband. Killing Archie wouldn't have helped us."

She looked blindly on through or past them, as if she'd forgotten they were there. "Archie's a sweet person. But it was really Nat Ryan." *Nat Ryan's the one she went to see when she went up to law school. I was so blind not to see it.* It had just come to her. She remembered them then. "I'm sorry, my mind doesn't seem to be working. Are you the police too?"

"From Headquarters, ma'am. Sergeant Trumper. What was that about Ryan?"

"Oh, nothing, I didn't mean to ——"

"Mother! Please, mother!" Trumper kept himself from looking at the upstairs window. He could hear the girl clearly, her voice sharp or close to it. "If it's the police, bring them up. I can see them."

Mrs. Seaton looked bewildered. "She says she can see you. Come with me."

She led them into the house and up a curving stairway. "People think it's so horrible we should want you to be here." She looked around at them. "I think it would be criminal, cowardly, pusillanimous, if we didn't do all we can to stop him from hurting some other poor child. It would be easier, but it's wrong."

At the top she turned toward the back of the house and stopped abruptly. "I'm being stupid; she's moved out of her own room. I must get her wedding stuff put away. But I can't find her slipper."

Trumper saw Hulan shaking his head.

"Mother—in here!" It was the girl's voice from the room to the left, and there was no doubting the urgency in it.

"I forgot, darling."

She led them across to the half-open door. Trumper's face was expressionless. It was clear the girl didn't want her talking to them. Not about Ryan anyway. Or more likely about anything, he thought as he saw the girl sitting there, a dark arrow erect against the back of the chaise longue, her pointed face pale but the small jaw set firmly, her eyes propped wide open and nakedly defensive.

"Will you sit down? . . . Mother, you go, please."

"We'd rather she stayed, Miss Seaton, if you don't mind."

"I do mind, I'm afraid."

"Talking to strangers is simpler, I think," Mrs. Seaton said gently. She went to the door. The girl watched her until she closed it, then looked back at Trumper. "I'm not going to have her go through it again. She pretends nothing matters, but inside she just dies. If there'd only been some way to keep them from knowing. Mother's so—so lovely. I can't bear to have her hurt."

Hearing the sudden poignancy in her voice Trumper wondered, Mrs. Chalmers's imposing presence and steely conviction wavering a little in his mind.

"Suppose you just tell us what happened, Miss Seaton," he said gently. "The truth's all we're after."

"I've told everybody the truth. It was my fault. It wasn't Archie's fault—or Nat Ryan's—it was mine. They both tried to get out of the car, to take me up to the house. I wouldn't let them—truly."

Watching her intently, his face impassive, Dave Trumper felt a quick tug at one of his heartstrings, the one he reserved for his own kids when they lied for each other. *Not truly, young lady.* Maybe he wasn't the best detective in the world, but he did have a radar response to some things. He knew when a kid was lying. *It looks like Ryan all right.*

He took out his notebook to give her a chance to let down a little, noting as a matter of routine everything the room could tell him. They'd moved the chaise longue; he'd spotted the fresh tracks on the waxed floor as he came in. It seemed strange she'd move from her own room into this one when the attack had been directly down by the wall in front of it.

"All right, Miss Seaton," he said. "Suppose you just tell us ——"

"I'm trying my best to, but everybody keeps on blaming Archie and Nat, and it wasn't their fault—honestly it wasn't."

Why do you keep at it then? Her eyes were defensive, naked again, her mouth trembling. "Suppose you just tell us," he said patiently.

"I made them go on home. I've come in by myself hundreds of times—really I have."

"Have I said you haven't?"

She bent her head down. "No. It's just—I'm trying to explain why the boys let me come in by myself."

It was then he noticed the darkening yellow spot that looked like a thumb mark on her jaw bone by her left ear. "You say the boys, Miss Seaton. Chalmers was with you?"

"Of course he was with us."

The emerald-cut diamond she'd had on her finger was gone. He remembered seeing it at the hospital and thinking it was queer a rapist wouldn't have taken it. It was another point for Mrs. Chalmers. He wondered again. There was something screwy. But not her bruised lips or that brutal mark on her jaw. "All right, let's go on. Just take it easy."

"They didn't want to let me go in by myself. I told them I'd call when I got to the porch. But I didn't, not from there. I wanted them to hurry and get home before the storm."

"It wasn't raining then?"

Next Week in SPEAKING OUT

DANGER ON THE LEFT

BY SEN. BARRY GOLDWATER

She shook her head. "It was awfully black, but it wasn't raining. And I called to them from just a short distance away—in the drive."

"They didn't notice?"

"No. I waited a minute, so they wouldn't. Then they went, and I hadn't realized how dark it would be—how horribly dark. The porch light was off and the red flares on the piles of dirt didn't help." She seemed to have shrunk, huddling herself into a shivering knot.

Trumper had leaned forward a little. This was the truth.

"Then, all of a sudden, I knew there was somebody there, and I tried to run. I thought I was screaming, but I guess I wasn't. I could feel my mouth open when this hand grabbed hold of it—I mean closed right over my mouth. It was just horrible."

She bent her head down, squeezing her eyes shut. "Just white, and horrible," she whispered. "And this—mouth on my ear, wet and just awful. I could smell some horrible soap, or shave lotion. Then he said, 'Scream and I'll kill you. This is a knife.' I could see it—shining, and reddish. I thought it was blood, but it must have been the flares on the dirt piles. It felt like it was burning." She moved her left hand, massaging the fleshy part of her arm below the shoulder. "Then he started to—curse me. If I wasn't quiet, he'd cut my throat. He said he'd love to if I'd give him a chance. He kept saying he hated me, he'd been watching me, watching me for a long time, and he said—horrible things, words I'd never heard, but I knew they were awful. He said I had to go to the carriage house. But then the lightning came, not the heat flashes but a great fork of it, and I saw his face again, glaring and—horrible. Then the thunder seemed to scare him, and he let go of me. I tried to run and he tripped me and dragged me into the camellias. That's where he—attacked me. I don't have to tell that, do I? I just couldn't do it."

"No," Trumper said gruffly. "You don't have to tell us." He didn't tell her he'd seen the hospital report. Under the slow burning rage that this thing, like an acid, ate him up with, he was thinking, *But you'll have to in court—if you've got the guts to go into court and your father and mother let you.* She'd be up there on the stand, the lawyers for the defense forcing her through it, in all the details, step by step, over and over, stripping her naked, body and soul, with the press and the public like filthy flies swarming avid-eyed, feeding on her like maggots, an agony far worse than anything she'd been through. Nobody could know what it was like until they'd been through it.

There was another thing eating him, a contempt for Mrs. Chalmers and a contempt for himself—know-it-all Trumper. The girl was telling the truth, unless she was the greatest actress that had yet come along.

"You don't have to tell us." He repeated it harshly.

"There was just—nothing I could do."

He tried to keep the blind rage out of his voice. "You're lucky you didn't try. He could have killed you."

"That's what I was afraid of. He had the knife jammed down in the ground, right by my face. I guess if the rain hadn't started to pour down, it might have been—a lot worse. It was God he was cursing then, more than me. And he said—other girls' names. Then the wind and the rain scared him and he started talking about his car and maybe it wouldn't start. He was so furious that I thought he was going to kill me then; but all of a sudden he grabbed up the knife, and I heard him running. I think he was lame, the way the planks sounded, the ones over the trench. And that's all. I didn't tell daddy or mother about the knife, and I'd rather they didn't know. And you see what I mean; it was my fault, not the two boys'."

Trumper thought, *Whose fault was it but theirs, or Ryan's, if he was the one who left you alone in the dark?* There was no use saying it. What was done was done. "All right," he said. He tried to keep his voice matter-of-fact. "When was it you left the club?"

"It was late," she said. "After one, sometime."

"One-thirty, say?"

"I guess about."

"You'd get here about one-forty then. But the call to the police wasn't put in till two-forty-six."

She shook her head slowly. "I tried to be rational and perfectly normal, but I guess I must be like mother. I stayed out there a long time. The rain was so clean, and I was just so awful. I didn't want them ever to know. I thought I'd stayed out till they were in bed. It seemed hours. I was going in and call Nat, and Archie, to get them to take me to a doctor." He caught the tiny pause before she'd added Chalmers's name.

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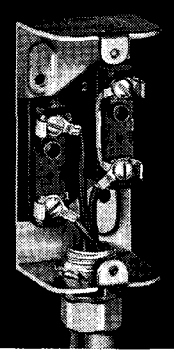

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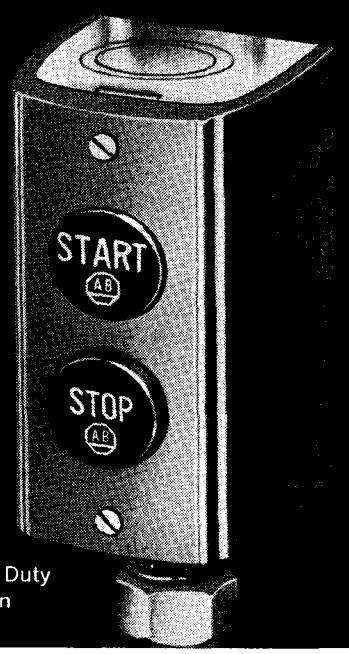

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"But they were still up. They were just—staring at me. I hadn't thought what I looked like, not till mother said, 'You're a mess; you must have been wallowing,' and I said, 'There's a prowler, he scared me and I tripped.' Then I went on to the library. Or I think I did. I must have been like somebody who was terribly drun ——"

She came to a dead stop. "Somebody in shock. Don't they act sometimes perfectly normal without knowing it?"

"That's right." Somebody was drunk. That was one thing being covered up.

"That's all I remember till the hospital this morning." Her eyes darkened abruptly. "No wonder my mother lives in a fog, with that man for a brother—my uncle. You were there, weren't you? And you must have heard him, and when I got back he was jabbering to mother about me associating with people he wouldn't spit on. He makes me sick!"

"You tell 'em, girlie!"

She swung around, staring at Lieutenant Hulan, and burst into a peal of laughter, breaking off quickly as she saw Trumper's face. "I'm sorry," she said. "But I—I can't go on being a—a big tragedy, can I?"

Trumper didn't answer. As she'd turned he'd seen the four bruises on her right cheek, matching the dark print on her jaw. But that wasn't what had brought back the slow-burning red fury inside him. It was the laughter that made him think of another girl in a rape case he'd been in. That girl hadn't laughed. You could call her a big tragedy. He managed a dour grin. "You laugh all you want to. You're O.K., sugar."

He reached into his pocket and got out a pink form with GENERAL APPEARANCE printed at the top. He checked off the first headings—TYPE OF OFFENDER, rapist; SEX, male; COLOR, white—and handed it to her with a pencil. "Run through this, will you? The way you remember him. His age, for instance?"

"I guess around thirty. I saw him twice, in the lightning flashes. He was just glaring, and he had real bushy black hair."

"And the height?"

She put her hand up and rubbed her head just at the crown. "I could feel his chin here, and it's about where Nat touches me, when we're dancing. He's five feet eleven, maybe a little more."

He waited while she checked the other headings, a small skeptical frond uncurling in his mind again in spite of himself. The bushy black hair. All the phony characters seemed to have it.

She handed the sheet back to him. "That's the best I can do." It added up to a white male, five feet eleven, build slender but strong, dress neat, teeth white and regular, hair dark and bushy. There were thousands of them. But the limp was a help, if she was right about it. He thought of the print the lab technician had found.

"We'll have a drawing made from this. You can tell us if it looks like him." He folded the paper up and put it in his pocket. "When do you think you could come and look at some pictures we've got in files?" She was starting to shrink, her lips trembling again. "I'll check with your father," he said. As he got up he saw her eyes moving to the telephone, as they'd done a couple of times before. "Chalmers hadn't heard about it when we left the office," he said. "He was still sleeping."

"I know. I tried to call. His mother had left orders."

He said casually, "Would you know where Mr. Ryan's gone? He seems to have left town."

Her shocked face stared up at him as if he'd struck her. "Oh, no! He wouldn't go leave me." She whispered the words and suddenly put her head down in her hands. "Can you go now? Please. I'm very tired."

"Sure."

They went out. Trumper was silent, trying to think. In rape cases you come loaded—loaded against. *It's happened before; it'll happen again. In spite of everything. Say it really was Ryan. She knows there'd be footprints in all that mud, so she makes this guy lame and the same height as Ryan and throws the bushy hair in to make him different.*

At the curve in the stairway across a Palladian window he looked out onto a terrace in the back. The panel truck from the Crime Lab was standing between the old carriage house and a big locust tree, Joe Scala, the technician, talking with a young fellow who looked like a telephone company lineman.

They crossed the front porch, careful not to disturb the nesting cardinals and bring Mrs. Seaton in from her lilies.

"I shouldn't have pressured the girl," Hulan said suddenly.

As they rounded the bushes, they saw the lad with the rope going through the woods. Scala was beckoning to them as they came into sight.

"Got something for you, Trump—maybe you can forget about your missing best man. Come on over here. That was a tree-company fella, just making a regular storm check on the trees they take care of. Have a look at this one. I'll give you a boost up."

It was an old locust tree that children of long-past generations had played in, easy to climb, with places to sit and read storybooks, the limbs cabled together.

"Keep off that big branch till I see if we can find anything on it. One more step up. That's right. Now turn and look toward the house."

Holding on to the cable, Trumper turned. He was looking through a neatly clipped green tunnel of leaves straight into the windows of a room on the second floor. Its walls were painted blue.

"Now lean a couple feet this way."

Trumper leaned to his left. He was looking through a second tunnel into a blue-painted bathroom.

He'd been watching her. She said he told her he'd been watching her.

"Don't muck it up; he may have left traces. There's some places where he's rubbed a cigarette out."

Trumper came down, his face impassive. "The tree man say how long those have been cut?"

"About six weeks, the way the wood's healed. A few new shoots weren't broken more'n three, four days ago." Scala motioned over to the carriage house. "He didn't have to bring any tools—the tack room there's full of 'em. A long pruner you work with a cord. All made to order. And they don't have a dog. The old one died, the maid told me."

"You told any of 'em about this?"

Scala shook his head.

"Don't, then. Leave it look natural. I'll get 'em to leave some lights on tonight and we'll stake the K-Nines out."

Sergeant Trumper smiled faintly at the look on Hulan's face. "Your friend Miss Seaton's all right. It's the old she-cat's the liar, not the little lady.

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Sergeant Trumper and Lieutenant Hulan were driving back through the wooded streets, past children and dogs playing in flower-filled yards. "It gets me," Trumper said bitterly. "I keep telling my own kid, you never know when some guy's watching you. But why the six weeks? It's like you said—the vines on that house are like step-ladders. He could have got up on that balcony easy. He had a knife, she wouldn't' a dared to scream."

"You think he was waiting till right on her wedding?"

It stirred a chill memory. "You mean like that other one I was telling you about on the way to the hospital?" Trumper asked slowly. That was the heartbreaker, the girl he'd thought of when Mary Melissa Seaton laughed, back there. The girl who hadn't laughed. He was silent for a few blocks, then shook his head. "That fella never left us a trace."

"Neither would this one," Hulan said. "Except for the storm coming and the loose dirt he stepped in. And the tree fella coming to show us his perch."

Hulan, driving, didn't see Trumper's eyes open wider. *There were trees at that place too. We never looked up 'em.*

"You get a heartbreaker, you try to connect every new one up with it," Trumper said. "Then the papers say we're trying to unload crimes we can't solve on the first likely fella." But he was silent the rest of the way to headquarters.

They got off the elevator on the third floor. The detective in front of the Inquiries window winked, tapping his forehead, slanting his eyes down at the neat man on the bench reading his newspaper. Trumper was in no mood for shenanigans, but as he was turning to follow Hulan down the hall, a faint smell hit his nose and he looked sideways at the man. He'd taken time out from the bench for the barber, his neck sandy neat under his crisp straw hat. Trumper remembered the last words of his daughter that morning. "*Daddy, you're ghouly. You going beat on us?*"

It also reminded him that hair is the easiest characteristic to change. When he stopped at the Bureau of Identification to give them the pink form to run through the machines, he said, "The bushy black hair could be gone by this time. Get us a couple of drawings, one with it and one without. She saw him in the lightning; he'll probably look glaring. Don't let any description get out yet, and speed it up, will you? Time's awasting on account of the best man."

"He in the clear?" the Bureau of Identification man asked.

"Looks like it."

It sounded so, too, a little past five o'clock. Trumper was putting some photographs from the files on the captain's desk when the phone rang. It was person-to-person, long distance from Washington, for the captain of Homicide.

"He's out of the office—be back in ten minutes."

He heard a man's voice telling the operator she could connect him, and he stiffened abruptly. It sounded like another voice he'd heard, the voice of a man who'd called to tell them he was blowing his brains out and did it right then, the blast of the shotgun coming while they were still on the line.

"Will you give the captain a message? I'm Nathaniel J. Ryan. I've just seen the paper. Tell him I'm not missing. I'm in Washington, at the Gresham Hotel, and I'm driving back to Baltimore now. Have you got it? The name's Ryan."

"I've got it, Mr. Ryan," Trumper said quietly. He started to add, "You take it easy; you could be dead on arrival." But the connection was broken.

Nat Ryan made his turn at the foot of the golf course along the chain fence, the only route he knew that would get him to Catherton Road. It was nearly seven o'clock. He'd come a long distance since he'd barged out of the Gresham, meeting the valet with his dinner suit in the hall and saying, "You can have it," then striding on past him.

It was a longer trip than registered on his speedometer, the mileage itself taking him longer than it normally would. Remembering the wet road and the utility pole, he stayed inside the speed limit. Or he was doing it until his numbed paralysis broke in a sudden fulmination of rage to kill Chalmers. He was shaking all over, the green of the Parkway glowing as foggy red as the speedometer warning light on his dashboard. Then somebody yelled at him and he came to, stopping there at a sign that said NO STOPPING ON THE PARKWAY. He sat there till the grass turned back to green, his sanity returning, bringing with it the clear knowledge that it wasn't Archie Chalmers who was to blame. It was himself.

IN THE POST NEXT WEEK:

THE DREAM WORLD OF WEIGHT CONTROL

He put his head on his hands gripped to the wheel. They seemed strangely wet. *The poor devil. Who am I to sound off?* He shifted to look at himself in the mirror and stopped then at the next gas station to see if he could wash death's face from his own. He straightened his collar and tie and went over to a diner for a glass of milk and some coffee. In a few minutes he was behind the wheel again.

The road past the chain fence of the Paddock Club went past Archie's home. Archie's car wasn't there, but Nat wouldn't have gone in. He had to see Talbot Seaton. At one point it seemed he knew what he would say, but as he made the last turn and went down the hill, it dissolved as a dream does. There was nothing to say. When he came to the gate, there was still nothing, nothing but her face pleading as it had been when he was there, her lips touching his ear. How could he say, *I wasn't listening or thinking because I'm in love with Mary Melissa? It's my fault it happened; I was criminally blind and deaf.*

He'd stopped at the place where he'd pulled up to let her out, but moved on then to get away from it, stopping at the second gate. He was still blind and deaf and did not see the man come over from a car parked across the road.

"You want something, buddy?" He flipped out a wallet with a silver badge on it. "Klingan, detective."

"I want to see Mr. Seaton. I'm Ryan."

"You the guy that was with her?"

Nat Ryan nodded.

"O.K." Klingan's face seemed to swell and darken as he looked at Nat for an instant before turning back, stopping to let a gray sedan pass him, motioning it to keep moving.

As Ryan went through the gate he saw a car standing just inside. *The poor devil.* It hit him again as he saw it was Archie's. He went on past, saw the back was piled up with stuff and looked again. It was his own gear in there—his golf bag, briefcase, the rest of the stuff he'd left at the Chalmerses'. It was a jolt for a second. *But why should it be? Who'd want him back?* He went on to the door and pushed the bell, turned to look back again and saw the detective half in and half out of his car, his microphone pulled around so he could talk into it and still keep his eyes over the wall.

Detective Klingan was reporting to Communications on the top floor of Headquarters. "Looks like the guy all right. He fits the description. I didn't see him walk because of the wall till he got up by the house. He saw me spot him. I thought maybe he was going to beat it around the house to the woods, but he didn't. He's at the door. Now they're letting him in. He's Ryan, all right, and he's the baby we're after. You get me instructions. I don't want no trouble with that outfit again. . . . Yeah, I mean Homicide. Who d'ya think? You lemme know."

Looking back at Klingan, Nat Ryan hadn't realized for an instant it was Mrs. Seaton who'd opened the door. As he saw her there, an older, more fragile Mary Melissa, he stood mute, unable to speak. She drew him inside.

"Don't try—I know. No use to say anything. Just go and help Archie." She nodded toward the library door.

She gave him a gentle push toward the door and faded along the hall. At the next door he saw her stop and heard her voice, apparently speaking to no one. "Oh, well, of course I forgot the back stairs. I cannot understand what's happened to that slipper."

She moved on toward the kitchen, and Nat took a deep breath, straightening his shoulders, and knocked on the library door. He knocked again then and waited for another instant before he went in.

They hadn't heard him, nor did they see him for a moment. Talbot Seaton, no longer kindly and casual, seemed to have grown larger, a figure now carved in concrete, as he stood looking at Chalmers sitting on the sofa, his head in his hands, his face gray as he looked up then and saw Nat. Seaton turned a face made of stone ribbed with old iron.

"Nat Ryan, sir. Mrs. Seaton told me to come in. I want to say it was all my fault."

"But you're not going to say it. You're not going to be silly."

They hadn't heard the door open from the dining room, or perhaps it had been open when Mrs. Seaton had looked in and seen Mary Melissa. She was partly hidden by the fireplace till she came on in, the sunlight slanting in through the side windows behind her making a nimbus of radiance around her. Nat's heart stood still a moment. Archie half rose, a sob tearing his throat as he slumped down again, his head in his hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

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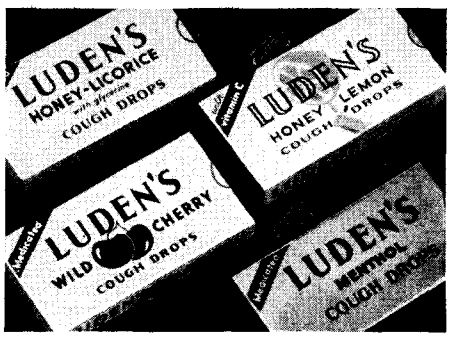

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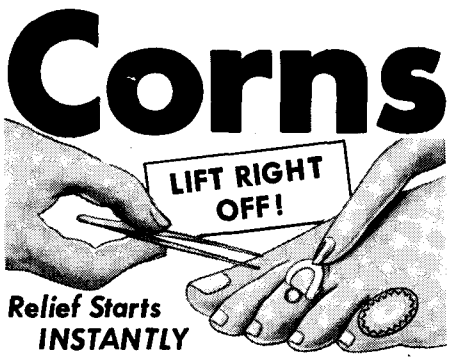

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CANCER: NEW KNOWLEDGE, NEW WEAPONS, NEW HOPE

The picture above — the structure of a cancer cell as revealed by a Parke-Davis electron microscope—symbolizes a hopeful new era in cancer research.

During recent years, many details of the inner world of the cell have been discovered through research. Today, with ingenious new instruments and techniques, scientists are examining the submicroscopic structures that govern the growth of normal cells.

Furthermore, they are studying the functional differences between normal cells and malignant cells in hope that full knowledge of these differences may help us control cancer.

No greater challenge faces scientists—including those at Parke-Davis—than finding new weapons to halt the growth of cancer cells. That's why hundreds of Parke-Davis compounds are tested each year against cancer.

Techniques already used successfully in Parke-Davis research laboratories to obtain vaccines against viruses are now being applied to the cancer problem.

To date, no outright cure for cancer has been developed, even though thousands of chemicals have been tested in our laboratories and elsewhere. On occasion, a few have slowed the progress of some forms of the disease and prolonged the lives of patients afflicted with cancer.

This is enough to convince us that we should continue our search for new weapons against cancer.

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PARKE-DAVIS

. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES

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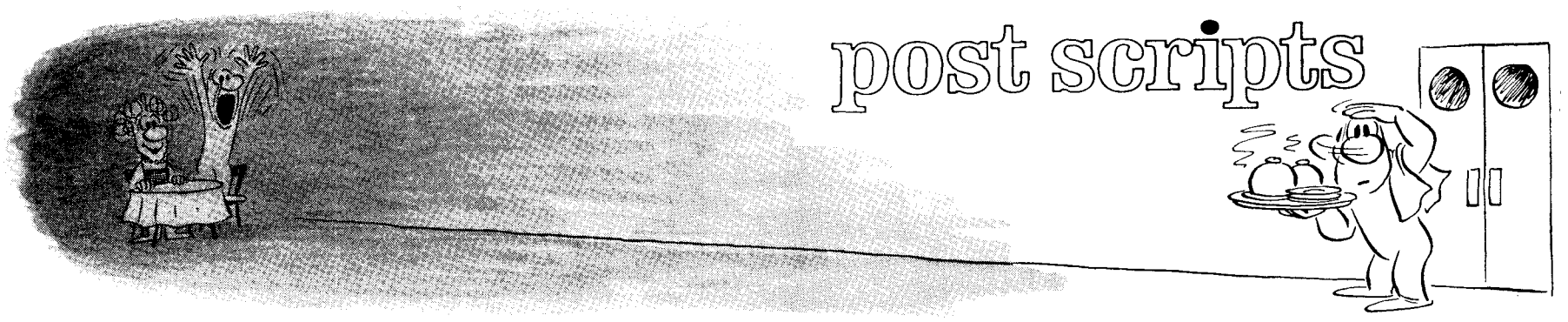
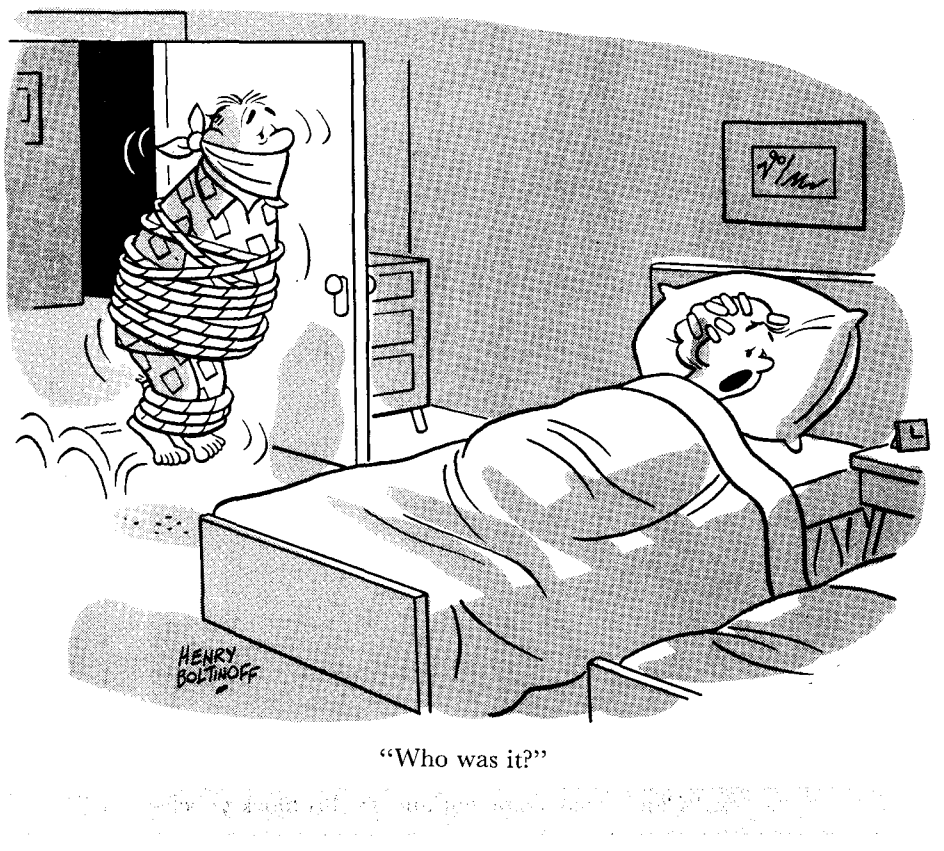
post scripts

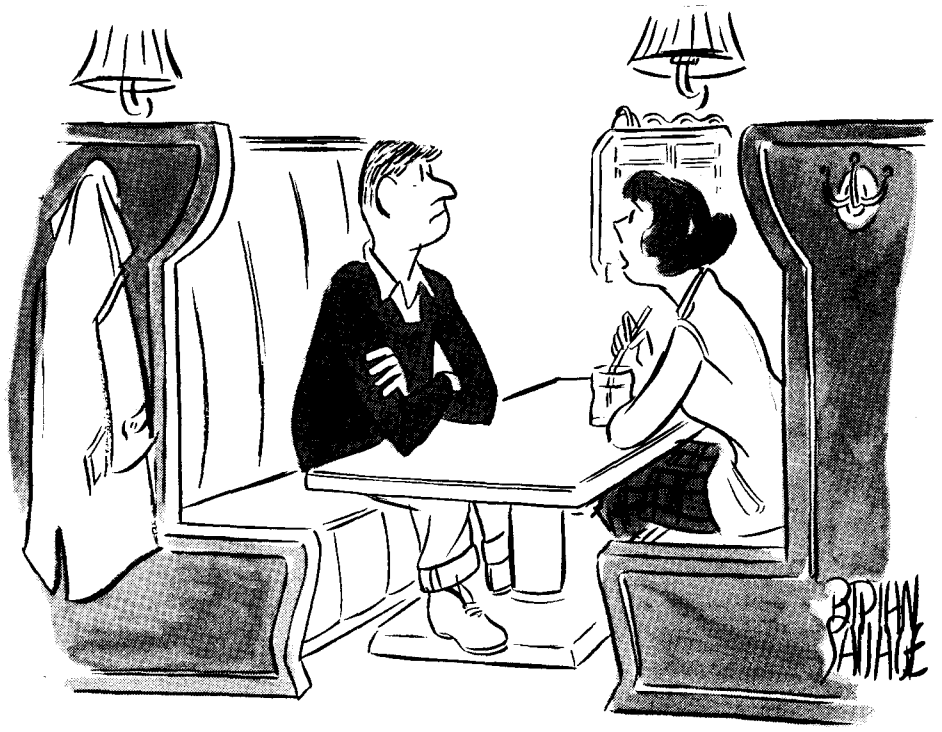


"Hello, dear. When did you discover you had my bag instead of your briefcase?"

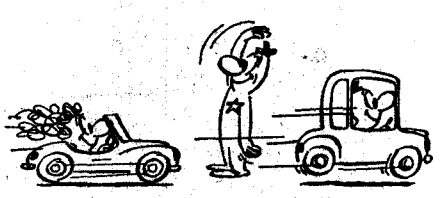


"Who was it?"

"Taste this and see if it has enough monosodium glutamate."



"And that's your ambition in life, Phil? Just to break even?"



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"Can Jimmy come out and get his block knocked off?"

HISTORICAL PROTESTS

The Antiprofanity League today voiced strong objection to the recent statement by David Farragut: "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!" Said league President Abigail Smedley . . .

Charges of "payola" are being hurled in the wake of Queen Marie Antoinette's remark, "Let them eat cake!" However, the French Bakery Association has issued several vehement denials of any complicity in the incident, which has been tabbed by many as an obvious plug for National Eat More Cake Week, and . . .

The Babylonian Boosters Club is circulating a petition demanding that plans for the proposed Hanging Gardens of Babylon be discarded. Said an official spokesman for the club, "Why, the whole idea's ridiculous! I mean, when you stop to think of all the really worthwhile projects and improvements Babylon needs, it's disgusting! I mean, we need some hanging gardens like we need a hole in the head! I mean . . ."

A great many Romans who use the Appian Way to commute between Padua and Rome have protested to the government that numerous teenage charioteers are turning the Way into a veritable drag strip and that . . .

The Egyptian Government has received thousands of letters from citizens during the past week demanding that the Sphinx at Gizeh be removed. Many complained that the thing spoiled the view of the Nile. Others expressed the opinion it just didn't seem to fit in with anything. One woman termed it "an eyesore." In a lighter vein, one gentleman said it looked too much like his mother-in-law. But in any event . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ

"I'm coming! I'm coming!"

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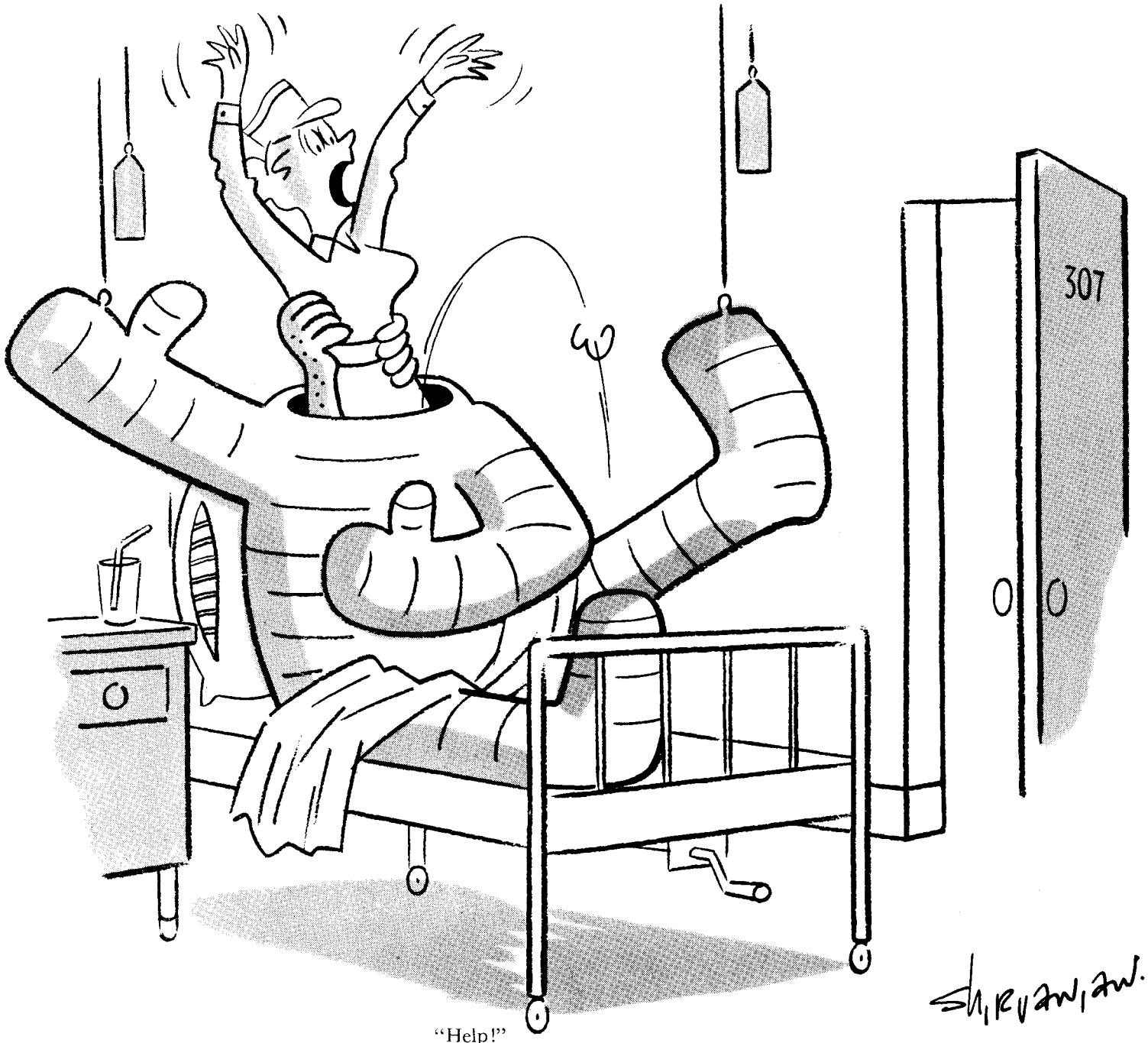
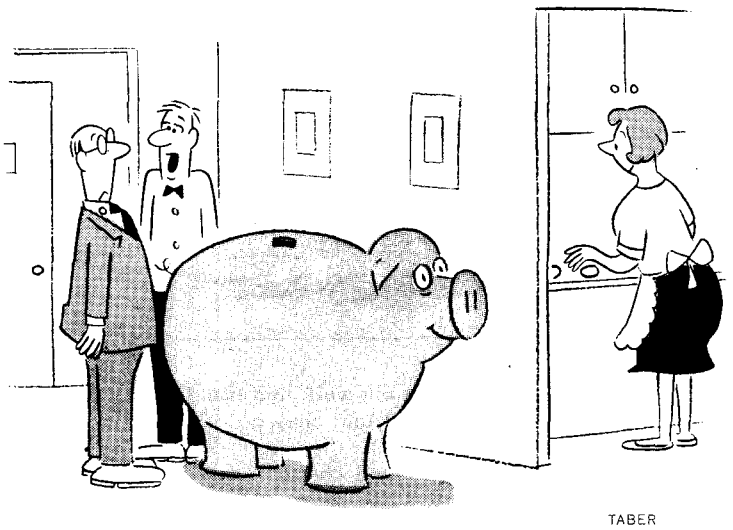


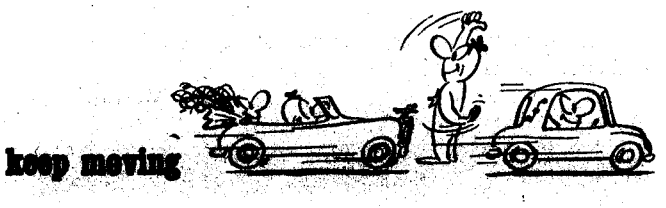
"Help!"

"He's got everything except me—and I'm working on that."



TABER

"Beverly is saving up for a mink coat."



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"First, let me explain how group therapy works."

Mein Grossfader's Fable Tellen

Ein poochenpup ben meeten ein wolf, und das wolf ist complainen ober hunten und chasen der food.

"Meinself nicht ben hunten und chasen," der pooch ben braggen. "Mein master und der frau ben providen der food mitout failen. Das ist softisch liven."

"Wunderbar!" das wolf ben exclaimen. "Ist der master und der frau ben gooten folkers?"

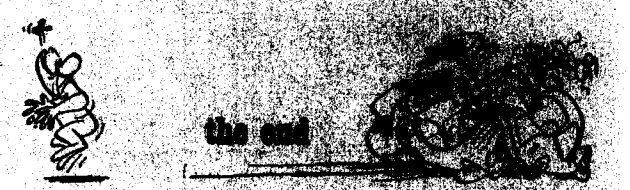
"Ach, ja!" der pooch ist claimen.

Das wolf ben sooner visiten der pooch mit sharen der softisch liven. Ist das wolf thinken der master und der frau ben gooten folkers? Ja! Ist das wolf remainen mitout departen? Himmel, nein!

DER LESSON: Ein, zwei gooten folkers nicht ben lasten forever.

Dave Morrah

"I tell you, one of them quacked!"



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WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A KID WHO CAN'T WALK?

For her, learning to walk is hard, hard work. Sometimes she cries.

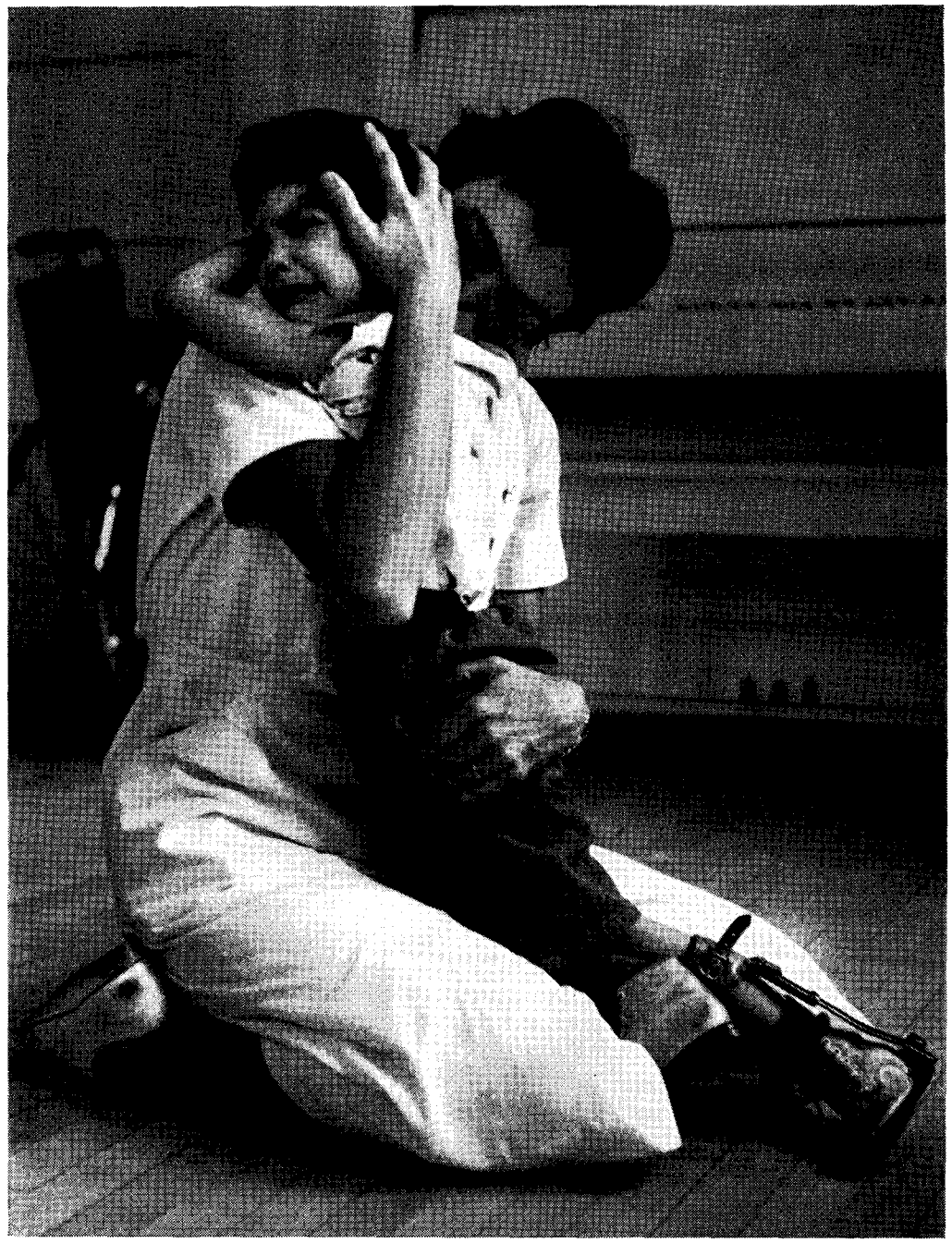
Usually you can josh her along. But words don't always help. So you love her—until she gets her fight back. Then she's ready to try again.

Love is one of three things that help a crippled child walk. The other two are *skill* and *money*.

We've found people with love and skill to give, like the Easter Seal therapist in the picture.

We're looking to you for the money. Not a lot—just enough to put one kid one day closer to walking. That's about $5.

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, through its many clinics and centers, to help people fight against these crippling disorders—crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.



"Fight with them—against crippling"

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THE TRACK OF THE

listening. He wondered if he had been dreaming. But then he heard the frightening sound that had awakened him, and suddenly he was sharply alert. The luminous hands on the bureau clock indicated 3:40. Luke could not remember being up at this hour before. The sound was louder now. Out through the partially open window the huge elm tree next to the house was a black embroidery against the deep-blue sky. A full moon spilled soft light on the heavy snow that had fallen the day before. Beyond the elm Luke could see where the hills began here at the fringe of the suburbs and rolled northward to the mountains, twenty miles away.

The sound was distinct now, getting closer every second. It was coming from the dark blanket of trees far to the right of Luke's window. A seed of terror took hold in the pit of Luke's stomach as he slowly realized what the sound was. He glanced at the makeshift feeder at the edge of the property. He could see deer tracks clearly in the soft light. The terror spread through his abdomen, and he gripped the crisp sheet in his hands. The sound that had awakened him was the guttural snarling and barking of a pack of wild dogs.

Luke leaned over and pulled up his window. He guessed there were at least a half dozen of them. They were making a noise that seemed to belong in some wild and merciless prehistoric time. Then they grew quiet as they broke through the cover far to the right of Luke's window and raced toward the deer feeder. The terror spread to Luke's limbs as he sat there, entranced by the eerie, opalescent color of their eyes in the moonlight.

Circling the feeder, the dogs picked up the scent and veered off toward the woods. The chilling sound filled the night air again, until it died suddenly beyond the creek a quarter of a mile away. For a moment Luke wondered if his mother or stepfather had heard the dogs. But there was no sound of movement from their room on the front side of the house. And then Luke could hear nothing but the crisp hush of the wind in the trees.

Luke lay back and closed his eyes. Cold beads of perspiration covered his face. His pajama top clung to his chest. He wondered if it was *his* deer the dogs had caught up with and pulled to the ground. The one that had come to mean so much to him. He fought off a vision of the dogs tearing Jupiter to pieces. For a fleeting second Luke's terror opened a long-locked sluice gate deep in his brain. In that fractional interval before his conscious mind closed the gate again Luke could see his father's face. It was the horribly torn face Luke had seen on the day his father had been killed. Turning, Luke buried his head in the pillow beneath him. It was a long time before he dropped into a fitful sleep.

Luke slept through the ringing of his alarm the next morning. When he awoke, his mind was immediately filled with thoughts of the dogs. He rose, dressed and walked quietly into the bathroom. As he looked into the mirror over the sink a second apprehension took precedence over the first. He reached up and touched gently at the dark bruise under his left eye. His stepfather, Ted Corbett, had not seen it yet. Ted had come home from the sheriff's office too late the previous night. But Luke was certain that his mother had mentioned the bruised eye to him. And he was sure that he would have to explain exactly how it happened. With a feeling of uneasiness touching at his stomach, Luke dried his face and walked out into the hall. He had just started downstairs when he overheard his mother and stepfather talking in the kitchen below.

"They're wild, Edith," he heard his stepfather say. "Dogs that have run loose so long they've reverted to their wolf instincts."

"I couldn't believe it when I heard the news this morning," his mother said. "Have you had any word about the dogs at the sheriff's office?"

Ted Corbett took a swallow of coffee. "Yes, they've been ranging through the next county for over a month now. Ever since that late-December snow."

"But a black Angus cow ——"

"They usually run deer into deep snow. But when it melts down like it had until yesterday's fall, the deer move too fast for them. So the dogs go after just about anything. They'll even attack a man if they find one alone."

Edith Foster Corbett brushed a hand nervously at a loose strand of deep-red hair. "They—won't come this close to the suburbs, will they?"

"They got that black Angus just over the county line yesterday morning before the snow. I'm afraid we may see some of them down this way," Corbett said.

They're already here, Luke thought, a blade of fear stabbing at him. He gripped the stair rail, and it creaked, giving him away.

"Hush," he heard his mother whisper. "I think I hear Luke."

"Now, Edith," Corbett said in a quieter tone, "the boy's got to get used to this sort of thing. He can't go on for the rest of his life getting sick to his stomach at the sight or talk of blood."

"Please, Ted."

Corbett turned and saw the boy's feet where he had hesitated halfway down the stairs. "Come on down and have your breakfast, son."

Luke descended the remaining stairs slowly, not looking at his stepfather. "Morning, mother," he said.... "Morning—Ted." He walked through the kitchen and went to the feed bin on the back porch.

"Come sit down," his mother said.

"I've got to put some food out for Jupiter," Luke answered.

Corbett was about to say something to Luke, but Edith pressed her hand on his forearm. He remained silent. When Luke had gone out, Corbett said, "All this fuss over a wild animal isn't natural, Edith. The boy gives more attention to that deer than he gives you—or himself."

"I know, Ted. But it's the first thing that's brought him out of himself since ——"

Corbett took her hand. "Edith, it's been almost three years since the accident. Don't you think it's about time Luke adjusted to Cliff's death?"

Edith gazed down at her hands for a moment. "Give him a little more time, Ted." She searched for a way to change the subject. "Have you seen the water color Luke is doing of Jupiter? The one in his room?"

"Yes, it's really good, isn't it?" he answered. But then a trace of disappointment was evident in Corbett's expression. "Luke's the only person I've ever failed to get through to in my life. Do you know that, Edith?"

"No one could try harder than you have with Luke."

"But it hasn't worked. I've tried everything, but nothing I do seems to please him. I guess my biggest mistake was playing the amateur psychiatrist that time—trying to get him to go hunting with me."

"Cliff's death was a horrible experience for the boy, Ted." Edith's eyes were suddenly moist. "We can't possibly know what damage it did to Luke's mind."

"It was an accident. It could have happened to anybody. No one's ever condemned Luke for his father's death."

"I know, Ted," Edith said. "But he condemns himself. On top of it all, he's going through a difficult stage physically." *And maybe it wasn't the best thing in the world for me to do—marrying you so soon after Cliff's death*, she thought. *A year and a half seemed like enough time for the boy to accept it. Welcome it, even. Lord knows, I was at my wit's end trying to be father and mother both.* "He's really come a long way since summer, though," she said. "Thank heavens for that deer and Luke's sudden interest in his sketching and painting."

"Yes, he *has* come along some," Corbett said, gazing out through the window at Luke. "I just wish I could get him back on the road to manhood. Cliff would have liked that."

Outside at the feeder Luke placed berries, grain and a handful of salt in the wooden rig he had built for Jupiter. He shuddered. *By leaving the food here I could be leading Jupiter right to where the dogs want him*, Luke thought. He hesitated and then pondered the difficulty the deer faced in seeking food in the deep snow. *Maybe the dogs have gone on for good*, he rationalized. Then Luke heard a branch snap and the sound of snow crust being softly broken. He looked up and felt as though someone had lifted a huge weight from his shoulders. Jupiter was standing between two trees just beyond the edge of the woods.

"Here's your breakfast," Luke called softly. "Come on, boy."

The deer lowered and raised its head apprehensively, sniffing for a moment. Then, reassured, it approached slowly and began to eat. Once again, as he had been so many times in the past months, Luke was filled with wonder at the sight of the two-year-old buck.

Jupiter had a rich, russet-colored coat that was slightly gray now and would be until spring. On the deer's

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SPOTTED BUCK

THE BOY HAD TO TRAIL THE ANIMAL THROUGH A FOREST OF VIOLENCE BEFORE HIS MIND COULD BE HEALED

BY DANIEL KNAPP

right side, just behind its rib cage, there was an unusual blaze of white. Similarly there was a splash of white just above each of its hoofs. And, stranger yet, there was a faint sprinkling of white at the base of its antlers.

As the deer ate placidly within an arm's reach of Luke, he remembered the first time he had seen Jupiter. It was a day late in summer—the day Ted and his mother had asked him to go swimming and picnicking with them at Blackmouth Lake. Luke had been all set to go until he saw the spear-fishing equipment in the back of Ted's station wagon. The sight of it had made Luke retch. He remembered how he had made up an excuse to keep from going, and how they had driven off without him.

That afternoon Luke had started out on an aimless walk through the woods when he spotted the young buck. He had returned to the house for something with which to feed it. As Luke started to go back outdoors he had felt an inexplicable urge to pick up his mother's large writing tablet and a pencil. As the deer ate the grain Luke placed on a large, flat rock, the boy sketched the beautiful animal. The pencil in his hand had felt as natural as one of his fingers.

From that day on the boy left grain out and Jupiter returned regularly. Luke was elated.

Luke watched the deer nibble at the last remnants of the food now, intent on completing the water color he was working on in his room. Standing there, he had forgotten his fears. But then, as his mother called to him from the back porch, he resigned himself to what he knew was coming. He took a last look at Jupiter, turned and walked back to the house.

As Luke ate his breakfast quietly his mother was conscious of the sharp contrast between the boy and his stepfather. It was as if she were seeing them both together again for the first time. The boy was tall and bony for a fifteen-year-old. He had his father's sandy-blond hair, Edith's handsome features and long, slender hands. In his eyes there was an unfathomable sadness that wrenched at Edith's insides every time she looked at him. Now, with the ugly discoloration beneath Luke's left eye, she found the feeling almost unbearable.

Opposite the boy, reading the morning paper, Ted was a study in strength and determination. It would not be difficult to believe that he had been a marine hero in the Pacific and a four-letter man at high school and the local junior college. Or that he was the second-ranking law-enforcement officer in the county. Beneath his tumbling dark hair his face was cut in lines of granite.

Edith measured him against Luke. She wondered if they would ever find each other. But then she saw the kindness that was in Ted's eyes—the surface end of a vein of sensitivity which ran deep into his being—and she knew there was still hope.

Ted laid down his paper and stood up. He glanced at Edith and, without speaking, he headed out toward the shed beyond the barn. Edith waited a few minutes after he had gone and then said, "When you're finished eating, your step-father wants to talk with you, Luke."

"Alone?" Luke heard himself ask. Ted had never done it this way before. He placed his spoon in the dish of half-finished cereal and got up. "I better go now then," he said.

"Finish your breakfast."

"I'm not hungry any more, mother."

As he walked to the porch and put on his jacket Edith prayed silently that Ted would not be too harsh with him. Then, after Luke had gone, she poured herself another cup of coffee. As she sat there staring at the surface of the steaming black liquid she could picture Ted stopping by to see her—a few months after Cliff's death. And then she could feel the rush of relief and acceptance that had enveloped her when Ted said to her, "You need a husband as much as Luke needs a father." It seemed the most natural answer to her predicament. She and Cliff and Ted had grown up together. And more than once Edith had wondered about whom she would have married if Ted had come home from the Pacific before Cliff returned from Europe. Edith remembered the discussion she and Ted had had just before they were married. It was almost a year and a half after Cliff's death, and Luke had already shown serious signs of withdrawal. They had agreed there would be no children until Luke came out of it.

Edith took a sip of her coffee. She was beginning to understand the resentment Luke felt with the coming of another man to live under the same roof with them. That, added to the bewildering problems of adolescence, had made Luke's adjustment to his father's violent death next to impossible. Edith sighed. She wondered whether Ted would get through to Luke today—or if he would push the boy over the boundary of total rebellion. And then the other half of her allegiance and compassion rose to the surface of her mind. She wondered if she would ever be able to give Ted the child he wanted so desperately.

Ted was splitting wood for the fireplace when Luke hesitantly approached the shed. The boy flinched as his stepfather brought the ax down on a huge log. Ted turned and motioned for Luke to sit down. He placed the ax against the shed wall and looked at the boy's bruised eye. Squatting, he took hold of Luke's head and ran the side of his thumb over the swelling. Luke cringed involuntarily, expecting it to hurt. But, to his surprise, Ted's hand was as gentle as his mother's.

"Tell me how you got that eye," Ted said, standing. "It sure is a beauty," he added, hoping to put the boy at ease.

Luke swallowed hard. "There were five of them," he said. Unconsciously he reached up and touched the bruise.

"The ones who hang around the drugstore—with the leather jackets with studs all over them."

"Same ones who made trouble before?"

"Yes. They were there yesterday when I came out of the art-supply shop next door."

"And they gave you a bad time?"

"Yes, sir." Luke lowered his head. "They called me a—a yellow square. One of them walked over and wouldn't let me pass. When I tried to walk away, all of them got around me and wouldn't let me go."

"What happened then, son?" Corbett's voice was gentler now.

"One of them tried to pull the sketch pad out from under my arm."

"Did you try to stop him?"

"I jerked the pad away from him," Luke said. "The corner of it hit him and cut his cheek. He—he was—bleeding." Luke stopped and looked dejectedly away from his stepfather.

"Was that when they hit you?"

Luke's eyes filled. "Yes. The first one spun me around and smashed me in the face."

Ted avoided Luke's eyes. There was a moment of silence. "Did you hit back?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do?" Corbett asked, disappointed.

"I *wanted* to hit back," Luke said. "I *did*. But when I saw the blood on the other boy's face, I *couldn't*." Luke sobbed quietly.

"Then what happened?"

"They pushed me—first one and then another, until I fell. They were kicking me when Doc Geller came out of the drugstore, and they ran off."

Ted lighted a cigarette and waited until Luke stopped crying. He handed him a handkerchief. When the boy had finished drying his eyes, Ted squatted down again and said, "They could have blinded you. Do you know that, Luke? It doesn't happen often, but a blow to the eye can do that."

The boy sat there, quiet.

"Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," Luke said, looking at him again.

"Can't you see the pattern? The more they know you won't fight back, the more they'll be at you. They're like a pack of—wild dogs."

"I want to fight back," Luke said. "I *do*. But something stops me when I realize I may hurt someone."

Ted stood up and looked away from the boy. "There's a reason for you feeling that way. A reason that's choking you." He hesitated. "You know what that reason is, don't you?"

Luke took a deep breath. "Yes, sir," he said. He turned away. "But I don't want to talk about it."

"Your father's death was an accident, Luke. Even I could have done what you did. Until you stop running from that fact—unless you come to grips with it and recognize that it's true, you'll be hounded the rest of your life. You'll never be able to separate justifiable measures to protect yourself from the violence that surrounds us every day of our lives."

Luke stood up. A familiar taste of acid was rising in his throat. *It's been all right until now*, he thought. *But there's no going further down this path. No more talk about my father.*

"Can I go now?" he asked desperately.

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TRACK Corbett stepped in front of him, blocking his way from the shed. "Luke, there are people in this world who'll run all over you if you give them half a chance. You'll be meeting them all through your life. Not everybody's that way, but there are enough around to make it necessary for us to do unpleasant things sometimes. Hit out, I mean. There are times you even have to—kill."

Luke fought down the surge of nausea that was coming over him.

"Someday, when you're older, you'll have a family of your own, Luke. If you don't learn to fight back now, what will you do then? What if a prowler broke into your home? Or anyone who would harm someone you loved?"

"I—I don't know," Luke stammered, unable to think.

"I'll tell you what you'd have to do. You'd have to reach for a gun. And if he kept on—you'd have to use it."

"I couldn't—I couldn't ever do that," Luke said.

"You may *have* to someday," Ted said. He put his hand on Luke's shoulder and felt him jerk away. He sighed dejectedly. "You go on and think what you want about me," he said. "I've *got* to talk to you this way. Someone has to."

Luke stared at his stepfather and clenched his fists. He felt the urge to run and keep on running until he reached a place where he would never have to listen to him again. *What do you know about how I feel?* Luke thought. *You didn't see him. You didn't—kill him.* He fought off the memory of that terrible day.

"Someday," Ted said, "you're going to have to strike out to protect something or someone you love. Maybe then you'll realize I haven't just been trying to make life miserable for you."

Luke stood there, waiting to be dismissed.

"You can go now," Ted sighed. He watched Luke walk down the driveway. He thought of the many times he had spoken to Luke and wondered if this time he had gone too far.

Luke turned onto the road and walked about a mile before turning in on a tractor path that ran alongside the adjacent farm. Snow covered the side road completely, and Luke walked in the deep tracks that had been made by the farmer's jeep. He thought of the many times he and his father had walked this way. He remembered the soft voice and the way his father taught him about hunting and nature without sounding like a schoolteacher. He recalled the soft hush of the late afternoon when they would come home from a day of shooting. He wondered if he would ever know that clean, wonderful feeling of fulfillment again.

Luke walked along the tractor road briefly and then turned in on a familiar path that led back through the woods to his house. He was deep in a stand of birches when he saw a man approaching about a hundred yards ahead. The man was descending the near side of a small rise. The pace of Luke's heart quickened and then doubled when he saw the man was carrying a gun. The hunter was out of sight momentarily, down in the gully where the creek bubbled. *But soon he'll be right here*, Luke thought.

Responding to an unformed terror that danced through his mind, Luke moved quickly off the path about twenty yards and ducked behind a large oak. The man had stopped. For a moment Luke could not hear the footsteps. He felt an urge to cry out, but his mouth was dry and his lips would not move. Then Luke heard the footsteps again, mingling with the drumbeat of his heart. He pressed his face against the tree trunk, and the unformed terror suddenly took shape in his thoughts. *If he sees me from a distance in this suède jacket, he'll mistake me for a deer.* Luke shuddered. *Just like I* ——

The footsteps were louder now, sharp crunches on the crust of the snow. Luke was sure that if he made a move, the man would spin and fire before he realized it was only a boy. *But the season is over*, Luke thought hysterically. *Then why is he carrying a gun?*

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Back to the cottage cheese."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And as though some demon had gained admittance to his brain, a mocking echo sang dissonantly in his mind. *Killed—just like his father. Killed—just like his father.*

And then Luke could visualize every minute of that horror-filled day. The pungent aroma of steaming black coffee. The crisp air and the bright morning sun when they started out in the car, he and his father and the two other hunters. The thrill he had felt when they first entered the woods. The exhilaration rising in him when the two other men split off to the left in an attempt to drive the deer back to where he and his father were waiting. His father moving out of sight. How he could not keep the shotgun down when he heard the rustling movement in the thicket across the clearing. The gun in his hands, hefty, masculine and making him feel strong as he lifted and sighted on the movement of soft-brown color barely visible through the trees. The cold steel of the trigger as he tightened his finger and then squeezed. The ear-purging blast—and then the whimpering, awful, moaning sounds his father made after he was hit.

Luke could see the blood oozing through his shirt front. The right arm hanging limply like a puppet's limb. The two men picking him up so gently, so awkwardly. And the absurd thought creeping into his mind when they took him from the car and laid him on the living-room floor. *The new rug. He's . . . bleeding . . . all . . . over . . . the . . . beautiful . . . new . . . rug.* And the doctor coming in the ambulance, leaning over his father. So crisp and efficient and starched and white. And so ineffectual. The doctor standing up slowly, sadly, with that look on his face. The look that said, "I'm sorry—he's dead."

And it had been the last day of the hunting season.

Luke opened his eyes now, and they were stung by perspiration that ran off his forehead. Hesitantly he peered around the tree and saw the man had passed and was continuing along the path toward the tractor road. It was an old man in his sixties, with a white, close-cropped beard and a cheerful, ruddy face. He was wearing a green wool scarf turned gaily about his neck. And it was not a gun he was carrying at all, but a long, dark, wooden walking stick.

With a strange weightlessness Luke started back toward his house. He nearly stumbled over the doe lying there at the bottom of the gully. He could see the footprints where the old man had circled the dead animal. Then Luke stood for a long while, looking at what the dogs had done to it. He was surprised to find that the sight of the mutilated doe did not make him sick. Standing there, listening to the dispassionate sound of the stream, he wondered how long it would be before the dogs caught up with Jupiter.

Luke stopped at the feeder when he reached the house and saw that his mother had refilled it. He looked down and saw the tracks Jupiter had made that morning. He glanced toward the woods. Kneeling, he ran his fingers over the barely visible tracks the dogs had made. He got up, unable to ward off a feeling of imminent doom.

All afternoon Luke busied himself completing the painting of Jupiter. Frequently he went to his window and glanced at the feeder, but there was no sign of the deer. Later, after he had picked at his supper, Luke returned to his room and attempted to read. But nothing seemed to relieve his growing apprehension. By 8:30 Luke's eyelids had grown heavy. He undressed slowly and turned out his light. Before getting into bed he looked through his window one last time.

It was almost six when Luke was awakened by the sound of snow being crushed. He peered through his window and saw Jupiter at the feeder. There were dark stains along the deer's neck and underbelly. One of the buck's ears was torn.

Luke dressed hurriedly. He had put on everything but his jacket when he noticed the deer suddenly stop eating and maintain a perfect rigidity. And then Jupiter turned and struggled through the snow back in the direction of the hills. The deer had been out of sight less than a minute when Luke heard the dogs. He leaned out of his window and waited. There was a low snarl that sent fingers of fear up Luke's spine. Then he watched, spellbound, as the dogs broke through the cover. A black-and-tan dog with the unmistakable lines of an oversized German shepherd led them to the feeder. Luke saw the lead dog's yellow eyes gleaming once, then it gave a low, signaling cough. It had picked up the scent of the deer's blood on the snow. In seconds the dogs were gone.

Luke pulled on his jacket. He was halfway through the door of his room when he heard the dogs unite in a chorus of barks as they lost the deer's scent and then picked it up again. Luke took the stairs two at a time. He started past his stepfather's den. Stopping, he pushed the door open. Looking into the small, pine-paneled room, he saw the gunrack over the bookcase. He took a step and hesitated. And then Ted's voice rang in his mind. "*Someday you're going to have to strike out to protect something or someone you love.*"

Luke went to the desk, took out a handful of shells from the top drawer and stuffed them into his jacket. At the gunrack, he looked at one shell carefully and took down the sixteen-gauge pump gun. He went out through the door and ran to the back porch. He was in the woods, with the hammering sound of his heart and the rush of the wind in his ears, when Ted called to him. He did not stop.

Luke ran for almost a mile following the deep tracks the deer had made in the snow. There were other tracks, smaller and less deep. He knew it was only a matter of time before the dogs caught up with Jupiter.

Luke reached the point in the woods where the ground rose and fell in undulating patterns. The going was even more difficult here. He forced himself on, stumbling, going knee deep through the crust almost every other step. His heart was now a great, bursting center of pain.

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His throat was afire. The gun became an unbearable weight.

Luke thought his legs would collapse beneath him when suddenly the running was easier. He was following the path the deer had taken along the crest of the ridges. Here the snow had drifted off onto the slopes.

Luke topped a hill, and he could see the land descending on all sides. It was a half mile, easily, before the ground rose again on the far side of a large open field. From here there had been no way for Jupiter to go except across the drifts. Luke heard the dogs barking frenziedly, and he pushed on through the snow. Where he could not lift his aching legs over the drifts, he shoved his way through, falling, swallowing snow and then getting up again.

Dark pines loomed in front of Luke as he heard the dogs shift from high barks to low, vicious snarls. Quickening his pace, Luke broke through a thicket into a clearing just beyond the beginning of the woods. And then he saw them.

A story of the sordid underworld of big-time boxing

EPITAPH FOR A HEEL

IN THE NEXT POST

They were cutting in and out at the buck, alternately tearing at his neck and belly. Luke watched spellbound for a moment, horrified. The buck attempted to get up once, but then it fell back helplessly, all its energy spent. Boldly the lead dog moved in and straddled the deer and began tearing at its throat. Quickly the other dogs moved in.

Screaming hysterically, Luke ran closer. He pressed the safety on the shotgun. He placed a shell in the gun, pumped it into the breech, and then jammed two more shells into the magazine. Luke aimed at the dogs, but he realized he would send the charge tearing into the helpless deer as well. Aiming high, Luke fired off a round.

Barking wildly, the dogs scattered, and Luke ran after them, swinging the gun in his hands and screaming invectives. The dogs were at the edge of the clearing when Luke stumbled over the half-buried log. As he fell the gun flew out of his hands.

Immediately the huge lead dog turned and came straight at him. Fear ballooning in his abdomen, Luke crawled to the shotgun. He picked it up. There was no snow in the muzzle. He pumped once and sighted down the barrel and watched as the blood-stained jaws and unmerciful yellow eyes loomed larger and larger. The dog was almost upon him when he squeezed and saw the condensed pattern of the shell tear away half of the beast's head and shoulders.

The other dogs, moving in again on the heels of the leader, wheeled at the sound of the blast. Luke pumped and caught one of them broadside. He reloaded and quickly stood up. Luke waited for a long while until he was certain that they would not return.

Turning sadly, he walked back to where Jupiter lay. Easing down onto his knees, he could hear the wheezing sound as the deer fought to breathe through its own blood. Luke's eyes filled, and then tears spilled unchecked down his face. He reached out and felt a quiver run through the deer as he laid his hand on its neck. The huge, frightened brown eye was riveted on him. He was unable to look at what the dogs had done to Jupiter's belly. With a feeling of despair numbing him, Luke stood up.

He was suddenly conscious of something behind him. And then he heard it move. Wheeling, he leveled the shotgun at the dark object at the edge of the clearing. He saw Ted flinch and turn away, holding up his arms in a futile, protective gesture. With a rush of perception, Luke let the gun drop slowly to his side.

Ted walked to where Luke stood. "Close," he said, breathing hard.

"I would have fired if there had been leaves on the trees."

"I probably would have myself," Ted said. He put his hand on Luke's shoulder. Ted looked at the deer and then at the dogs. "Takes all kinds of killing before you're through," he said, a trace of sadness in his voice. He pulled back the bolt of his hunting rifle and checked the cartridge. As he stepped forward he felt Luke's hand on his arm.

"*I* have to do it," the boy said. "I *want* to."

Ted handed him the rifle and watched him hesitate, and then place the muzzle behind the dying animal's ear and pull the trigger.

They covered Jupiter with pine boughs and started back for the house. They had gone almost halfway when Luke noticed that his bruised eye was throbbing. He thought of the gang of toughs he would have to face. "I guess I'll be coming home with my share of black eyes," he mused out loud.

"How's that?"

"I mean with all the proving I've got to do in town."

"Oh," Ted said. "You might just give out a few, too, you know."

"I might just do that," Luke said.

They topped a ridge, and the first rays of the morning sun burst over the next hilltop, blinding them momentarily. In that brief instant a doe, swollen with fawn, exploded into motion from the thicket directly in their path. Startled, they stood motionless as the white tail flashed and vanished into the cover far to their left.

They reached the top of the last hill. Ted grinned. He'd have to spell things out pretty soon for Luke. Beyond the trees he could see smoke rising from their chimney. He noticed the snow melting on the pine boughs around them. He thought of Edith and what they had waited for and of all the days to come. He glanced down at Luke and smiled. "Yes, sir," he said. "From the looks of things we might just have a real early spring."

THE END

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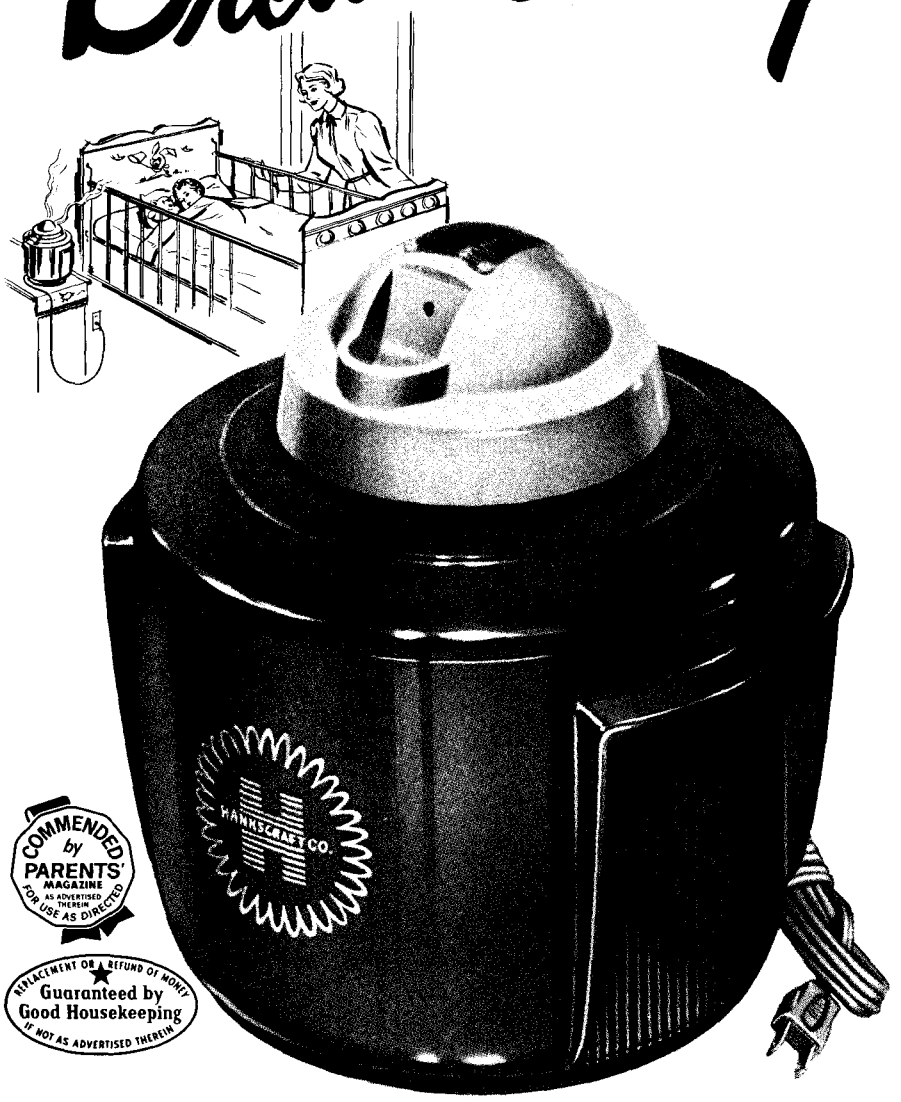

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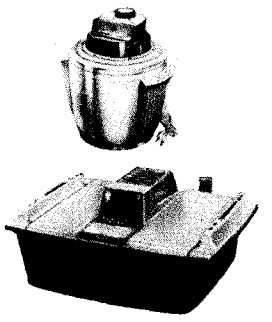

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By Joe Alex Morris

The hard-driving colonels who work against crucial deadlines to ready our missile-launching sites.

EIGHTEEN ANGRY MEN

Photographs by Bill Bridges

Malmstrom Air Force Base, Great Falls, Mont.: Rushing against time, workers push hard to complete an underground silo for a Minuteman missile.

One chilly day last October a tall, lanky man in the blue uniform of the United States Air Force climbed briskly out of a deep hole in the ground in the remote range country of Montana. Glancing anxiously at snow clouds along the horizon, he asked a few questions of workers around the hole, patted a supervisor on the shoulder and gave a couple of concise orders. What Col. Harry E. Goldsworthy was saying, in effect, was, "Dig, boys, dig! And don't let anything stop you!"

Despite his steady manner, Goldsworthy is a man under pressure. He is one of eighteen colonels—sometimes known as the "eighteen angry men"—who command what may be the most urgent and the most important Air Force task forces ever created in peacetime. They are called site activation task forces—SATAF for short. And instead of following the service's tradition of trying to fly ever higher and faster, SATAF is spurring an army of 75,000 workers to dig holes in the ground at unprecedented speed for the installation of intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Time is a controlling factor in our $15,000,000,000 program to close the so-called "missile gap." To be most effective, our missiles must be widely dispersed in well-protected underground sites. It is the job of the eighteen colonels, each of whom commands a missile Site Activation Task Force, to see that not an hour is wasted in constructing and equipping those sites. Recent indications that the "missile gap" may be small or nonexistent in no way lessens the urgency of the program.

Goldsworthy, or any of the seventeen other SATAF commanders, can pick up a telephone at any hour and call an emergency control center at Inglewood, California, to report a problem or any emergency that cannot be resolved on the site and that threatens to delay his activation schedule. Over the phone the SATAF commander dictates a fifty-word description of his problem—or "bandit"—which might be anything from a missing shipment of steel to a flaw in silo design.

At the emergency center—known as Dynamo—a controller turns to what is called an "it" index, in which the top experts in every phase of the missile program are listed. He selects from the list the "it" best qualified to handle the problem at hand and turns it over to him, saying, "You're *it*, mister! Don't do anything else until this bandit is killed."

On the day I met Colonel Goldsworthy, he wasted no time at his 15,000-square-mile site surrounding Malmstrom Air Force Base, Great Falls, Montana. Without delay we took off on a helicopter inspection tour of a project everybody has heard about, but which few can visualize, even in this age of astronauts.

Just to start with, a missile hole (technically known as a launch facility, or silo) and its launch-control center have never been seen before on earth. The largest silo, housing a weapon called Atlas F, resembles an air-conditioned thirteen-story steel-and-concrete circular skyscraper—fifty feet in diameter, turned upside down and driven 185 feet into the earth. In addition to the missile, the silo contains an incredible array of complicated electronic and mechanical equipment. It is sealed on the surface by a 150-ton door. One hole in the ground like this, fully equipped but without a weapon, may cost more than $10,000,000.

However, the Atlas missile, which is now operational at five bases in Western states, is not Goldsworthy's worry; nor is the somewhat larger Titan missile, for which the first sites are nearing completion. Goldsworthy is digging holes for the newest weapon in the missile arsenal, the Minuteman. There will be many more Minutemen missiles than Atlases or Titans—150 on the Malmstrom site alone—but they are much smaller, and an equipped Minuteman silo costs less than $1,000,000.

From the helicopter, we glimpsed the first silo under construction. Tucked between two hills, it resembled a gigantic concrete cistern. No effort is made to conceal these sites. They are too big, there are too many of them, and too many people work on them. Furthermore, in the weird philosophy of nuclear warfare, it is axiomatic—missile gap or no missile gap—that even if surprise attack knocks out most of your missiles, you can still fire enough to blow your attacker off the face of the earth.

Ten minutes and ten miles from the first silo we settled gently to earth on a hillside where a chimneylike concrete shaft protruded amid the foundations of a partly constructed building. "The entire Malmstrom project of one hundred and fifty silos is called a missile wing," Goldsworthy explained. "Other Minuteman wings are to be constructed in North and South Dakota, and a fourth is planned in Missouri. Each wing is divided into fifteen smaller groupings known as flights, with ten missiles and one launch control center in each flight." We were then at the launch-control center for Flight A. He pointed to the concrete shaft. "We go down there. The elevator isn't working yet."

I started down a seemingly endless steel ladder, wondering how deep you had to be if somebody were shooting a nuclear warhead directly at you. If a fifty-megaton bomb makes a 400-foot-deep hole in the earth, as estimated by nuclear scientist Dr. Ralph Lapp, what kind of hole does a one-megaton bomb make? I came to a steel platform and another ladder, which I descended. When I was about sixty feet underground, I found myself in a small room where an eerie glow was cast by the torches of workmen busy over a tangle of pipes, cables and steel beams.

Ahead of me a small steel-and-concrete door almost four feet thick stood ajar. I stepped through and stood in the brain case of the Flight A missile complex. Here, when the brain case has been completely filled with electronic gadgetry, will sit "the man with the golden thumb"—the man who might someday, under certain carefully controlled circumstances, press his thumb on a key and launch the deadly missiles of Flight A at a speed of more than 15,000 miles an hour toward targets more than 6300 miles away. (Actually one man or even two men cannot fire a missile by themselves. At least four men must agree on a receipt of a signal to fire, and must perform certain interrelated actions.)

The capsule-shaped brain case is about the size of a manor-house living room. Even before it was constructed, one of Goldsworthy's deputies, Col. C. C. Lutman, was integrating work on the electronic equipment to be crammed into it. A console will show the operational condition of each missile at all times. There will be equipment for instant communication with Strategic Air Command headquarters. A security rack signals any unwarranted presence on any of the ten missile sites. A decoding apparatus prevents transmission of unauthorized orders and weeds out errors that might

Col. Harry E. Goldsworthy, hurried SATAF commander at Malmstrom A.F.B.

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launch a missile by mistake. Computers analyze messages, store information and pass on orders in a fraction of a second to missile-guidance systems. These, and thousands of feet of wiring so crowd the brain case that there is barely room left for the two-man crew.

Presumably the United States would have a warning—say fifteen to thirty minutes—of hostile missiles launched against us, and there would be time for orders to be given and for "the man with the golden thumb" to press the retaliation button.

The capsule in which he sits is a quarter-inch-thick steel shell, entirely enclosed in a forty-two-inch skin of steel-reinforced and specially hardened concrete. Above the capsule are some forty feet of earth fill and a support building to house machinery and personnel not on duty in the capsule. The entire capsule is floated on a protective twelve-inch layer of sand. The interior floors are suspended from the ceiling on hydraulic shock absorbers. Equipment is rested on heavy springs. But most important is a blast valve built into the capsule that automatically seals the entire structure off from the world an instant after any atomic blast.

A scale model of the Minuteman, held by SATAF Col. John H. Dacus.

Thus, under attack, the capsule and its crew become self-sustaining. They have their own filtered air conditioning, power and communications. They have survival equipment. They can fire the ten missiles in their own flight. If other centers should be disabled, they can use an intricate system of 21,000 miles of underground cables to fire missiles in any of the Malmstrom flights.

Fortunately the blast valve that seals the crew in their capsule does not entomb them. In an upper corner of the control center is a large manhole cover. When and if they decide the atmosphere is safe, the crew could dig its way out.

This sketchy description of just one of the holes the Air Force is digging gives only a vague idea of the over-all job of construction. The missile silos, as we shall see later, are bigger and deeper and just as complicated as the launch-control centers, and there are ten times as many of them. About $3,000,000,000 will be spent on their construction and equipment. If you have visualized one hole in the ground, multiply that by approximately 800 to get an idea of how workers are, or will be, churning up earth in eighteen states to put our missile defenses on full operational basis by 1964.

The story of how the Russians seized the lead in long-range rocketry after World War II, and of how a rebellious U. S. Air Force minority led by Gen. Bernard A. Schriever waged a long struggle to get our ballistic-missile program going belatedly, was told in the October 7, 1961, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. (GENERAL OF OUTER SPACE, by Don Schanche.) That campaign led to development of the intercontinental Titan and Atlas missiles, which are liquid-fueled and can be fired on reasonably short notice. The Minuteman, which is solid-fueled and can be fired almost instantly, evolved in 1959.

But the Air Force still had to make up for much lost time. With the support of the country's finest scientific brains, it gambled on building launching silos even before the new missiles had been fully developed and tested. Then it set up an ambitious program for completing thirteen Atlas squadrons by 1962; six Titan I squadrons, six Titan II squadrons and twelve Minuteman squadrons—all before 1965—a total of 834 intercontinental missiles, of which about sixty were operational by the end of 1961.

"In the past, the traditional routine of successive stages—development, design, construction and installation—of a new weapon might normally have required ten years," explains Lt. Gen. Howell M. Estes Jr., deputy commander for aerospace systems in the Air Force Systems Command. "But now we had to compress time. We telescoped those stages—before the first one was completed, the second and perhaps the third one was started."

This accordionlike squeeze of operations is known as "the concept of concurrency." According to Maj. Gen. A. C. Weeling of the Army Engineers, deputy commander for site activation of the ballistics systems division, it presents construction problems comparable to building a pipeline under combat conditions.

As a result, the Air Force needed a miracle almost every day, and there weren't enough miracles to go around. All of the silos for the Titan II, for example, were being built before that missile had ever been test-flown. Even with the best scientific brains, miscalculations were inevitable. When somebody made a mistake, it cost millions.

The experts miscalculated, for example, on the construction of long metal hangars, a number of which went into each Atlas silo. After the first silos had been built, it was found that the heat treatment of the hangars was not adequate. All of them had to be removed, treated, and replaced at great expense. On the Titan I, a miscalculation was made on the deceleration mechanism in the elevator, which lowers the missile into the silo. On a "dry run" the mechanism lowered a fueled missile too rapidly. It hit bottom, and there was an explosion. The lowering control had to be redesigned.

In 1960 the mistakes and the millions began to pile up. Contractors complained about confusion and poor management. Strikes caused delays at various sites. Costs shot up as much as one third above estimates. Work slipped behind schedule. There were ominous rumblings of congressional investigations into the "sloppy job" the Air Force was doing.

In June of 1960, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, now chief of staff of the Air Force, made a tour of Titan and Atlas sites. He didn't like what he saw. The magnitude of the task had been underestimated. "We just didn't realize," an Air Force officer said later, "how huge the beast was."

But, most troublesome, there was a division of responsibility among various representatives of the Air Force, the Corps of Engineers and civilian contractors on the sites and at the Inglewood, California, missile headquarters. LeMay could not point to any one man on a site or at headquarters and say: "You are responsible. Get this job done."

When LeMay got back to the Pentagon, a number of things began to happen. The most important change—although not the first one—was that, by coincidence during this period, the Air Force was preparing to scrap its outdated Air Research and Development, and Air Materiel commands, which had divided responsibility over missile sites. To replace them, a new Air Force Systems Command, responsible to the chief of staff, was created. In this new setup, General Estes became deputy commander for aerospace systems, including the ballistic systems division. For the first time, all missile personnel—both Air Force and Army Corps of Engineers—were gathered under a single command.

In our tradition-bound armed services, such drastic shifting to a single command causes anguish and wailing. It also takes time. LeMay was in a hurry. In July of 1960, long before the wheels started turning, he summoned to Washington the handsome, forty-eight-year-old commander of the Oklahoma City Air Materiel Area, Maj. Gen. Thomas P. Gerrity, and told him he was being put on the spot. The site-construction program was in trouble. One construction company reported it went through as many as a dozen agencies for a year to resolve a problem that should have been settled in two weeks. Failure of parts manufactured by different companies to match perfectly when assembled on sites was costing hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Obviously the answer to such confusion was to center responsibility in one man on each site and one man at the Inglewood headquarters. LeMay told Gerrity to go at once to Inglewood (where he later became the first commander of the new ballistic systems division) and take charge. The choice was not random. A veteran of bombing squadrons in the Pacific at the start of World War II, Gerrity had become an expert in the Air Materiel Command, a graduate of the Command and General Staff School, and a graduate of the advanced management course at Harvard University after the war. He had served in the Strategic Air Command and the Procurement and Production office at the Pentagon. He was known as a "driver" who got things done on schedule.

At almost the same time Gerrity arrived at Inglewood, LeMay wrote a telegram (July 21, 1960) to eighteen Air Force colonels whose names he didn't even know—men who would be handpicked over a period of weeks to command the site-activation task forces. The telegram read:

I WANT IT THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD THAT I HOLD EACH SITE COMMANDER PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCCESSFUL ACTIVATION OF HIS SITE AND ITS TURNOVER TO SAC IN AN ACCEPTABLE OPERATIONAL CONDITION AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE DATE. LEMAY.

Colonel Goldsworthy did not receive his telegram (dated July 21) until mid-September. He is a soft-spoken man, not easily ruffled; a careful planner, always looking ahead in an effort to prevent problems from reaching the emergenc stage. A commander of antisubmarin squadrons in the Caribbean and bombin squadrons in the southwest Pacific durin the war, he later was on the staff of th Secretary of Defense as a member of th Weapons Systems Evaluation Grou attended the Army War College, serve in North Africa as chief of staff of th 17th Air Force and attended the Industria College of the Armed Forces before tak ing over as vice commander of the SA Refueling Wing at Malmstrom.

The heat generated around Golds worthy's feet by LeMay's telegram wa about average for the eighteen SATA commanders. Goldsworthy may have bee under special pressure because he got th first Minuteman site, and Minutema had been selected as "the present ult mate" in ballistic-missile weaponry. I was easier to maintain, less costly tha the Atlas and Titan by ratios of abou one to eight. It could do the same jol if enough were used, and it presented difficult target if properly dispersed.

Goldsworthy had to start digging lon before anyone actually test-fired the er tire Minuteman from a silo. Furthermor when bids for construction were opene

Lt. Gen. Howell M. Estes Jr., deput commander for aerospace system:

in December of 1960, they were som $20,000,000 above estimates. All the bid were rejected. Changes were made in cor tract requirements. The job was readve tised, causing a three-month delay unt a contract was negotiated. Even before h could turn a spadeful of dirt, Golds worthy had lost ninety days that some how had to be made up.

On the other hand, Goldsworthy ha certain advantages. For one thing, Ger rity delegated to him full authority to ru the Malmstrom site and backed him u firmly. There also was available to him vast fund of experience accrued in th building of earlier missile sites.

Goldsworthy had one other unusua advantage. Gerrity, acting on a sugges tion by Maj. Earl Bradley, had set up th Inglewood emergency center, Dynam (dynamic action management operations where sound management principle were combined with the urgency of war time aerial combat.

Thus, by cutting red tape, Dynam is geared to prevent delay in makin decisions and to solve unexpected prob lems at top speed. All "bandits"— or problems—are posted on charts a

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headquarters, and the person in charge of each bandit must make a daily written report to Gerrity on progress toward a solution. When a bandit is "killed" (solved to the satisfaction of Gerrity and the SATAF commander concerned), a complete report on the problem and its solution goes to each SATAF commander for guidance. The tightening of procedures began to exert a beneficial effect on the entire base construction program by the time work started at Malmstrom in March of 1961. Some lost time was made up. The three-month delay suffered by Goldsworthy actually turned out to be an advantage, because it gave the staff a chance to organize and avoid mistakes.

About 7000 contacts had to be made in connection with purchase of sites and rights-of-way. Goldsworthy and his aides made some 150 speeches explaining to about 15,000 persons in even the smallest towns why the work was being done and what it meant to the United States. They built up a lot of good will and forestalled many complaints.

Most landowners cooperated, and some even refused payment for their property. During the winter, Goldsworthy and his deputy, Col. J. H. Dacus, Goldsworthy's engineering-design section, and his administrative staff of about twenty officers, had an opportunity to become thoroughly schooled in missile construction—much to their advantage.

One outstanding reason for loss of time and money on earlier missile sites was faulty "interfaces"—two parts made by different companies, or according to specifications from different agencies of the armed services, that failed to fit together properly when assembled on the site. Goldsworthy's engineers and company experts had time to make mockups and whole books of special drawings with detailed measurements, signed by inspectors of each agency involved, so that faulty "interfaces" were eliminated.

Design changes were also held to a minimum on the Malmstrom Minuteman site, thanks to lessons learned on earlier construction projects. With the first silos almost ready for installation of equipment last fall, the cost of field changes totaled only about $600,000 at Malmstrom, compared with many millions on earlier sites.

Yet Goldsworthy's job is a formidable one by any standard, even if he did not have to work under the pressure of an urgent time schedule. He will supervise the spending of $61,700,000 for construction of 150 silos and fifteen launch-control centers, and as much again for equipping them. His engineering staff must excavate approximately 3,000,000 cubic yards of earth, and pour some 120,000 cubic yards of concrete, backed up by 30,500 tons of steel—enough to build 38,000 automobiles. They must bury enough communications wires to reach twice around the world. Cables they lay will cross rivers thirty-four times.

To supervise this widely dispersed project, Goldsworthy estimates that he and his staff will drive about 12,000,000 miles by automobile before the last silo is operational. But that is only part of the story. He has five helicopters for quick journeys to emergency areas and is testing the use of light planes to move trouble shooters from spot to spot as the need arises. Since it may require a forty-mile trip by road to get from one silo to another that is only eight miles away by air, helicopters and planes save money and time in moving highly skilled and highly paid personnel.

The greatest time-saver, however, is the project's radio network. Each flight has a radio channel that is in constant two-way communication with 215 mobile radio units in vehicles at sites and elsewhere on the project.

During the actual construction of the Malmstrom site, civilian contractors required a peak force of close to 3000 men operating a fleet of huge earth-moving machines and concrete mixers. A similar number of men quickly follow up to equip the silos. The excavation is started by making a cut to a depth of twelve feet. Then a back-hoe machine digs a large hole down another thirty-two feet, after which a "clam shell" excavates a shaft fifteen feet in diameter and fifty-two feet deep. A concete footing is poured in the shaft.

A fifty-two-foot liner made of quarter-inch steel is then dropped into the shaft, and the void around it is filled with small stones and a creamy patented cement mixture that attains a special hardness as it dries. A larger, circular underground room at the top of the shaft—the equipment room containing guidance, computer, decoding and other machinery—is built in much the same way. The silo has its own air-conditioning unit and enough batteries for emergency operation, should outside power lines and an independent generator fail.

Eventually, the excavated areas will be refilled, leaving only the opening of the silos exposed. The Minuteman missiles will be flown to the Malmstrom base. A special sixteen-wheel transport-erector is being built to carry them to and from the airfield. The vehicle is air-conditioned to prevent heat or cold from affecting the missiles. It is so large that 600 miles of country roads are being improved so it can move over them at fifteen miles an hour.

Once a missile is lowered into a silo, and its warhead is in place, the sixty-ton concrete door of the silo closes and seals itself. It can be opened by eight bulldozers or with a winch for inspection; but for firing it can only be opened once—by the powerful blast of a gas generator.

The silos are manned entirely by electronic devices—not by humans. When the missile is in readiness, all that will be visible on the surface is a slab of concrete, a small hatchway and a two-acre plot of grass surrounded by a wire fence. An intricate monitoring system will instantly notify headquarters if anything goes wrong with the missile mechanically, of if any intruder turns so much as a teaspoonful of earth inside the fence.

All this is yet to be completed, of course. So far, Goldsworthy, his staff and his civilian construction teams have made up the ninety days they originally lost, and they are ahead of schedule on the Malmstrom wing where the first silos are scheduled to be operational next summer. Montana winters, however, are hard and long, and Goldsworthy's men are hoping the cold will not halt construction.

Since the drastic reorganization of 1960, the missile-base-construction program has also made good progress on a nationwide scale—thanks to Goldsworthy's seventeen hard-working SATAF colleagues and their men. Instead of being three to six months behind schedule, it is now within striking distance of its goals.

"We are on schedule," General Estes said after a squadron of Atlas missiles was made combat-ready at Forbes Air Force Base, Kansas, three weeks earlier than expected. "We have the capability to do the job on time." THE END

The Taskmaster: Maj. Gen. Thomas P. Gerrity, commander of the Air Force's ballistic systems division, coordinates SATAF's complex projects.

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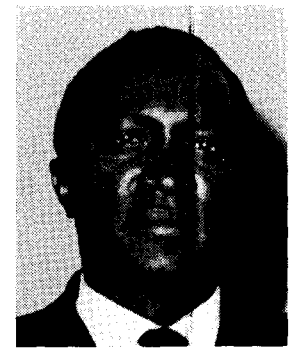
EDITORIAL



Dr. Vedast K. Kyaruzi

Letter to an African Delegate

Dear Doctor Kyaruzi:

As the representative of Tanganyika you recently became the delegate of the 104th country to join the United Nations. Welcome to the club which, despite its many faults, still appears to be our best hope of spotlighting—and sometimes avoiding—the pitfalls of life on this planet we precariously share together.

It pleased us to note that you cast Tanganyika's first vote against the admission of Communist China, thereby risking from the outset the displeasure of the U.S.S.R., sponsor of Mao Tse-tung's China. Not all of the new members of the "Afro-Asian" bloc care to take such a risk. We of the West do not expect you to vote with us on every issue. We understand the necessity of divided opinions because to our democratic way of thinking the threshing-out process is our way of arriving at the best decision.

You will note that on no issue—no matter how trivial or ephemeral—will the Soviet-bloc representatives display the slightest difference of opinion from one another, except by mistake. You will have no doubt left in your mind about the satellite status of such once-proud states as Poland or Czechoslovakia. You may well conclude that such invariable unanimity was the result not of free agreement by sovereign states but of pressure exerted by the master.

You will also recognize that the Soviets aim to weaken or destroy the United Nations. In the various councils, committees and plenary sessions you will also surely see the Soviet-bloc delegates engaged in obstructionist maneuvers which reveal an intent to frustrate a result which the Soviets prefer not to oppose openly.

Jonathan B. Bingham of the United States Mission to the UN points out an example of this obstructionism, which occurred last July during the Security Council debate on Bizerte. At the opening of the second day's session, while the shooting was still going on in Tunisia, it was known that Liberia and the United Arab Republic had put in one resolution which presumably would be unacceptable to France, and that the United States and the United Kingdom had put in another which presumably would not go far enough for Tunisia's purposes. The late Secretary General Hammarskjold suggested wisely that the council should put aside the more difficult issues for the time being and concentrate on the immediate problem of bringing about a cease-fire. Ambassador Nathan Barnes of Liberia followed this up by sending around the table a hastily typed sheet of paper with a simple resolution calling for a cease-fire and a withdrawal of forces to their original positions. Sensing that this draft offered a possibility of quick UN action, but knowing that at least a few minutes' consultation would be needed to bring about agreement on it, Ambassador Charles Yost of the United States proposed a brief recess of the council and asked if there was any objection.

At that point the Soviet representative, Ambassador Morozov, objected to the recess on the ostensible ground that it would only delay matters unnecessarily while people were being killed in Bizerte. Morozov proceeded to involve the council in a thirty-minute debate on whether it should take half an hour's recess. He eventually lost his point, the recess was taken, agreement was reached, the resolution was adopted and a cease-fire was put into effect.

What was Morozov, an able lawyer, really up to, since he obviously was not sincere in objecting to half an hour's delay? The last thing that Morozov wanted to see happen that morning was an agreement on a simple resolution which might bring an end to the killing in the streets of Bizerte. The conflict between the Tunisians and the French was made to order for the Soviets and, alone among the members of the Security Council, Morozov did not want it to stop. He was seeking to block the recess in an effort to forestall agreement on a resolution, foreseeing—correctly as it turned out—that the council would not approve either of the more detailed resolutions already put in.

Of course, none of the nonaligned delegates would have been willing, publicly or privately, to accuse Morozov of such motives. But they all knew. As time goes by, these delegates have come to expect such tactics of the Soviet Union. Most of these nonaligned delegates are, like you, men of culture. Many attended Western institutions of higher learning, such as your own alma mater, the University of Edinburgh, where independence of thought was inculcated in them. We do not always agree with the "neutralists," and we sometimes become vexed at their tendency to see two sides when only one exists. Prime Minister Nehru of India can be as irritating as anyone else, but we respect him for his Cantabrigian learning (and we take comfort in the knowledge, imparted by the late Mahatma Gandhi, that when Nehru talks in his sleep he speaks English).

Yes, the neutralists are learning about the Soviets' tactics. Last July found Burma, India and the United Arab Republic—all normally fence sitters—voting time after time against the U.S.S.R. in the Trusteeship Council. These neutralists had some criticism of the administration of New Guinea (Dutch), Nauru (Australian) and the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands (American), but they were constructive, and often they were willing to commend the administering authorities. But the Soviet delegate invariably followed the same line of dogmatic criticism of the "colonialist" administering authorities. (One might suppose that the very word "colonialism" had been coined for Soviet convenience.) The delegate never had a good word to say for anybody, nor would he agree to any statement in the council's report which expressed satisfaction or commendation. This made him absurdly unconvincing. Most of the time none of the members voted with him. In the case of the report on New Guinea, for example, out of some forty votes taken on individual paragraphs and sentences, the Soviet delegate voted no or abstained alone in seventeen instances. In every one of the forty votes Burma, India and the U.A.R. voted affirmatively, along with the United Kingdom and the United States. (These figures may not be exact, since voting is by hand and no official record is kept, but they are substantially correct.)

You will also note, Doctor Kyaruzi, that Soviet speeches and memoranda frequently contain overstatements so absurd that they cannot be taken seriously. For example, last September twenty-sixth the Soviet delegation circulated a memorandum on colonialism which named the United States, along with Portugal and South Africa, as "colonial powers" whose "crimes against the peoples which are fighting for their freedom and independence have not been halted but, on the contrary, are multiplying and are becoming increasingly dangerous." Soviet example: "In Puerto Rico 2,500,000 people live in conditions of cruel exploitation."

You won't find that the United States always appears as pure as the driven snow. We get caught in conflicting pressures which embarrass us. Ours is a tangible world, and it is not always possible for us to sound the trumpet of truth and virtue. Sometimes, we fear, we fail to guard against sounding offensively self-righteous.

But, by and large, we can be glad that the day-to-day operations of the UN offer to intelligent men from all corners of the earth, such as yourself, a continuing opportunity to compare the behavior of the United States with that of the Soviet Union.

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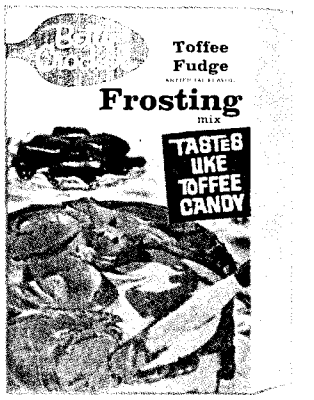

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